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THE NEW YORKER

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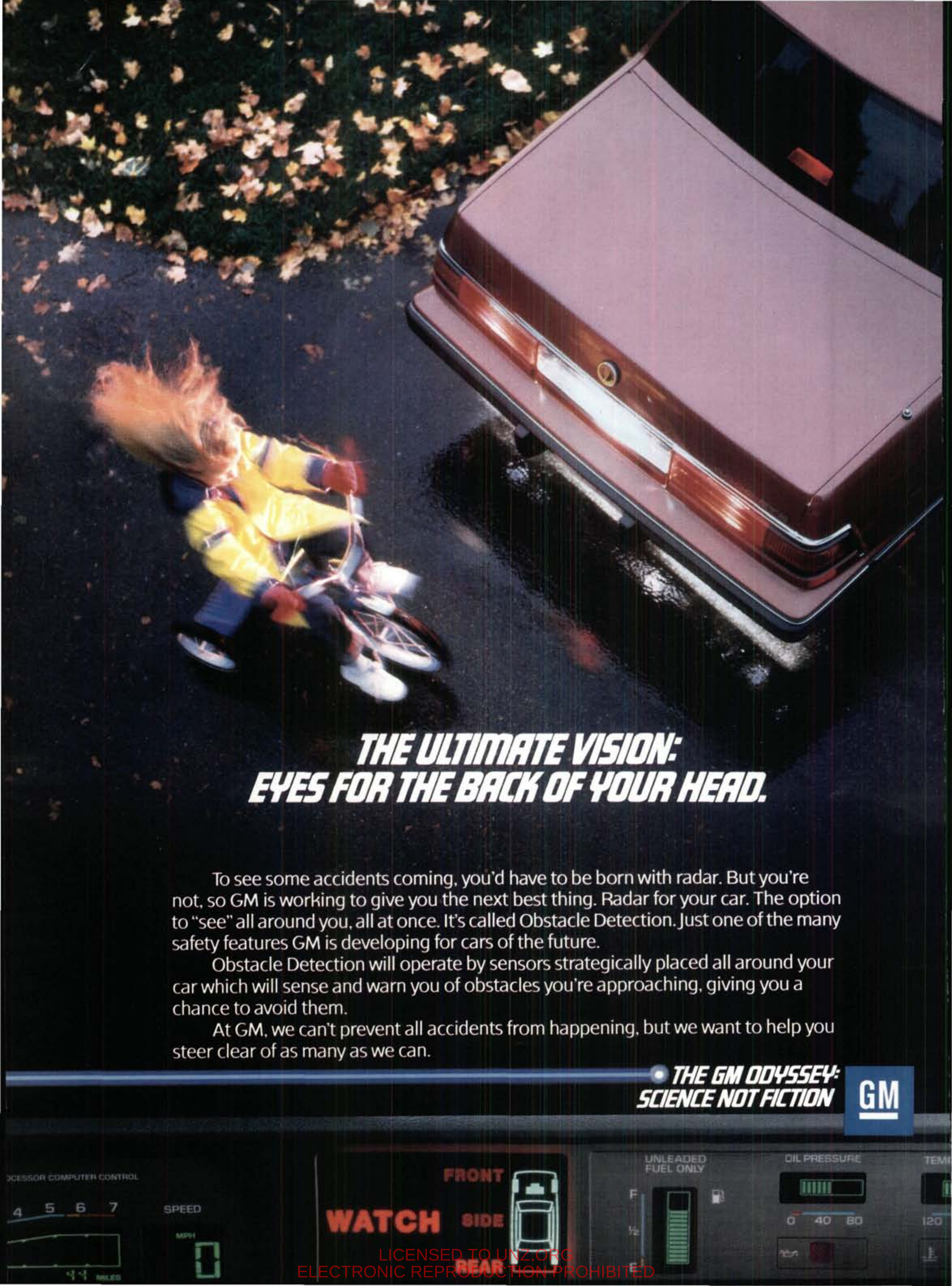
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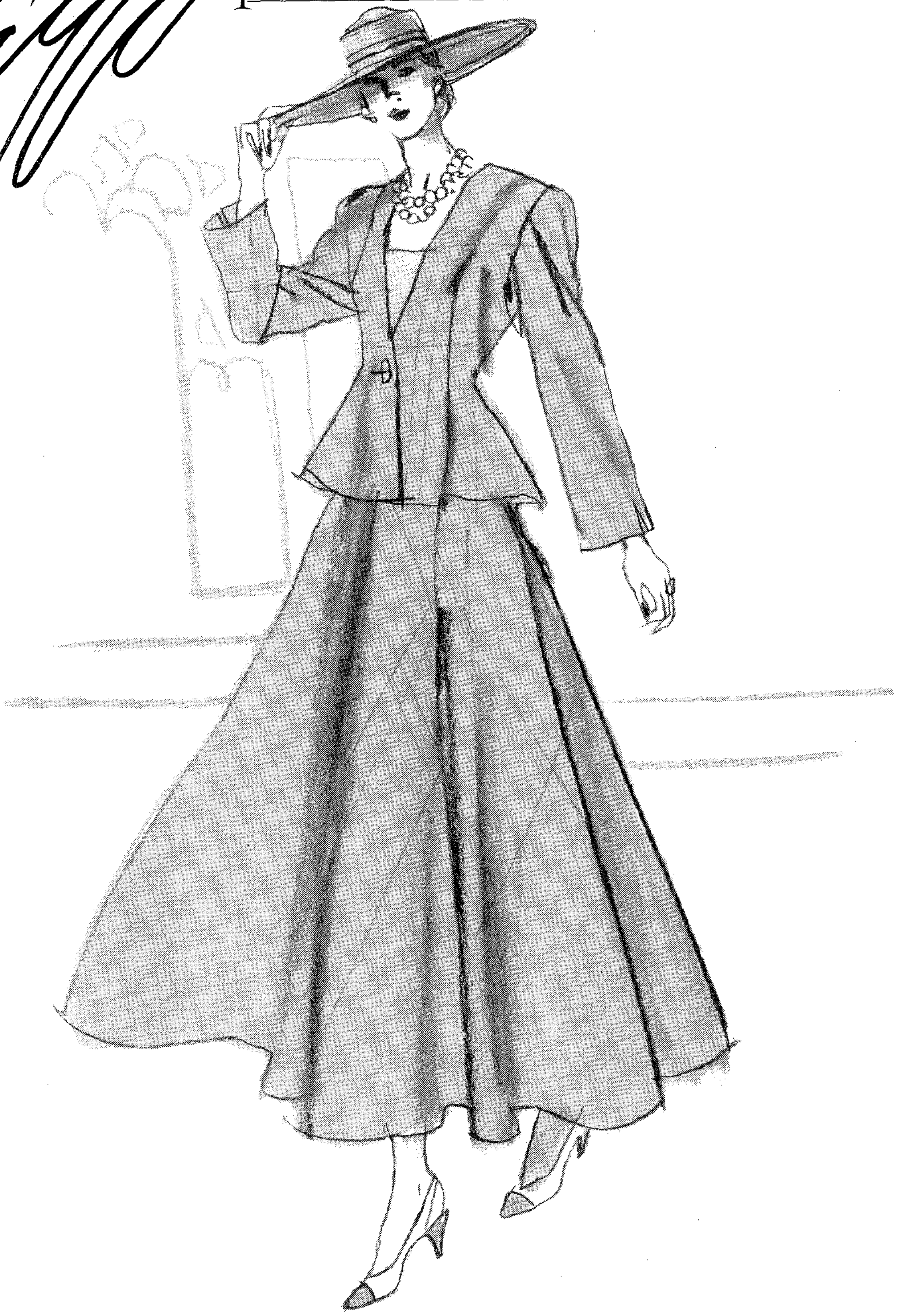

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Broadway Bound—A touching and unexpectedly serious study of a family—presumably the playwright's—as it begins to fall apart in Brooklyn in the nineteen-forties. Neil Simon retains his accustomed skill at comedy but has wisely suppressed his weakness for sure-fire gags. Linda Lavin is superb as the troubled mother; also in the cast are Jonathan Silverman, Philip Sterling, John Randolph, Jason Alexander, and Phyllis Newman. Gene Saks directed. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/15/86.) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—A comedy whodunit by John Bishop, **THE MUSICAL COMEDY MURDERS OF 1940,** is the third in this season's series. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays and Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8; Sundays at 7:30; and Saturday, Feb. 21, at 6 and 9. Matinées Sundays at 3 and Saturday, Feb. 14, at 2.)

Coastal Disturbances—Tina Howe's funny and beautiful play about love is set on a private beach on Massachusetts' North Shore. Annette Bening, as a photographer from this city, and Timothy Daly, as a lifeguard, are the beguiling lovers, and among the other actors, as summer people, are Rosemary Murphy, Jonas Abry, Heather Mac Rae, and Ronald Guttman. Carole Rothman is the able director. (12/1/86) Recently seen at Second Stage, it reopens, on Broadway, on Saturday, Feb. 14. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Colored Museum—A sharp, satiric revue on the subject of blackness and related matters, which is almost done in by damnable sound amplification. George C. Wolfe was the clever writer, and L. Kenneth Richardson the able director. The performers, all of them splendid, are Loretta Devine, Tommy Hollis, Reggie Montgomery, Vickilyn Reynolds, and Danitra Vance. (11/10/86) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Common Pursuit—An English import. Six Cambridge undergraduates, in the sixties, plan to launch a literary magazine in accordance with the rigorous standards of the critic F. R. Leavis, and in the ensuing twenty years manage to breach these standards. Simon Gray's play, while not especially original, is consistently entertaining, and it is very well performed, under the direction of the dramatist and Michael McGuire. (11/3/86) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Danger: Memory!—Two new one-act plays by Arthur Miller: "I Can't Remember Anything," with Mason Adams and Geraldine Fitzgerald; and "Clara," with Kenneth McMillan and James Tolkan. Both directed by Gregory Mosher. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, March 1.)

Division Street—Steve Tesich's very funny farce about a former (and reformed) radical leader in the sixties who returns privately to Chicago to apply for a job at an insurance company. By a fluke, he is recognized, and all hope of privacy vanishes. Sight gags abound and so do strong, jokey lines. The performance, as a whole, could be better, but Olek Krupa and Kathleen Wilhoite—two fine actors—could not. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8.)

Equity Library Theatre—The fifth in this season's series of eight productions will be a revival of Lillian Hellman's **THE LITTLE FOXES.** Opens on Thursday, Feb. 12, and will run through Sunday, March 1. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Fragments of a Greek Trilogy—A revival of an Andrei Serban–Elizabeth Swados collaboration—distillations of "Medea," "Electra," and "The Trojan Women"—directed by Mr. Serban, with music by Miss Swados. The three works are performed in ancient Greek and Latin. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St., has performances of "Medea" Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 7:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 6. . . . La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St., has double-bill performances of "Electra" and "The Trojan Women" Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 475-7710.)

A Girl's Guide to Chaos—A comedy by Cynthia Heimel. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Groucho: A Life in Revue—A surprisingly lively and touching show about the great comedian/humorist. Frank Ferrante's dedicated impersonation becomes a true performance; Les Marsden, doubling, comes close to Chico and seems inspired as Harpo; and Faith Prince deftly acts the women in their lives, among them, of course, Margaret Dumont. Arthur Marx (son of Groucho) and Robert Fisher were the playwrights; Mr. Marx directed. (10/20/86) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Jackie Mason's "The World According to Me!"—Jackie Mason is a classic standup Jewish comedian, the George Washington of the Borscht Belt. His material consists almost entirely of outrageous insults addressed to Jews, Italians, Poles, Puerto Ricans, and Wasps. (Only the Irish escape unscathed, and who knows why? Perhaps they are being offered

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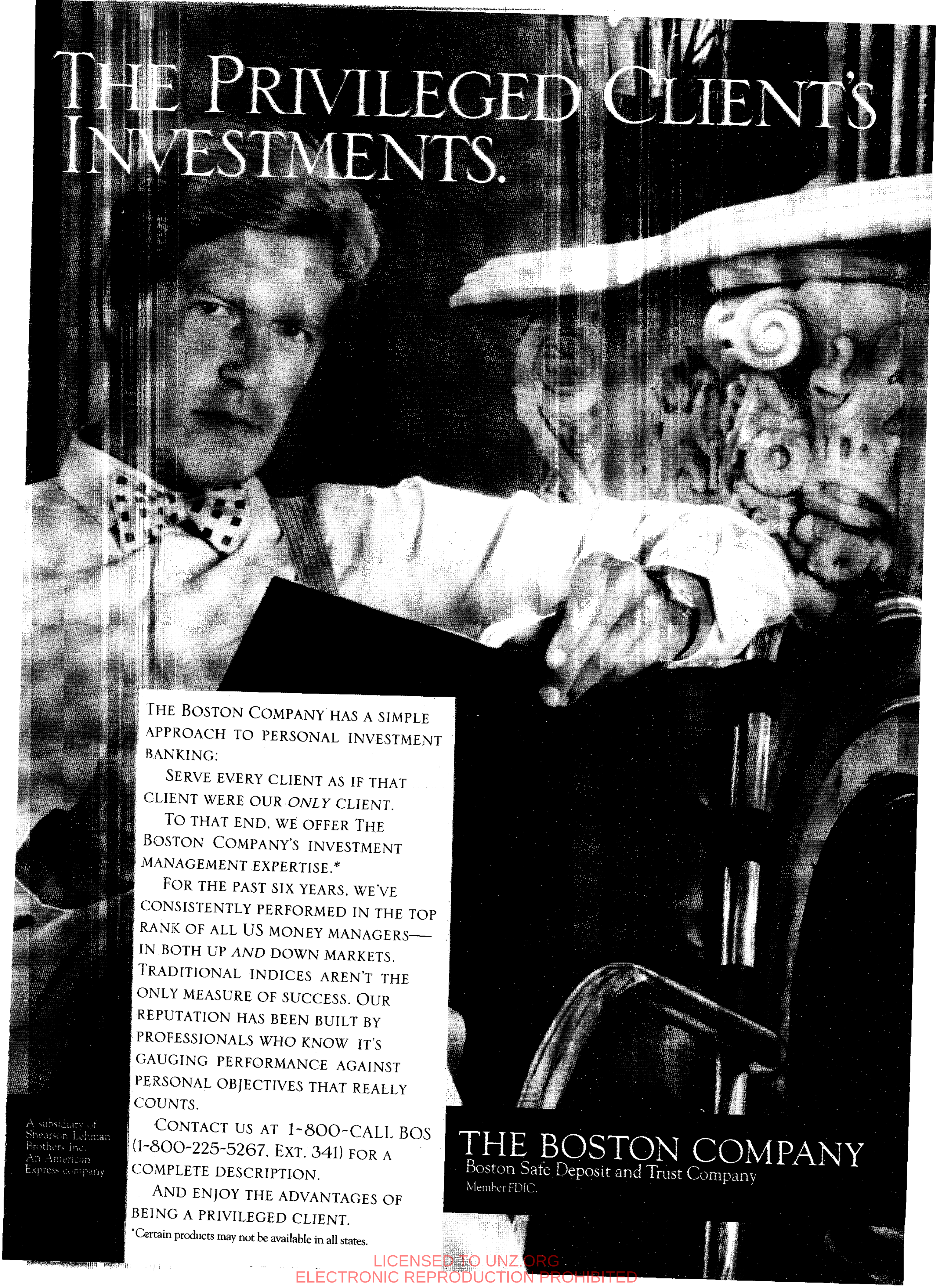
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the greatest insult of all.) For more than thirty years, Mason's audiences—that is, his victims—have found him hilarious, and the sorry truth of the matter is that he *is* hilarious, for reasons that might well cause Freud himself to break down and sob as he sought to explain them. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Lady Day at Emerson's Bar & Grill—A play of sorts about one of Billie Holiday's last engagements, at a night club in Philadelphia, well sung and performed by the personable Lonette McKee, who bears no resemblance—vocal, physical, or temperamental—to the late Miss Holiday. (9/29/86) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Lily Dale—This play is one of Horton Foote's chronicles of Texas before the First World War. Don Bloomfield is Horace Robedaux, a young man who pays a visit to his mother and sister in Houston. Mary Stuart Masterson is the sister and Greg Zittel is their abrasive stepfather. (12/1/86) (Samuel Beckett, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 15.)

Me and My Girl—Robert Lindsay brings to life a silly chestnut of a British musical, dating back to the thirties. (8/25/86) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 947-0033. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Moms—A play by Alice Childress about the comedienne Jackie (Moms) Mabley (1894-1975). With Clarice Taylor in the title role. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 1.)

My Gene—Colleen Dewhurst in a one-woman show about Carlotta Monterey, Eugene O'Neill's third wife. Written by Barbara Gelb, and directed by André Ernotte. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

North Shore Fish—A play by Israel Horovitz set in a frozen-fish-packing plant. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 9; and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 5 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 15.)

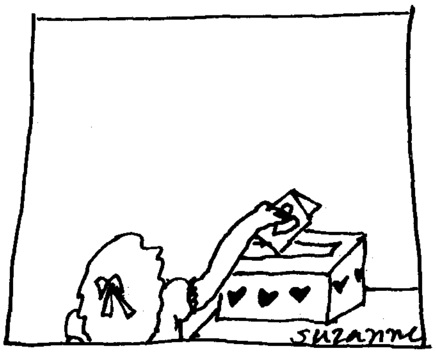
Sex Tips for Modern Girls—A musical with a book by Peter Eliot Weiss and score and lyrics by John Sereda. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Stardust—A revue featuring songs by lyricist Mitchell Parish and his many collaborators, including Hoagy Carmichael, Duke Ellington, and Glenn Miller. Conceived and directed by Albert Harris. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Stepping Out—The English playwright Richard Harris has written a comedy about some woebegone but valiant characters who meet in a church hall in North London in order to learn to tap-dance. And they do. End of plot, but it suffices. Tommy Tune directed. (1/26/87) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sweet Sue—Mary Tyler Moore, Lynn Redgrave, Barry Tubb, and John K. Linton play a middle-aged woman and a college undergraduate, who meet one summer and fall in love, or seem to. Why four actors are required to embody two notably simple characters is a question that only the playwright, A. R. Gurney, Jr., is in a position to answer. (1/19/87) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Widow Claire—Horton Foote continues to explore the lives of the citizens of Harrison, Texas. The principal characters here are a racy, nervous widow and young Horace Robedaux (two years post-"Lily Dale"—see above), and they are played to perfection by Hallie Foote and Matthew Broderick. (12/29/86) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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Long Runs—**BIG RIVER:** A musical about Huckleberry Finn and Jim and their adventures on the Mississippi. The large cast is full of charm and so is the scenery, by Heidi Landesman. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical. The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense, but the music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for many more years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DROOD:** Charles Dickens' unfinished novel, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," served as a basis for this jolly, silly musical, with charming songs by Rupert Holmes, an excellent cast headed by George Rose, and uninhibited direction by Wilford Leach. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 11,152 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE HOUSE OF BLUE LEAVES:** A superb revival of John Guare's brilliant, ferocious comedy, with Swoosie Kurtz and John Mahoney, among other fine performers. Jerry Zaks directed. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M NOT RAPPAPORT:** Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park, starring Hal Linden and Ossie Davis. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Feb. 11, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance Sunday, Feb. 15, at 7.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SOCIAL SECURITY:** A comedy by Andrew Bergman, directed by Mike Nichols. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SWEET CHARITY:** A revival of a musical that has come to seem an American classic. Bob Fosse is the director and choreographer, and Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields provided the songs. Ann Reinking stars. Hurrah for them all. At the performance on Tuesday evening, Feb. 17, there will be two sign-language interpreters for deaf patrons. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Beehive—A musical revue, featuring girl-group songs of the sixties. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7:30 and 10; and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, Feb. 11: "Prodigal Son," "Moves," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 12: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 13: "Prodigal Son," "Piccolo Balletto," "Sonatine," and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 14: "Sinfonia Mistica," "Moves," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 14: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Feb. 15: "Mozartiana," "Moves," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Feb. 15: "Histoire du Soldat Suite," "Piccolo Balletto," "Sonatine," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 17: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 18: "Prodigal Son," "Piccolo Balletto," "Sonatine," and "Fanfare." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 19: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 20: "Prodigal Son," "Piccolo Balletto," "Pas de Deux," and "The Four Seasons." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 21: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 21: "Sinfonia Mistica," "Piccolo Balletto," "Pas de Deux," and "The Four Seasons." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Feb. 22.)

Twyla Tharp Dance—Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 11-12, Tuesday, Feb. 17, and Friday, Feb. 20, all at 8; and Saturday, Feb. 21, at 2 and 8: "Ballare" (New York première), with Miles Fusco and Jeananne Albee, duo piano; "Fugue;" and "Nine Sinatra Songs." . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 13, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 14, at 2; and Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 18-19, at 8: "Baker's Dozen," with Mr. Fusco, jazz piano; and "In the Upper Room." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 15, at 2: "As Times Goes By," with the St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble; and "The Catherine Wheel III." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Through Sunday, March 1.)

Pilobolus—Wednesday, Feb. 11; Friday, Feb. 13; Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 18-19; and Saturday, Feb. 21, all at 8: "Bonsai," solo from "The Empty Suitor," "Nonce," "What

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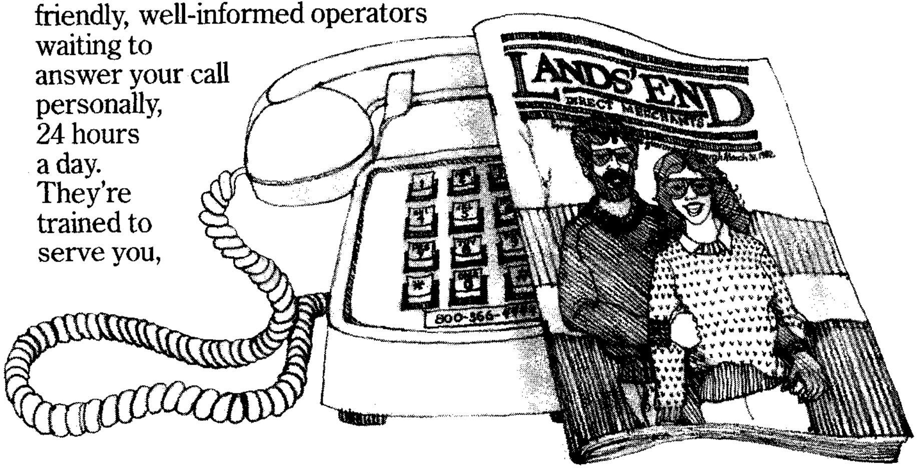

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Grows in Huygen's Window," "Pseudopodia," and "Land's Edge." . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 12, at 8; Sunday, Feb. 15, at 7:30; and Tuesday, Feb. 17, and Friday, Feb. 20, at 8: "Ciona," "Lure," "Walklyndon," "Return to Maria La Baja," and "Day Two." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 15, and Saturday, Feb. 21, at 2: "Monkshood's Farewell," "Televisitation," "Ocellus," "Can't Get Started," and "Carmina Burana, Side Two." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through Sunday, Feb. 22.)

Stephen Petronio Company—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, March 8. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 19-21, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Abilene Café, 359 Second Ave., at 21st St. (473-8908)—A corner bar and restaurant that makes a polite bow in the direction of Texas (its flag flies here) and presents music that is practiced just about everywhere in the Union (the blues). Boogie-woogie specialist **SAMMY PRICE** will be at the upright on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 13-14, and on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 20-21, ***HUBERT SUMLIN,*** a slender, bespectacled, mild-looking guitarist who played behind Howlin' Wolf for twenty-two years, leads a band. Music from nine.

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—In the lobby, people come and go talking of the Forty-fourth Street Chowder and Marching Club (which used to meet here) and of the Thanatopsis Club (which also used to meet here) and of **MICHAEL FEINSTEIN,** who is singing and playing the piano here, in the candlelit mead hall known as the Oak Room. Shows at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A nautically appointed bar and restaurant. Any swaying you may notice yourself doing is probably generated by the musicians, who perform amidships on a railed-in platform. Pianist Peter Malinverni, bassist **DENNIS IRWIN,** and drummer **MEL LEWIS** swing it on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 13-14, and on the following weekend, Feb. 20-21, tenor saxophonist **RICKY FORD'S** trio comes aboard. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A sleek, carpeted, neat-as-a-pin music room, which is also hushed and smokeless during **BLOSSOM DEARIE'S** early-bird concerts. She sings her first note at six-thirty Wednesdays through Saturdays. "Cats" star Laurie Beechman sings at eleven on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 13-14, and on Tuesday, Feb. 17, Peruvian vocalist **YMA SUMAC** begins a three-week stint. She performs at nine Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—On the back wall of this club, there is a little neon version of the Manhattan skyline, with a crescent moon and two stars attendant upon it—one of the best examples of inert-gas folk art we know of. Alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA** and his quintet trade sets with percussionist **RAY BARRETTO** and his Salsa Jazz Orchestra through Sunday, Feb. 15; on Monday, Feb. 16, pianist Michael Weiss brings in a quintet that features **TOM HARRELL** on trumpet; and on Tuesday, Feb. 17, an electro-techno-jazz quartet called the Yellowjackets begins a six-night residence. Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Rock, jazz, folk, comedy, and combinations thereof. Wednesday, Feb. 11, **BUSTER *POINDEXTER & HIS BANSHEES OF BLUE*;** Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 12-15, **DAVID BROMBERG** and his big band; Tuesday, Feb. 17, **SUN RA** and his **ARKESTRA,** which will perform the celestial music of Duke Ellington and Fletcher Henderson; and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 20-21, George Howard. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

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Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A crowded, duskily lit neighborhood bar, where first-rate pianists and bassists compete for your ear with professional conversationalists. Truth and beauty usually prevail. **JAMES WILLIAMS** and **JAMIL NASSER** collaborate through Saturday, Feb. 14, and on Monday, Feb. 16, **STEVE KUHN** and **RON CARTER** go to work. On Sunday, Feb. 15, pianist **JOHN HICKS** drops by with bassist **MICKEY BASS** and tenor saxophonist **CARTER JEFFERSON.** Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Everything about this club is nice; the long rows of tables covered with pink linen, the bijou bandstand, the view from the bar of the bandstand, and the view out the window of Vaux & Withers' gabled Victorian courthouse. Deep-river baritone **ARTHUR PRYSOCK** croons here through Sunday, Feb. 15, and on Tuesday, Feb. 17, **HELEN MERRILL** enters singing. Mondays are in the swell hands of seven-string guitarists **BUCKY** and **JOHN PIZZARELLI.** Music from nine every night except Monday, when it begins at eight. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle is a cozy, elegant room; its key personnel (the musicians, the headwaiter) and some of its patrons (key personnel, no doubt, in other venues) wear tuxedos, but you needn't. When the English-born pianist **GEORGE SHEARING** plays a jumping bebop tune like "Scrapple from the Apple," his audience fidgets a little, but when he sings "Isn't It Romantic?" or "You're the Pits" (Robert Groday's parody of "You're the Top") everybody becomes cheerfully attentive. Bassist **DON THOMPSON** is Mr. Shearing's good accompanist. Sets at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Bemelmans Bar, you can listen to pianist and singer **BARBARA CARROLL** Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-forty-five.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through a heavy-duty steel door, through a green Plexiglas door, down a long, narrow, fun-house passageway (mirrors in which you can watch yourself multiply; corrugated-metal siding that you can riffle), and down a flight of stairs, you'll find this velvet-and-mirror-walled *boîte.* Vibraharpist **GARY BURTON** leads his quintet through Sunday, Feb. 15, and on Tuesday, Feb. 17, clarinettist **EDDIE DANIELS** moves in with a group that includes pianist **ROGER KELLAWAY** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE.** On Mondays, **LES PAUL** plugs in his guitar and plays with his trio. Music from eight Tuesdays through Sundays, and from nine on Mondays. Dining.

Freddy's, 308 E. 49th St. (888-1633)—**MAUREEN MC GOVERN** has a big, agile voice—Mel Tormé compares her range to the young Yma Sumac's—and you can hear it in this little room at eight-thirty on Thursday, Feb. 12, and at eight-thirty and eleven on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 13-14. Dining.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—Once a truck warehouse, this SoHo establishment now provides space for palm trees to mature in and for non-trucking types to eat and drink and listen to good pianists. The schedule: Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 11-12, **HAL SCHAEFER;** Friday and Saturday, Feb. 13-14, Marc Cohen (with bassist **STAFFORD JAMES**); and starting Tuesday, Feb. 17, **ARMEN DONELIAN.** Sets begin at seven Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Wednesdays through Saturdays, Kitt Moran sings with support from pianist Mike Moran and bassist Andy Eulau; on Sundays and Mondays Howard Barry sings and plays the piano with accompaniment from bassist Bill Moring; and on Tuesdays guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** (a member of George Shearing's first, creamy-toned quintet), pianist **WARREN CHIASSON,** and bassist **MICHAEL FLEMING** hold forth. All these groups begin at about ten.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Turn-of-the-century New York Sunday *Herald* posters and Hirschfeld caricatures on the walls, and, next to the brass-railed partition between the bar and the dining room, a modern Steinway. Pianist **BILL MAYS** and bassist **MICHAEL FORMANEK** work together through Saturday, Feb. 14, and starting Tuesday, Feb. 17, **JAMES WILLIAMS** and **RUFUS REID** will be on duty. Music from about nine-thirty.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Texas-like in significant respects, though not in the open-spaces-and-clear-sight-lines department, in which it is New York-like. Saturday, Feb. 14, the **SUN RHYTHM SECTION,** a Memphis rock-and-roll sextet; Sunday and Monday, Feb. 15-16, **RICK DANKO** and **JORMA KAUKONEN;** and Thursday, Feb. 19, Louisiana swamp cat **DR. JOHN.** Music after nine. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—From the glassed-in streetside room you can see the naked saplings in the adjacent office-tower frontage, and in the back room you can see the New York Jazz Repertory Ensemble, whose seven members, got up in loud blazers and funny hats, are performing "Serenade to a Jerk," "It's Tough to Be a Girl Musician," "Cocktails for Two," and other high-spirited, low-comedy Spike Jones numbers. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. On Mondays after nine-thirty, Woody Allen, who once played a misfit named Virgil Starkwell whose early career included a brief stint as a cellist in a marching band, usually sits in on clarinet with the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Orchestra. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Up-to-the-minute rock in a half-century-old ballroom. You may want to catch some of these bands now, in this intimate setting, before they disappear or become so big that only plein-air joints like the Meadowlands can accommodate them and their fans. Friday, Feb. 13, A.P.B.; Saturday, Feb. 14, Peter Murphy; Sunday, Feb. 15, second-generation reggaeists Ziggy Marley & the Melody Makers; Thursday and Friday, Feb. 19-20, Hüsker Dü and Christmas; and Saturday, Feb. 21, Megadeth. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven. Dancing.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Hip-swivelling music from Brazil and elsewhere. *Carnaval* is being celebrated here Friday through Sunday, Feb. 13-15. Wear your dancing shoes. Wednesday, Feb. 11, percussionist **DUDUCA FONSECA** and his Brazilian All-Stars; Friday, Feb. 13, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** Saturday, Feb. 14, **LOREMIL MACHADO;** Tuesday, Feb. 17, saxophonist **HENRY THREADGILL'S** sextet; and Wednesday, Feb. 18, singer-poet **GIL SCOTT-HERON.** Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Knotty-pine walls and adventurous jazz. The all-star sextet known as the Leaders—trumpeter and antic spirit **LESTER BOWIE,** alto saxophonist **ARTHUR BLYTHE,** tenor saxophonist **CHICO FREEMAN,** pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY,** bassist **CECIL MC BEE,** and drummer **DON MOYE**—occupies the bandstand through Sunday, Feb. 15. On Tuesday, Feb. 17, heavy-weather tenorist **ARCHIE SHEPP** will bring in a quintet. On Mondays, **GIL EVANS'** electrified sixteen-piece orchestra plays the maestro's swirling-color arrangements of such tunes as

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Charles Mingus's "Goodbye, Pork Pie Hat" and Jimi Hendrix's "Voodoo Chile." Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A low-ceilinged, plain-but-functional blues and rock outpost. The decorative flourishes include pictures of Big Joe Turner, a Mets pennant, roadhouse neon, and a cat, which can sometimes be found atop the jukebox. The schedule: Wednesday, Feb. 11, Steppin' Razor; Thursday, Feb. 12, Band of Outsiders; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 13-14, **BUSTER POINDEXTER & HIS BANSHEES OF BLUE;** Sunday, Feb. 15, Skip & the Exciting Illusions; Tuesday, Feb. 17, Funk Philarmonik; and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 20-21, Loup Gurou. Music after nine-thirty.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the Terrace Bar, you can keep an eye on Village street life and listen to the piano-bass team of **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** through Sunday, Feb. 15. Starting Tuesday, Feb. 17, pianist, singer, and Ellington scholar **BROOKS KERR** will pursue the truth with bassist **AL HALL.** Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN'S** trio is also present on Tuesdays, and Junior Mance flies all by himself on Mondays. Music from around ten.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—This hallowed basement establishment has been receiving jazz pilgrims from all over the world for more than half a century. Flamboyant Texas-born guitarist **LARRY CORYELL** leads a quartet (pianist **STANLEY COWELL,** bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS,** and drummer **BEAVER HARRIS**) through Sunday, Feb. 15. The next eight nights, Feb. 16-23, are reserved for **MEL LEWIS'S** shiny, swinging seventeen-piece orchestra, which made its début here (with the late Thad Jones as co-pilot) twenty-one years ago this month. Music after ten.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Those who can resist the temptations of the large barroom here—pinball, video games, a dialogue with a budding logical positivist from Columbia U.—will find another, smaller room, where jazz musicians hold sway. Trumpeter **JIMMY OWENS** heads up a quartet through Sunday, Feb. 15, and starting Wednesday, Feb. 18, singer **DAKOTA STATON** will be here with her backing crew. Mondays are comedy nights. Shows nightly from about nine. Dining.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and expert musicians in it. Pianist **HILTON RUIZ** works with bassist **JIMMY ROWSER** on Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 11-12, and with humming bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY** on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 13-14. Starting Monday, Feb. 16, **JANE JARVIS,** who accompanied the Mets on the Shea Stadium organ for sixteen years, will be at the piano. On Sundays, **GENE BERTONCINI** and **MICHAEL MOORE** play glistening guitar-bass duets. Music from eight Mondays through Saturdays, and from seven on Sundays.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Highlights in Jazz Fourteenth Anniversary Concert—With Al Cohn, Bucky Pizzarelli, Joe Newman, Major Holley, Carrie Smith, and others. (Loeb Student Center Auditorium, New York University, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Thursday, Feb. 12, at 8. For information about tickets, call 598-2027.)

Boys of the Lough—Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Friday, Feb. 13, at 8:30.

Hamiet Bluiett and Ed Blackwell—Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8 and 10. Tickets at the door on the night of the performances.

Cecil Taylor—Weill Recital Hall at Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Friday, Feb. 20, at 8.

Millie Jackson and the Manhattans—Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8 and midnight.

Music from Ireland—With Mick Moloney, Robbie O'Connell, and others. (Weill Recital Hall. Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8:30.)

Jazz Cultural Theatre—Friday and Saturday, Feb. 13-14, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Roberta Davis and the Barry Harris trio. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 15, and Thursday, Feb. 19, at 8, 9:30, and 11: Charles McPherson and the Barry Harris trio. (Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 502-4300.)

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ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Peter Booth—New paintings and works on paper by an Australian artist who has been included in international-survey shows at the Modern and at the Guggenheim. Through Feb. 28. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. Open Mondays.)

Marianne Engberg / Marion Kenyon Jones—Pinhole photographs of China. / Abstractions on paper mounted on canvas. Through Feb. 28. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

Adolph Gottlieb (1903-74)—Fourteen pictographic paintings. Through March 5. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Irving Kriesberg / Carmen Cicero—Paintings on paper. / Figurative watercolors. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Stephen Pace—Loosely painted scenes of Indiana farm life as the artist remembers it from his childhood. Through March 4. (Perlow, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

David Park (1911-60)—Paintings, mostly from the fifties. Through Feb. 28. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

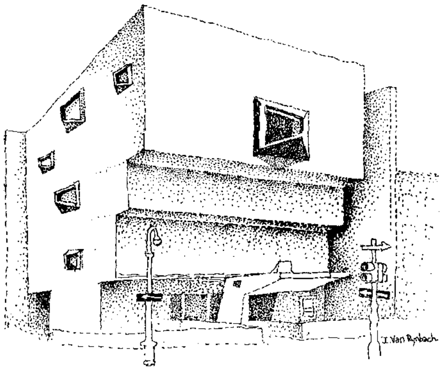
Bill Spira—Abstract wood-and-stoneware sculptures. Through March 7. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

Marina Stern—Pastels of still-lifes and of landscapes seen through windows. Through Feb. 26. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Gregory Williams—Landscapes with a surreal character. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Paul Wonner—As if to leave no doubt about his high regard for still-life painting, the artist is showing (among others) one work with at least two dozen vases of flowers, plus a portrait of himself painting a still-life. Through Feb. 28. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Group Shows—At the **AMERICAS SOCIETY** (formerly known as the Center for Inter-American Relations), Park Ave. at 68th St.: Modern Latin-American art from the Nancy Sayles Day Collection, owned by the Rhode Island School of Design. Through April 5. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . **HUNTER COLLEGE GALLERY,** Lexington Ave. at 68th St.: "Race and Representation" addresses the issues of racism and political oppression in a show of paintings, videos, and works in other mediums by Pat Ward Williams, Roy DeCarava, Jenny Holzer, and others. Through March 6. (Opens at 1.) . . . **KOUROS,** 23 E. 73rd St.: John Bernard Myers has chosen an exhibit of paintings and sculptures, mostly abstract works, by eleven contemporary artists. Through Feb. 28. . . . **PRAKAPAS,** 19 E. 71st St.: Prints by Bauhaus members (Feininger, Albers, Klee) and by other artists the Bauhaus published (Léger, de Chirico). Through March 21. (Opens at noon.)



GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Alan Cote—Recent abstract paintings and drawings. Through Feb. 28. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St.)

Enrico Donati—Surrealist paintings and objects from the forties, most of them on exhibition for the first time. Through Feb. 28. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Kenneth Evett—Realist paintings of still-lifes with nature scenes in the backgrounds. Through March 7. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Janet Fish—New paintings. Through Feb. 28. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Nancy Hagin / Maurice Grosser (1903-86)—Realist still-lifes. / Maine landscapes and still-lifes painted in the artist's last two years. Through Feb. 25. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

Raymond Han—Still-life paintings. Through March 4. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

Stanley William Hayter / Daniel Bennett Schwartz—New paintings and works on paper. / Small landscapes of Provence. Through March 4. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

Roni Horn—Recent abstract drawings combining pastels, powdered pigments, and varnish. Through March 21. (Galerie Maeght Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

Rick Horton—Oil-and-pigment paintings on paper which look as though they were in flux—the effect of all-over scratch marks and flecks of contrasting colors. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Gimpel, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Reginald Marsh (1898-1954) / **Bernard Stern**—Paintings of forties-style urban activities. / Large paintings with insect motifs and with textures derived from mixing oil and acrylic paint. Through Feb. 25. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)

John McLaughlin (1898-1976) / **John Graham** (1881-1961)—Paintings of rectangular shapes. Through Feb. 28. / Drawings. Starts Thursday, Feb. 12. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

James B. Moore—Representational still-lifes painted in muted colors. Through Feb. 28. (Schmidt Bingham, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Nabil Nahas / Alain Kirili—Nonobjective paintings whose gold tones were achieved without the benefit of gold leaf, though it is hard to tell. / Abstract sculptures. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Ed Paschke—A two-gallery exhibit of new works. Through March 7. (Luhring Augustine Hodes, 41 E. 57th St., and Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Harvey Quaytman—Abstract paintings in an acrylic medium to which rust or steel filings have been added. Through Wednesday, Feb. 18. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Odilon Redon (1840-1916)—About thirty prints. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Fitch-Febvrel, 5 E. 57th St.)

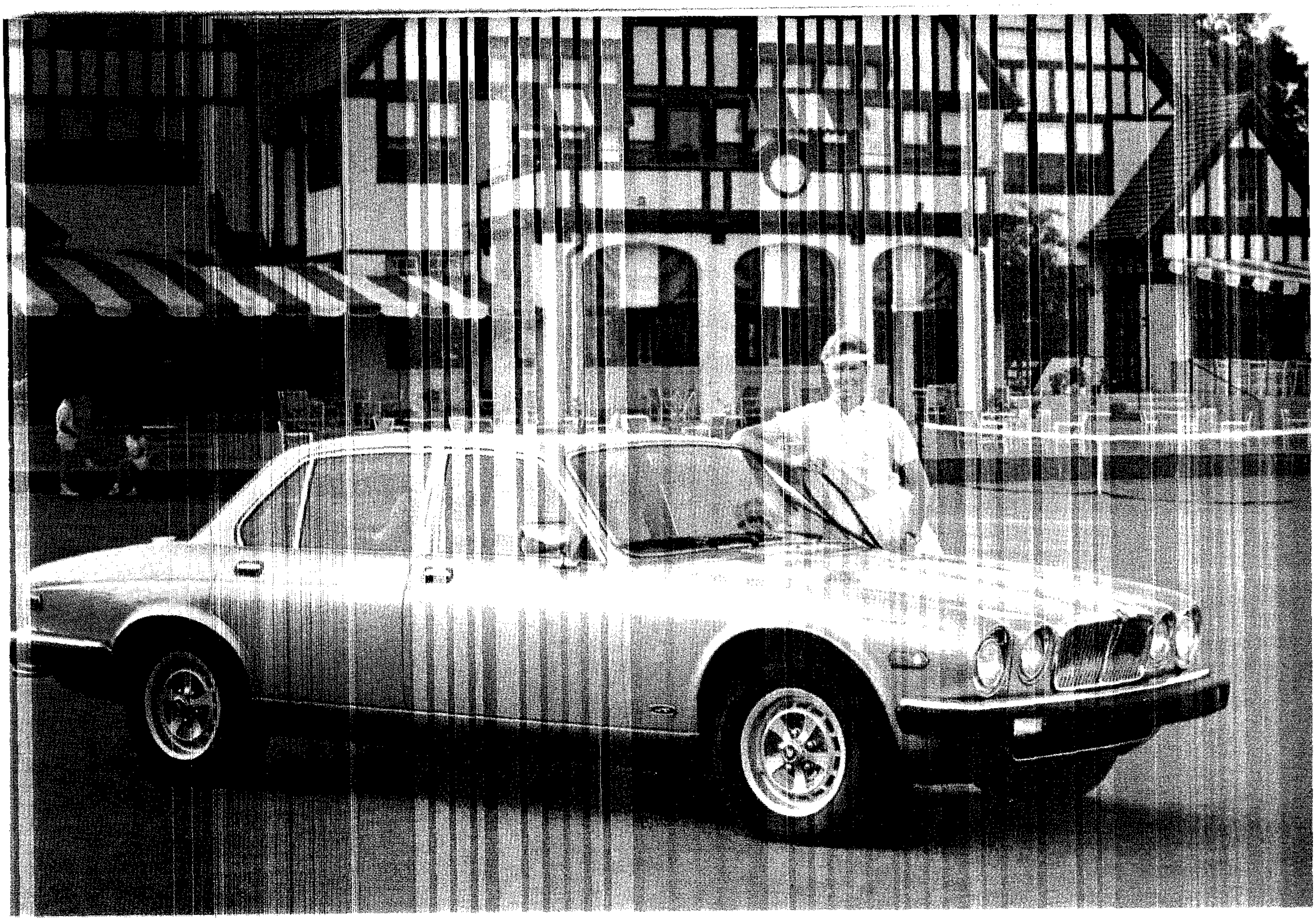
Elaine Reichek—Large-scale black-and-white photographs of South American Indians juxtaposed with knitted versions of the figures (also large scale). Through Feb. 28. (Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St.)

Jane Rosen—Painted gypsum-cement sculptures with subjects from nature (herons, for instance) reduced to their basic forms. Also, drawings. Through Feb. 28. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Works on paper by Jean Arp are in the front gallery.)

José María Sicilia—New abstract paintings. Through Feb. 28. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Carl Nicholas Titolo—Small works in mixed mediums reflecting his travels in Italy. Through Feb. 28. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Robert Warrens—Large-scale fantasy land-



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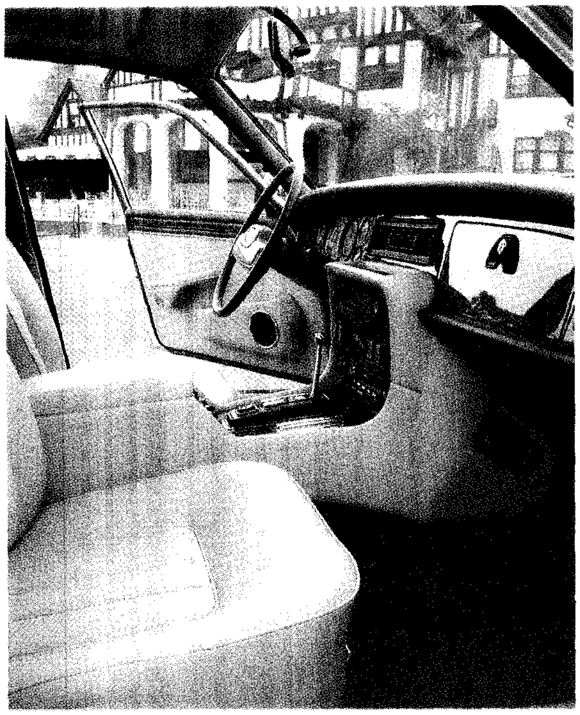

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scapes plus two painted-wood constructions related to the paintings. Through Feb. 26. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

Lynton Wells / Doug Ohlson—Large canvases in which figures or objects are well defined even though they are seen through a barrage of cross-hatching. / Geometric paintings in hot colors. Through Saturday, Feb. 21. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Folk Art of This Century—Paintings from the United States, France, Haiti, and Yugoslavia. The artists include John Kane, Henri Rousseau, Hector Hyppolite, Dragan Gazi, and Minnie Evans. Through March 28. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

William Anastasi / Matthew McCaslin—Oils depicting components of Joyce's hundred-and-nineteen-letter word describing a thunderclap in "Finnegans Wake." / Wall sculptures utilizing Formica made to look like stone, metal, or wood. Through March 11. (Cutler, 164 Mercer St.)

Andrea Belag—Abstract paintings. Through Feb. 28. (Davis, 568 Broadway.)

Ross Bleckner—New paintings. Through Feb. 28. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Vivian E. Browne / Carol Galligan—Paintings of sequoia forests. / Painted-paper sculptures. Through Feb. 28. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

Peter Dean—Landscape paintings and paintings from a series called "Personal Events." Through March 7. (Semaphore, 137 Greene St.)

Peter Drake—Paintings and drawings. Through March 4. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

Vernon Fisher—New works, including a large sheet of slate on which the artist has sketched (in chalk) anatomical views of muscles and painted (in oil) a parachute dropping into the sea. Through Feb. 28. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

Jack Forsell / Michael Mogavero—Figures, cityscapes, and objects both painted and real crowd large three-dimensional collage paintings. / All-over still-life canvases preoccupied with lamps. Through Feb. 28. (Oscarsson Siegeltuch, 568 Broadway, entrance on Prince St.)

Judith Godwin—Abstract Expressionist paintings. Through March 7. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

Willy Heeks—Recent abstract paintings and works on paper. Through Feb. 28. (Beitzel, 113 Greene St.)

Robert Helm—Paintings depicting birds, dogs, figures, and wood, the last echoed in intricate inlaid-wood frames. Through Feb. 28. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Jasper Johns—Four paintings from a series entitled "The Seasons," and related drawings. Through March 7. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Mel Kendrick—Geometric sculptures: six in such woods as osage, padouk, and purpleheart, and four in bronze, each of the latter with a different patina. Through Feb. 28. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Louise Lawler—A goblet with gold lettering that reads "It cost $590,000 a day to operate an aircraft carrier. 1986." Also, other glasses with messages, and photographs. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

George McNeil—Recent paintings. Through March 7. (Gruenebaum, 415 West Broadway.)

Richard Mock—New abstractions. Through March 4. (Esman, 70 Greene St.)

Maud Morgan—Handmade-paper works whose multicolored abstract patterns were created in the papermaking process. Through Feb. 28. (Munroe, 415 West Broadway.)

Peter Nadin / Rudy Burckhardt—Paintings. / Photographs and photocollages. Through March 7. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St. Mr. Burckhardt has a complementary show of recent paintings at Blue Mountain, 121 Wooster St., which opens at noon.)

Steven Singer—Figurative sculptures made with scrap metal from the repair work being done on the Manhattan Bridge, which happens to be near the artist's studio. Through March 7. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

Mary Joan Waid—Landscapes and still-lifes that incorporate self-portraits—the artist's face seen in a hand mirror, for instance. Through Saturday, Feb. 21. (Einstein, 591 Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **castelli,** 142 Greene St.: Leo Castelli is marking his thirtieth year in the art business with some of the paintings and sculptures—by Cy Twombly, Lee Bontecou, Ellsworth Kelly, Richard Artschwager, and others—he put on exhibit in his first fifteen years. Through March 7. . . . **di laurenti,** 383 West Broadway: Works on paper by Reuben Nakian, Leon Polk Smith, Lowell Nesbitt, and Roberto Barni. Through Saturday, Feb. 14. . . . **49th parallel,** 420 West Broadway: An exhibit entitled "The Idea of North," consisting of paintings, sculptures, and photographs based on ideas from a Canadian Broadcasting Corporation documentary produced by the late pianist Glenn Gould. All of the artists, among them Robert Frank, Agnes Martin, and Jackie Winsor, live in or have lived in Canada. Through Feb. 28. . . . **green,** 152 Wooster St.: Drawings by sculptors Heide Fasnacht, Alain Kirili, Michael Gitlin, Carol Hepper, and Erik Levine. Through Feb. 28.

OTHER GALLERIES

Buster Cleveland—Iconlike mosaics (images of Mao abound) made with fake pearls, rhinestone jewelry, photographs, and so forth, encapsulated in clear poured plastic. Through Feb. 22. (Gracie Mansion Gallery, 167 Avenue A, at 10th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Susana Jaime-Mena and Carlo Mascarenhas—Two abstractionists; she works in wax and metal, primarily, he in metal and glass. Through Sunday, Feb. 15. (Salvador, 216 E. 10th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Kim Keever—Semi-abstract landscape paintings incorporating some symbols of measure—clocks, rulers. Through March 1. (M-13, at 413 E. 9th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Dennis Pohl—Paintings in mixed mediums. Through Feb. 26. (Roerich, 319 W. 107th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

Susan Rothenberg—Some of the horse paintings (1974-80) that attracted so much attention when they were first introduced. Through Feb. 28. (Gagosian, 521 W. 23rd St., near Eleventh Ave.)

Maura Sheehan—A sculptural installation consisting of pairs of fragmented feet (some with sandals) reminiscent of classical statuary. Through Feb. 28. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, 33 Washington Pl. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Group Shows—At the **artists space,** 223 West Broadway: Film, slide, and video installations by Anne Bray, Kendall Buster, John Knecht, Charles Long, and Carolee Schneeman. Through March 14. . . . **burgin,** 270 Lafayette St.: Recent paintings and photographic works by Fariba Hajamadi, Gerhard Merz, and James Welling. Through Feb. 28. . . . **loeb student center,** New York University, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.: The eleventh annual "Small Works" exhibition, selected by Barbara Toll. Through Feb. 27. . . . **master eagle gallery,** sixth floor, 40 W. 25th St.: "Cartoon '87," drawings by approximately forty artists, including Liza Donnelly, Tim Haggerty, Ed Arno, Sam Gross, and Lou Myers. Through March 20. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 4:30.) . . . **p.s. 1,** at 46-01 21st St., Long Island City: "Art with Community" is the title of an exhibit of all kinds of works produced, on the one hand, by artists in collaboration with others (Deborah Ossoff worked with senior citizens in Far Rockaway) or, on the other, by artists who used a community as their subject (Agnes Zellin photographed shoppers in malls and celebrators at religious festivals in Astoria, Queens). Through March 22. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.) . . . **visual arts museum,** 209 E. 23rd St.: Works by contemporary still-life painters Mark Innerst, Michele Owings, Rex Lau, and others. Through Feb. 28. (Mondays, except Feb. 16, through Thursdays, 9 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 9 to 4.)

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PHOTOGRAPHY

Alvin Langdon Coburn (1882-1966) / **René Burri**—Among the hundred or so prints are portraits of Henry James, Auguste Rodin, and others, made for the artist's 1913 book called "Men of Mark." / Color prints documenting the American space program. Through Feb. 22. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Jimmy de Sana—Dada-inspired photographs. Through March 8. (Hearn, 735 E. 9th St., just west of Avenue D. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

William Eggleston—Color photographs, almost all of which were in a show at the Modern in 1976. Through March 7. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

David A. Hanson—Salt prints of the entire course of the Hudson River and its environs, all but a few of which look as though they were from a hundred years ago rather than the present. Through March 12. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

Jacques Henri Lartigue (1894-1986)—The Museum of Modern Art has mounted a show devoted to this photographer, entitled "Panoramas of the Twenties." See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Duane Michals—New works, primarily silver prints, some with text, some painted. Through March 7. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Helmut Newton—Photographs from the late seventies and early eighties. Through Feb. 28. (Staley-Wise, 177 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

Val Telberg / Ed Burtynsky—Photocollages using vintage prints, photocopies of the prints, and drawings. / Color prints of British Columbia and the Western United States. Through Feb. 28. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The museum's collection of twentieth-century art (paintings, sculptures, photographs, and objects by industrial and decorative designers), a great deal of it acquired in the past five years, has gone on permanent exhibition in the new Lila Acheson Wallace Wing, a string of twenty-two galleries on three levels (a fourth—a sculpture garden—will open in June) in the southwest corner of the museum. . . . ¶ "Van Gogh in Saint-Rémy and Auvers," a show of paintings and drawings covering the artist's last fifteen months. Through March 22. . . . ¶ "Dance" is the title of the Costume Institute's show of men's and women's evening dress and accessories. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective show of works by Paul Klee. Through May 5. . . . **photography:** Prints by Jacques Henri Lartigue. Through March 24. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A monumental sculpture of a ship in the form of a Swiss Army knife, which was conceived by Claes Oldenburg, Coosje van Bruggen, and

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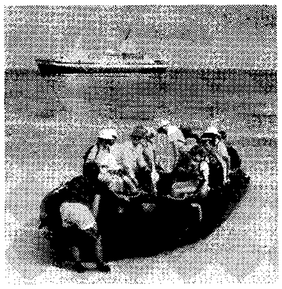

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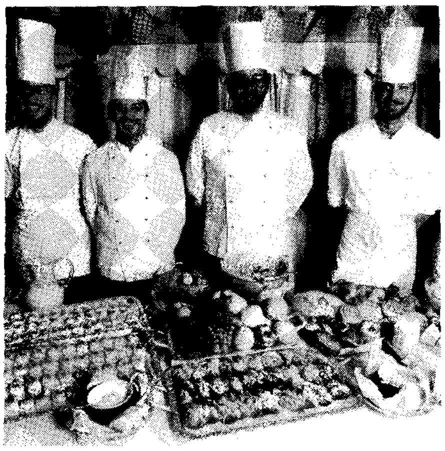
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Frank O. Gehry. The sculpture has moving parts, including eight "oars." . . . ¶ A retrospective of paintings and works on paper by Oskar Kokoschka. Both shows through Monday, Feb. 16. (Open daily. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays and Monday, Feb. 16, from 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A show of paintings by David Salle, spanning the past eight years. Through March 29. . . . ¶ A retrospective of works by John Storrs, an early modernist sculptor, containing, in addition to sculptures, his paintings, drawings, and prints. Through March 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"The Machine Age in America 1918-1941," an entertaining display of decorative objects, appliances, and photographs, plus a few paintings, prints, and sculptures, all reflecting the fascination the machine held for American artists and designers during the period of the great industrial leaps between the World Wars. Through Monday, Feb. 16. . . . ¶ A retrospective of works on paper by abstractionist Cleve Gray. Some of the early work is figurative. Through Feb. 23. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays, except Feb. 16, and Wednesdays through Fridays, except Lincoln's Birthday, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6; Lincoln's Birthday and Monday, Feb. 16, from 1 to 5.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—Handmade fine- and applied-art objects in a blazing show that befits a new home for this museum. Through March 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—"Art of Japan: Selections from the Burke Collection, Part II," scroll paintings, folding screens, calligraphy, and lacquerware. Through Feb. 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A display of folding fans (pleated and *brisé*) which documents their design and function at the height of their popularity (late seventeenth century to early twentieth) and also uncovers some amusing social history. For instance, if in 1901 you had been the owner of the most fashionable of fans, a Duvelleroy from Paris (seen in the exhibit), you would have had to be prepared to encounter the owner of a ripoff facsimile of that fan (also seen here). Through May 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—A display elucidating the European tradition of mounting rare Japanese and Chinese porcelains with gold, silver, and gilt bronze. Through March 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Lincoln's Birthday, 10 to 6; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Etchings and lithographs by Jakob Steinhardt (1887-1968), a German Expressionist whose themes included Jewish religious life. Through April 19. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Age of Bruegel: Netherlandish Drawings of the Sixteenth Century," a selection built around the work of Pieter Bruegel the Elder. Eight of the drawings are by him, the others by artists who influenced him (Bosch, for instance) and whom he influenced (Roelandt Savery). Through April 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—A show of installations that Hans Haacke has done during the past fifteen years, criticizing policies of the Reagan Administration, corporate sponsorship of the arts, and the influences of the advertising world upon our culture. A painted portrait of Ronald Reagan, for instance, is juxtaposed with a large photomural of antinuclear demonstrators. Through Sunday, Feb. 15. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays, noon to 10; Saturdays, noon to 8.)

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ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671—Clovr Chango (performance), Thursday and Friday, Feb. 12-13, at 8:30; Laurie Beth Clark (performance), Thursday and Friday, Feb. 19-20, at 8:30.

The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793—Music programs—Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 9: The Horvitz, Morris, and Previte Trio; and Evan Lurie, with Alfredo Pedenera. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 12, at 9: Boris Policeband; and Fred Frith and Christian Marclay. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 13, at 9: Don King and the Sonny Sharrock Group. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 14, at 9 and 11: Little Jimmy Scott. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 18, at 9: Carol Emanuel's Verde; and John King. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 19, at 9: Jean-Michel Basquiat; and Hal Wilner. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 20, at 9: Steve Beresford; and Yomo Toro. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 21, at 9: Ramm-Ell-Zee and Shockdell; and the Tim Berne Quintet.

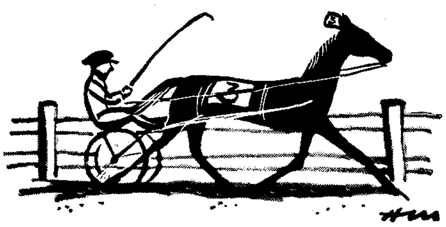
P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—*Sally Silvers and Bruce Andrews (dance-theatre performance)*, Friday through Sunday, Feb. 13-15, at 9; Steve Gross (dance), Friday through Sunday, Feb. 20-22, at 9.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall at Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; and for the 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 7:30: "Tannhäuser," with Leonie Rysanek, Gail Gilmore, William Johns, and Håkan Hagegård; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 12, at 8: "Carmen," with Agnes Baltsa, Leona Mitchell, José Carreras, and Samuel Ramey; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 13, at 7:30: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Elisabeth Söderström, Barbara Hendricks, Brigitte Fassbaender, and Artur Korn; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 14, at 2: "La Clemenza di Tito," with Carol Vaness, Tatiana Troyanos, Diana Montague, and David Rendall; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8: "Manon," with Catherine Malfitano, Neil Shicoff, David Holloway, and Ferruccio Furlanetto; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 16, at 8: "Carmen," with Agnes Baltsa, Leona Mitchell, José Carreras, and Samuel Ramey; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 17, at 7:30: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Elisabeth Söderström, Barbara Hendricks, Brigitte Fassbaender, and Artur Korn; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 18, at 8: "Manon," with Catherine Malfitano, Neil Shicoff, David Holloway, and Ferruccio Furlanetto; Manuel Rosenthal. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 19, at 8: "La Clemenza di Tito," with Carol Vaness, Diana Montague, Ariel Bybee, and John Alexander; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 20, at 8: "Carmen," with Agnes Baltsa, Leona Mitchell, José Carreras, and Samuel Ramey; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 21, at 1: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Elisabeth Söderström, Barbara Hendricks, Brigitte Fassbaender, and Artur Korn; Jeffrey Tate. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8: "Manon," with Catherine Malfitano, Neil Shicoff, David Holloway, and Ferruccio Furlanetto; Manuel Rosenthal. (A nonsubscription performance.) (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)



Juilliard American Opera Center—Benefit performances of "Albert Herring," a comic opera by Benjamin Britten. Staged by Cynthia Auerbach, and with the Juilliard Symphony Ensemble, conducted by Andreas Delfs. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Wednesday, Feb. 18, and Friday, Feb. 20, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 22, at 3. For information about tickets, call 874-7515, Mondays through Fridays.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall. Krzysztof Penderecki conducting two of his own works and Shostakovich's Symphony No. 14 on Thursday, Feb. 12, at 8; Friday, Feb. 13, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8; and Tuesday, Feb. 17, at 7:30 (all with Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; Simon Estes, bass-baritone; and Paul Neubauer, viola). . . . ¶ Krzysztof Penderecki and Maxim Shostakovich conducting a Penderecki-Haydn-Tchaikovsky program on Thursday and Friday, Feb. 19-20, at 8 (both with Mstislav Rostropovich, cello). . . . ¶ Maxim Shostakovich conducting a Britten-Bernstein-Shostakovich program on Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8, and Tuesday, Feb. 24, at 7:30 (both, again, with Mr. Rostropovich).

Cleveland Orchestra—Christoph von Dohnányi conducting. **Carnegie Hall:** Wednesday, Feb. 11, at 8, a Sibelius-Prokofiev-Janáček program, with Kyung-Wha Chung, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8, Zemlinsky's "The Mermaid" (New York première) and Mahler's Sixth Symphony. . . . **Avery Fisher Hall:** Friday, Feb. 13, at 8, a Berg-Beethoven program, with Joela Jones, piano, and Daniel Majeske, violin.

San Francisco Symphony—At Carnegie Hall, Herbert Blomstedt conducting. Thursday, Feb. 12, at 8: A Bartók-Bruckner program, with Andras Schiff, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 13, at 8: Works by Wuorinen (première), Stravinsky, and Brahms; no soloists.

Warsaw Sinfonia—Yehudi Menuhin conducting and acting as violin soloist for this Polish chamber orchestra, making its first appearance here. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 15, at 8.)

Czech Philharmonic—Václav Neumann conducting, with Jeremy Menuhin, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, Feb. 16, at 8.)

Warsaw Philharmonic Orchestra—Kazimierz Kord conducting, with Misha Dichter, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 19, at 8.)

Juilliard Chamber Orchestra—Sixten Ehrling conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Feb. 13, at 8. For information about free tickets, call 874-7515.)

Solisti New York—Ransom Wilson conducting an all-Mozart program that includes all four horn concertos, for which David Jolley will be the soloist. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Saturday, Feb. 14, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

New York Chamber Symphony of the 92nd Street Y—Anthony Newman conducting and acting as harpsichord soloist for a program of baroque music. With Randall Ellis, oboe, and Jean Dane, viola. (Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Andrew Litton conducting and acting as piano soloist. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 15, at 3.)

Jupiter Symphony—Jens Nygaard conducting a program of string-orchestra works, with soloists. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Feb. 16, at 8.)

Orchestra of St. Luke's—Trevor Pinnock conducting and acting as fortepiano soloist. Also with Elmar Oliveira, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 17, at 8.)

Philharmonia Virtuosi—Richard Kapp conducting, with Eliot Fisk, classical guitarist. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Tuesday, Feb. 17, at 8.)

Little Orchestra Society—Dino Anagnost conducting, with Barbara Nissman, piano; Lowell Jay Hershey, trumpet; and Albert Regni, saxophone. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 18, at 8.)

New York Pops—A two-part concert: Skitch Henderson conducting a tribute to Frank Loesser, with Jo Sullivan; followed by Richard Hayman conducting a program that will include one of his own compositions. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 20, at 8.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing a varied program, in tribute to Louise Talma and Miriam Gideon. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 874-2990. Both composers will be present at a post-concert reception.)

RECITALS

Mannes Trio—Chamber music. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Thursday, Feb. 12, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Rosalind Rees—Soprano, with Gary Kudo, piano, in a one-hour recital of songs by Charles Ives. Gregg Smith will act as narrator for the program. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, Feb. 14, at 5. For information about tickets, call 874-2990.)

Mendelssohn String Quartet—With John Graham, viola. The first of three concerts. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

New York Vocal Arts Ensemble—A program called "A Musical Valentine." (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 14, at 8:30.)

Katherine Ciesinski and the Mannes Trio—In a Haydn program consisting of a cantata for mezzo-soprano and piano and of three piano trios. (New School Auditorium, 66 W. 12th St. Sunday, Feb. 15, at 2. For information about tickets, call 741-5689.)

Kiri Te Kanawa—Soprano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Feb. 15, at 3.)

Mitsuko Uchida—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 15, at 3.)

New York Philharmonic Ensembles—The third in a series of six concerts. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, Feb. 15, at 3.)

Music Before 1800—The New World Consort from Vancouver, a group making its first appearance here, performing a program of Renaissance music. (Corpus Christi Church, W. 121st St., just east of Broadway. Sunday, Feb. 15, at 4. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Carol Pool and Marvin Wolfthal—Violin and piano. (Ansche Chesed Temple, 251 W. 100th St. Sunday, Feb. 15, at 7:30. A benefit concert; for information about tickets, call 865-0600.)

Mareda Gaither-Graves—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 15, at 8.)

Katsurako Mikami—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, Feb. 16, at 8.)

Odyssey Chamber Players—With Edmund Battersby, piano. (Church of the Holy Trinity, 316 E. 88th St. Monday, Feb. 16, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Robert Silverman—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 17, at 8.)

Sylvan Wind Quintet—In a program of German music. (Weill Recital Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 17, at 8.)

Placido Domingo—Tenor, with Christopher Parkening, classical guitarist; the New York City Opera Orchestra, John De Main conducting; and others. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 18, at 8.)

André Emelianoff—Cello, with Michael Boriskin, piano. (92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Feb. 18, at 8.)

Joel Krosnick and Gilbert Kalish—In a program of cello-and-piano sonatas by Beethoven and by Ralph Shapey. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 18, at 8.)

Tashi—With Lukas Foss, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 18, at 8.)

John Gibbons—Harpsichord. (Weill Recital Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 18, at 8.)

Deller Consort—A program of early music, mostly, but also including twentieth-century French songs. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Thursday, Feb. 19, at 8.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—With Ruth Laredo, piano. (Weill Recital Hall. Thursday, Feb. 19, at 8.)

Boston Camerata—Performing twelfth-century French music. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, Feb. 19, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—Iberian music from the Renaissance. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 19, and Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8.)

Roberta Peters—Soprano, with Jakov Kreizberg, piano, and Paul Dunkel, flute. (92nd Street Y. Saturday, Feb. 21, at 3.)

Music from Japan—A recital of contemporary music for the shō, a Japanese panpipe, played by Mayumi Miyata, accompanied by Susan Jolles, harp. (Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St. 517-2742. Saturday, Feb. 21, at 5.)

Orlando Quartet—With Lilian Kallir, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Saturday, Feb. 21, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Memorial Tribute to Alec Wilder—Marian McPartland, Marlene VerPlanck, Harvey Phillips, the New York Woodwind Quintet, and others, performing classical and popular works by the composer. (Weill Recital Hall. Saturday, Feb. 14, at 2.)

"Xcerpts"—Anthony Davis conducting an abbreviated version of his opera, "X (The Life and Times of Malcolm X)," in concert form, with four vocal soloists; Thulani Davis, the opera's librettist, as narrator; and Episteme, Mr. Davis's ten-piece ensemble. (Davis Hall, City College, Convent Ave. at 134th St. 690-4100. Sunday, Feb. 15, at 3.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, and for Nassau Coliseum 1-516 587-9222.)

Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Milwaukee Bucks, Wednesday, Feb. 11; Chicago Bulls, Saturday, Feb. 14; Philadelphia 76ers, Monday, Feb. 16; and Cleveland Cavaliers, Thursday, Feb. 19. (Games begin at 7:30.) . . . **byrne meadowlands arena:** Nets vs. Houston Rockets, Thursday, Feb. 12, at 7:30; Cleveland Cavaliers, Sunday, Feb. 15, at 3; Golden State Warriors, Thursday, Feb. 19, at 7:30; and Knicks, Saturday, Feb. 21, at 7:30.

Hockey—At **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres, Saturday, Feb. 14, at 7:05; Philadelphia Flyers, Tuesday, Feb. 17, at 8:05; and Montreal Canadiens, Saturday, Feb. 21, at 5:05. . . . **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Sunday, Feb. 15, at 8:35; Detroit Red Wings, Tuesday, Feb. 17, at 7:35; and Buffalo Sabres, Friday, Feb. 20, at 7:35. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena:** Devils vs. Hartford Whalers, Wednesday, Feb. 18, at 7:35.

Racing—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30.

Track Meet—Vitalis/United States Olympic Invitational. (Byrne Meadowlands Arena. Saturday, Feb. 14, at 5:45.)

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway:** Nightly at 7:30; through Sunday, March 15. . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, Aug. 15.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—David Shapiro reading from his own poetry. (Anne Plumb Gallery, 81 Greene St. Saturday, Feb. 14, at 4:30. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Jamaica Kincaid, Jay McInerney, Ariel Dorfman, and Mary Hood reading from their own short stories. (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, Lincoln Center. Monday, Feb. 16, at 8. For tickets, call 475-5707.) . . . ¶ C. K. Williams and C. D. Wright reading from their own poetry. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, Feb. 17, at 6. No tickets necessary.)

Lecture—Hugh Nissenson in the second in a series of six programs about writing and religion. (New York Public Library Trustees Room, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Wednesday, Feb. 18, at 6. For information about tickets, call 930-0855.)

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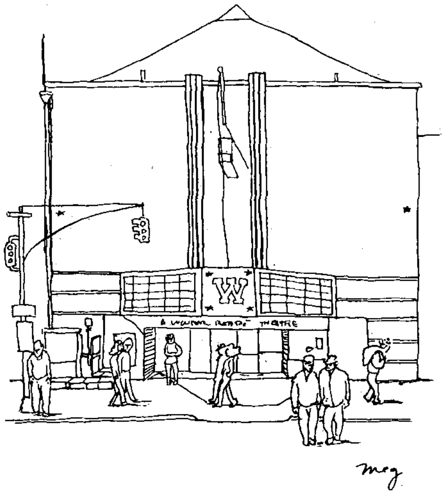

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 20.

EAST SIDE

PUBLIC THEATRE, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Feb. 12: At 6, "Two or Three Things I Know About Her" (1967; directed by Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Marina Vlady; at 8, "Amulet of Ogum" (1975; Nelson Pereira Dos Santos; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); and, at 10, "Beware of a Holy Whore" (1970; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Lou Castel, Werner Schroeter, and Eddie Constantine.
Feb. 13: At 6, "Dossier 51" (1978; Michel Deville; in English and French); at 8, "No Man's Land" (1985; Alain Tanner; in French); and, at 10, "Tokyo Story" (1953; Yasujiro Ozu; in Japanese).
Feb. 14-15: At 4, "Jail Bait" (1972; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German); at 6, "Dossier 51;" at 8, "No Man's Land;" and, at 10, "Tokyo Story."
Feb. 17-19: At 6, "Diary for My Children" (1984; Márta Mészáros; in Hungarian); at 8, "No Man's Land;" and, at 10, "Ali: Fear Eats the Soul" (1974; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German).
From Feb. 20: At 6, "Ceddo" (1978; Ousmane Sembène; in Wolof); at 8:15, "Barravento" (1962; Glauber Rocha; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); and, at 10, "Quilombo" (Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).

MOVIELAND 8TH STREET TRIPLEX, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "The Mission" (Roland Joffé), with Robert De Niro and Jeremy Irons.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 12: "The Decline of the American Empire" (†). From Feb. 13: "Miss Mary" (Maria Luisa Bemberg), with Julie Christie.
Theatre 3: "Light of Day" (Paul Schrader), with Michael J. Fox, Gena Rowlands, and Joan Jett.

NEW GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Feb. 12: "Little Shop of Horrors" (1986 †).
From Feb. 13: "Mannequin" (Michael Gottlieb), with Andrew McCarthy and Kim Cattrall.

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Outrageous Fortune" (Arthur Hiller), with Bette Midler, Shelley Long, Peter Coyote, and George Carlin.

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "From the Hip" (Bob Clark), with Judd Nelson and Elizabeth Perkins.
Theatre 2: "Radio Days" (Woody Allen), with Mia Farrow.
Theatre 3: "Platoon" (†).

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Black Widow" (Bob Rafelson), with Debra Winger and Theresa Russell.

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Feb. 12: "Crimes of the Heart" (†).
From Feb. 13: To be announced.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Black Widow" (Bob Rafelson), with Debra Winger and Theresa Russell.

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Feb. 12: "The Morning After" (†).
From Feb. 13: "Mannequin" (Michael Gottlieb), with Andrew McCarthy and Kim Cattrall.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through Feb. 19: "The Mission" (Roland Joffé), with Robert De Niro and Jeremy Irons.
From Feb. 20: "Square Dance" (Dan Petrie), with Jane Alexander, Rob Lowe, and Jason Robards.

MANHATTAN 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "From the Hip" (Bob Clark), with Judd Nelson and Elizabeth Perkins.
Theatre 2: Feb. 11: "Defense of the Realm" (David Drury), with Gabriel Byrne. From Feb. 12: "Over the Top" (Menahem Golan), with Sylvester Stallone.

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 12: "The Fringe Dwellers" (Bruce Beresford), with Justine Saunders, Kristina Nehm, and Bob Maza. From Feb. 13: "84 Charing Cross Road" (David Jones), with Anne Bancroft and Anthony Hopkins.
Theatre 2: "Outrageous Fortune" (Arthur Hiller), with Bette Midler, Shelley Long, Peter Coyote, and George Carlin.

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Round Midnight" (†).

CINEMA I AND II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 12: "Betty Blue" (Jean-Jacques Beineix; in French), with Jean-Hugues Anglade and Béatrice Dalle. From Feb. 13: "Duet for One" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Julie Andrews, Alan Bates, and Max von Sydow.
Theatre 2: "The Assault" (Fons Rademakers; in Dutch).

GEMINI 1 AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Light of Day" (Paul Schrader), with Michael J. Fox, Gena Rowlands, and Joan Jett.
Theatre 2: "The Bedroom Window" (†).

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Little Shop of Horrors" (1986 †).

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Radio Days" (Woody Allen), with Mia Farrow.
Theatre 2: "Platoon" (†).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"My Sweet Little Village" (Jiří Menzel; a Czech film).

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Dead of Winter" (Arthur Penn), with Mary Steenburgen, Roddy McDowall, and Jan Rubes.

U.A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Bedroom Window" (†).

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "Light of Day" (Paul Schrader), with Michael J. Fox, Gena Rowlands, and Joan Jett.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 12: "Allan Quatermain and the Lost City of Gold" (Gary Nelson), with Richard Chamberlain and Sharon Stone. From Feb. 13: "Over the Top" (Menahem Golan), with Sylvester Stallone.

LOEWS ORPHEUM 1 AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Critical Condition" (Michael Apted), with Richard Pryor.
Theatre 2: "From the Hip" (Bob Clark), with Judd Nelson and Elizabeth Perkins.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Feb. 12: "The Morning After" (†).
From Feb. 13: "Mannequin" (Michael Gottlieb), with Andrew McCarthy and Kim Cattrall.

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM 1 AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 17: "Filming Othello" (1978; directed by Orson Welles), a documentary. From Feb. 18: "The Legend of Suram Fortress" (1985; Sergei Paradjanov and Dodo Abashidze; in Georgian).
Theatre 2: Feb. 11: "Nosferatu, the Vampyre" (1979; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski, Isabelle Adjani, and Bruno Ganz; and "Fitzcarraldo" (1982; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski and Claudia Cardinale. Feb. 12: "The Tin Drum" (1980; Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with David Bennent. Feb. 13-14: "Throne of Blood" (1957) and "Yojimbo" (1961), both films in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune. Feb. 15-16: "1900" (1977; Bernardo Bertolucci), with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu. Feb. 17-18: "The Clowns" (1971; Federico Fellini; in Italian); and "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin. Feb. 19: "The Samurai Trilogy" (1954-56; Hiroshi Inagaki; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune. Feb. 20-21: "Mr. Hulot's Holiday" (1953; in French), directed by, and with, Jacques Tati; and "The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob" (1973; Gérard Oury; in French), with Louis de Funès.

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA 1 AND 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 12: "Come and See" (Elem Klimov; in Russian). From Feb. 13: (Separate admissions) "Come and See;" and "Ménage" (†).
Theatre 2: (Separate admissions) "Men . . ." (†); and "Sherman's March" (Ross McElwee).

WAVERLY 1 AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Blue Velvet" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 12: "The Morning After" (†). From Feb. 13: "Children of a Lesser God" (Randa Haines), with William Hurt and Marlee Matlin.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Feb. 11: "Brighton Beach Memoirs" (Gene Saks), with Blythe Danner, Bob Dishy, Judith Ivey, and Jonathan Silverman.
From Feb. 12: "Over the Top" (Menahem Golan), with Sylvester Stallone.

R.K.O. ART GREENWICH TWIN, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Crimes of the Heart" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 12: "Marlene" (Maximilian Schell), a documentary. From Feb. 13: "Little Shop of Horrors" (1986 †).

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 12: "Down by Law" (†). From Feb. 13: (Separate admissions) "Down by Law" (†); and "The Hour of the Star" (1985; Suzana Amaral; a Brazilian film; in Portuguese).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 12: "The Hour of the Star." From Feb. 13: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).
Theatre 3: "A Room with a View" (†).
Theatre 4: "Sid and Nancy" (Alex Cox), with Gary Oldman and Chloe Webb.

23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Outrageous Fortune" (Arthur Hiller), with Bette Midler, Shelley Long, Peter Coyote, and George Carlin.
Theatre 2: "Black Widow" (Bob Rafelson), with Debra Winger and Theresa Russell.
Theatre 3: "The Bedroom Window" (†).

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Feb. 12: "Peggy Sue Got Married" (†).
From Feb. 13: "The Color of Money" (†).

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Outrageous Fortune" (Arthur Hiller), with

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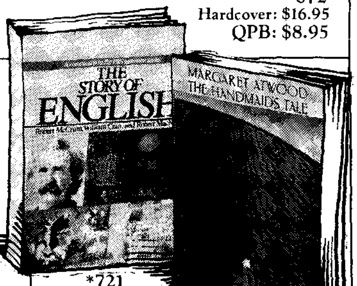
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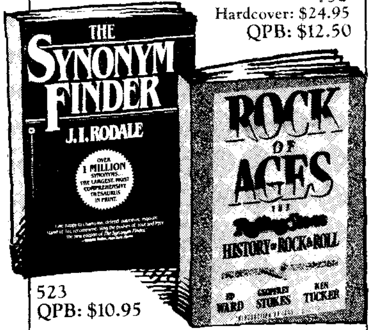

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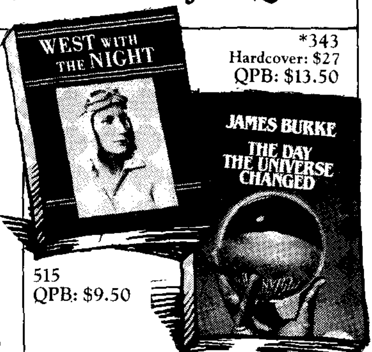

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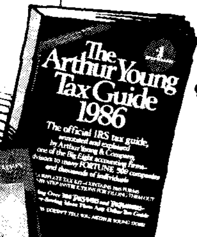
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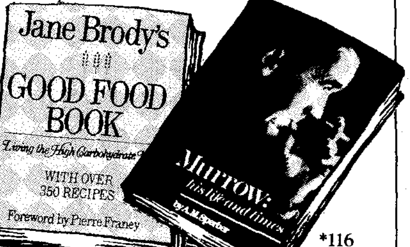
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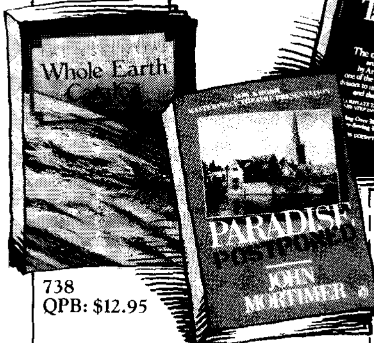

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Bette Midler, Shelley Long, Peter Coyote, and George Carlin.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
“The Good Father” (Mike Newell), with Anthony Hopkins.

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Through Feb. 12: “Something Wild” (Jonathan Demme), with Jeff Daniels and Melanie Griffith.
From Feb. 13: “Hannah and Her Sisters” (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
“One Woman or Two” (Daniel Vigne; in English and French), with Gérard Depardieu, Sigourney Weaver, and Ruth Westheimer.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
“The Decline of the American Empire” (†).

Loews Paramount, B’way at 61st. (247-5070)
“Dead of Winter” (Arthur Penn), with Mary Steenburgen, Roddy McDowall, and Jan Rubes.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B’way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: “Scene of the Crime” (André Téchiné; in French), with Catherine Deneuve.
Theatre 2: “Thérèse” (†).
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 12: “Ménage” (†). From Feb. 13: “Faces of Women” (Désiré Ecaré).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B’way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 19: “Malandro” (Ruy Guerra; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese). From Feb. 20: “Alpine Fire” (Fredi Murer; in Swiss-German).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 12: “El Amor Brujo” (Carlos Saura; in Spanish). From Feb. 13: “Ménage” (†).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B’way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: “Black Widow” (Bob Rafelson), with Debra Winger and Theresa Russell.
Theatre 2: “A Room with a View” (†).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B’way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: “Little Shop of Horrors” (1986 †).
Theatre 2: “From the Hip” (Bob Clark), with Judd Nelson and Elizabeth Perkins.
Theatre 3: “Radio Days” (Woody Allen), with Mia Farrow.
Theatre 4: “Light of Day” (Paul Schrader), with Michael J. Fox, Gena Rowlands, and Joan Jett.
Theatre 5: “Platoon” (†).
Theatre 6: “The Bedroom Window” (†).

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B’way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: “The Decline of the American Empire” (†).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 12: “Comic Magazine” (Yojiro Takita; in Japanese). From Feb. 13: “Hannah and Her Sisters” (†).

Olympia Quad, B’way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 19: “Light of Day” (Paul Schrader), with Michael J. Fox, Gena Rowlands, and Joan Jett. From Feb. 20: “The Good Wife” (Ken Cameron), with Rachel Ward, Bryan Brown, and Sam Neill.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 12: “Blue Velvet” (†). From Feb. 13: “Children of a Lesser God” (Randa Haines), with William Hurt and Marlee Matlin.
Theatre 3: “Crimes of the Heart” (†).
Theatre 4: Through Feb. 12: “Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home” (†). From Feb. 13: “Peggy Sue Got Married” (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B’way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: “Blue Velvet” (†).
Theatre 2: “Black Widow” (directed by Bob Rafelson), with Debra Winger and Theresa Russell.
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 12: “The Morning After” (†). From Feb. 13: “Wanted: Dead or Alive” (Gary Sherman), with Rutger Hauer.
Theatre 4: Through Feb. 12: “Heartbreak Ridge” (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood. From Feb. 13: “Over the Top” (Menahem Golan), with Sylvester Stallone.
Theatre 5: “Little Shop of Horrors” (1986 †).
Theatre 6: “Crimes of the Heart” (†).

Embassy 1, B’way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Feb. 19: “Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home” (†). From Feb. 20: “Death Before Dishonor” (Terry Leonard), with Fred Dryer and Brian Keith.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: “Crocodile Dundee” (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 12: “Native Son” (Jerrold Freedman), with Oprah Winfrey, Elizabeth McGovern, and Victor Love. Feb. 13-19: “Children of a Lesser God” (Randa Haines), with William Hurt and Marlee Matlin. From Feb. 20: “Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home” (†).
Theatre 4: Through Feb. 12: “The Color of Money” (†). Feb. 13-19: “Peggy Sue Got Married” (†). From Feb. 20: “The Golden Child” (Michael Ritchie), with Eddie Murphy.

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B’way. (869-8340)
“Platoon” (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B’way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: “Critical Condition” (Michael Apted), with Richard Pryor.
Theatre 2: “The Golden Child” (Michael Ritchie), with Eddie Murphy.

Movieland, B’way at 47th. (757-8320)
“The Color Purple” (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, 49th St. near Seventh Ave. (757-7003)
“Lady and the Tramp” (1955), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon. (No performances Tuesday, Feb. 17.)

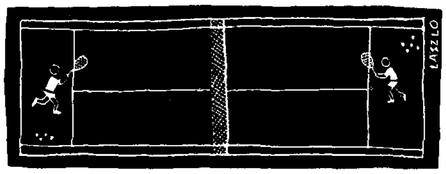
R.K.O. National Twin, B’way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 12: “Wanted: Dead or Alive” (Gary Sherman), with Rutger Hauer. From Feb. 13: “Mannequin” (Michael Gottlieb), with Andrew McCarthy and Kim Cattrall.
Theatre 2: “Light of Day” (Paul Schrader), with Michael J. Fox, Gena Rowlands, and Joan Jett.

U.A. Twin 1 and 2, B’way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: “From the Hip” (Bob Clark), with Judd Nelson and Elizabeth Perkins.
Theatre 2: “The Bedroom Window” (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Feb. 12: “When Father Was Away on Business” (1985; directed by Emir Kusturica; in Yugoslav); and “Closely Watched Trains” (1966; Jiří Menzel; a Czech film).
Feb. 13-14: “Fool for Love” (1985; Robert Altman), with Sam Shepard, Kim Basinger, Randy Quaid, and Harry Dean Stanton; and “Paris, Texas” (1984; Wim Wenders), with Harry Dean Stanton, Nastassja Kinski, and Dean Stockwell.
Feb. 15-17: “La Dolce Vita” (1960; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg.
Feb. 18-19: “Salò, 120 Days of Sodom” (1977; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian).
Feb. 20-21: “Koyaanisqatsi” (1983; Godfrey Reggio); and “Subway” (1985; Luc Besson; in French), with Christopher Lambert and Isabelle Adjani.

Regency, B’way at 67th. (724-3700)
Feb. 11: “Little Nellie Kelly” (1940; Norman Taurog), with Judy Garland, George Murphy, and Charles Winninger; and “In the Good Old Summer Time” (1949; Robert Z. Leonard), with Judy Garland and Van Johnson.
Feb. 12: “Judgment at Nuremberg” (1961; Stanley Kramer), with Spencer Tracy, Burt Lancaster, Marlene Dietrich, Richard Widmark, Maximilian Schell, Judy Garland, and Montgomery Clift.

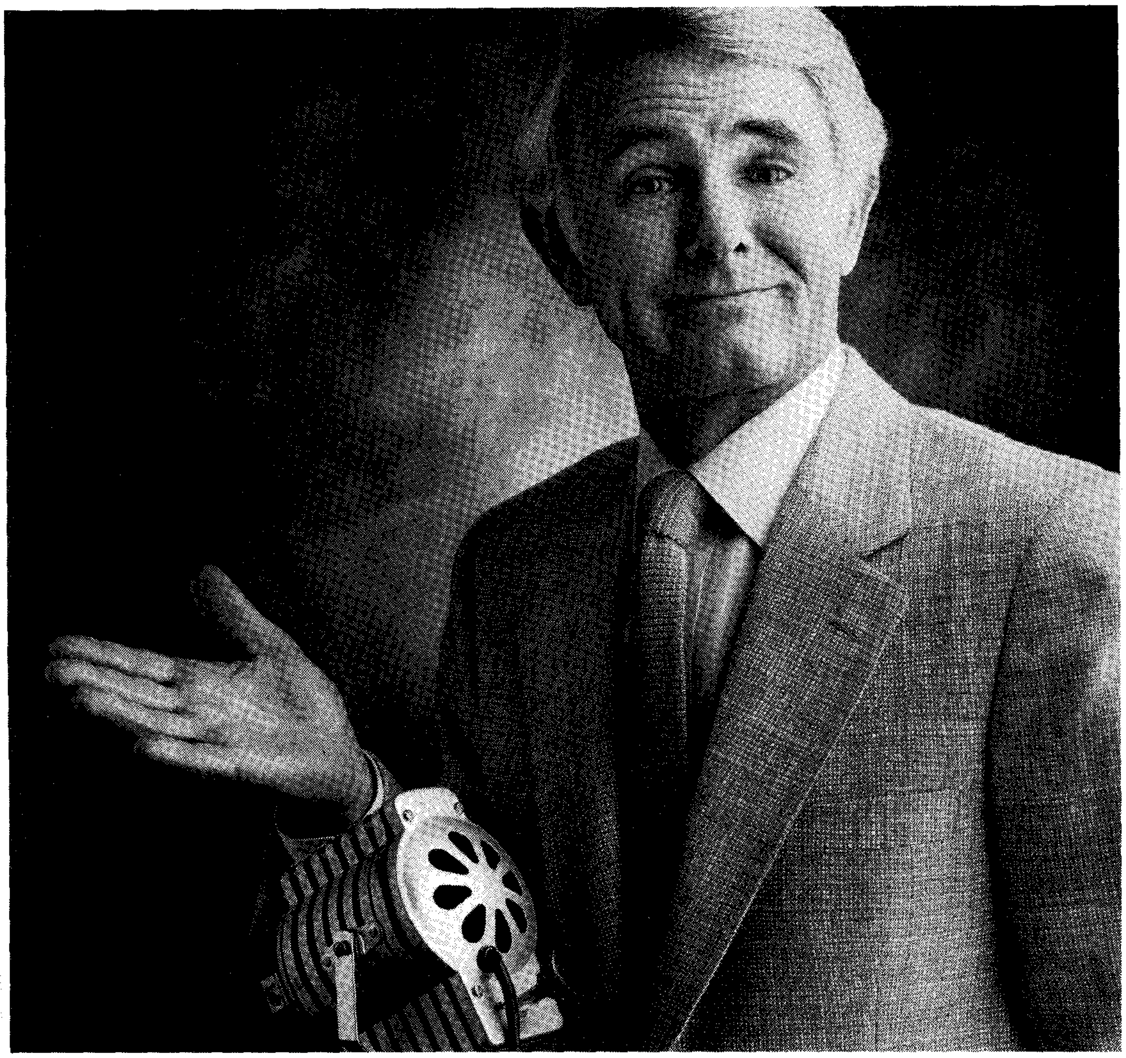


Feb. 13-14: “Presenting Lily Mars” (1943; Norman Taurog), with Judy Garland, Van Heflin, and Fay Bainter; and “Babes on Broadway” (1941; Busby Berkeley), with Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney, Richard Quine, and Ray McDonald.
Feb. 15-16: “Ziegfeld Girl” (†) and “Girl Crazy” (†).
Feb. 17: “Lucky Lady” (†) and “A Matter of Time” (†).
Feb. 18-19: “Andy Hardy Meets Debutante” (†); and “That’s Entertainment!” (1974; Jack Haley, Jr.), a documentary, including clips from old M-G-M musicals.
Feb. 20-21: “For Me and My Gal” (1942; Busby Berkeley), with Judy Garland, Gene Kelly, and George Murphy; and “Babes in Arms” (†).

Thalia, B’way at 95th. (222-3370)
Feb. 11: “Shame” (1968; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann, Max von Sydow, and Gunnar Björnstrand; and “Hour of the Wolf” (1968; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann.
Feb. 12: “Annie Hall” (1977; Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton; and “Play It Again, Sam” (1972; Herbert Ross), with Woody Allen.
Feb. 13-14: “The Awful Truth” (1937; Leo McCarey), with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy; and “The Talk of the Town” (1942; George Stevens), with Cary Grant, Jean Arthur, and Ronald Colman.
Feb. 15: “Come Back to the 5 & Dime Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean” (1982; Robert Altman), with Sandy Dennis, Cher, and Karen Black; and “Thieves Like Us” (1974; Robert Altman), with Keith Carradine, Shelley Duvall, John Schuck, and Bert Remsen.
Feb. 16: “Witness for the Prosecution” (1958; Billy Wilder), with Tyrone Power, Marlene Dietrich, Charles Laughton, Elsa Lanchester, and Una O’Connor; and “Shanghai Express” (1932; Josef von Sternberg), with Marlene Dietrich, Clive Brook, Warner Oland, and Anna May Wong.
Feb. 17: “A Soldier’s Story” (1984; Norman Jewison), with Howard E. Rollins, Jr., and Adolph Caesar; and “The Story of a Three Day Pass” (1968; Melvin Van Peebles; in French and English).
Feb. 18: “The Canterbury Tales” (1972; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Hugh Griffith, Alan Webb, and Jenny Runacre; and “Pigpen” (1969; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Pierre Clémenti and Jean-Pierre Léaud.
Feb. 19: “Love and Death” (1975) and “Sleeper” (1973), both directed by, and with, Woody Allen.
Feb. 20-21: “Ira, You’ll Get Into Trouble” (1970; Stephen A. Sbarge); and “The Big Chill” (1983; Lawrence Kasdan), with Kevin Kline, Glenn Close, William Hurt, Jeff Goldblum, Tom Berenger, Mary Kay Place, JoBeth Williams, and Meg Tilly.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Feb. 11: “Baby, It’s You” (1983; John Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano; and “Enormous Changes at the Last Minute” (1983; Ellen Hovde and Mirra Bank).
Feb. 12: “And Now for Something Completely Different” (1972), selected skits from the BBC-TV series “Monty Python’s Flying Circus;” and “Monty Python and the Holy Grail” (1975; Terry Gilliam and Terry Jones).
Feb. 13-14: “Sincerely Charlotte” (1986; Caroline Huppert; in French), with Isabelle Huppert; and “La Truite” (1983; Joseph Losey; in French), with Isabelle Huppert.
Feb. 15: “The Bicycle Thief” (1949; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian); and “The Gold of Naples” (†).
Feb. 16: “The Wild One” (1954; Laslo Benedek), with Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy, and Lee Marvin; and “On the Waterfront” (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger.
Feb. 17: “The Big Heat” (1953; Fritz Lang), with Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame, Alex-

WHAT IF YOUR NAME IS CARSON AND YOU'RE NOT FUNNY?



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ander Scourby, and Lee Marvin; and "Human Desire" (1954; Fritz Lang), with Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame, and Broderick Crawford.

Feb. 18: "Dancing Mothers" (†); and "Free to Love" (1925; Frank O'Connor; a silent film), with Clara Bow, Donald Keith, and Raymond McKee.

Feb. 19: "The Last Picture Show" (†); and "Daisy Miller" (1974; Peter Bogdanovich), with Cybill Shepherd.

Feb. 20-21: "Gore Vidal: The Man Who Said No" (1982; Gary Conklin), a documentary; and "Paul Bowles in Morocco" (1970; Gary Conklin).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Feb. 11: "Performance" (1970; Donald Cammell and Nicolas Roeg), with Mick Jagger and James Fox; and "Don't Look Now" (1973; Nicolas Roeg), with Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland.

Feb. 12: "She Done Him Wrong" (1933; Lowell Sherman) and "I'm No Angel" (1933; Wesley Ruggles), both with Mae West and Cary Grant.

Feb. 13-14: "Dinner at Eight" (1933; George Cukor), with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore; and "The Women" (1939; George Cukor), with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard.

Feb. 15: "Ninotchka" (1939; Ernst Lubitsch), with Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas, and Sig Rumann; and "Grand Hotel" (1932; Edmund Goulding), with Greta Garbo, John Barrymore, Joan Crawford, and Wallace Beery.

Feb. 16: "It Happened One Night" (1934; Frank Capra), with Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, and Alan Hale; and "Twentieth Century" (1934; Howard Hawks), with John Barrymore, Carole Lombard, and Ralph Forbes.

Feb. 17: "All About Eve" (1950; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter; and "Sunset Boulevard" (1950; Billy Wilder), with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim.

Feb. 18: "Blackmail" (1929; Alfred Hitchcock), with Anny Ondra, Cyril Ritchard, and Sara Allgood; and "Sabotage" ("The Woman Alone;" 1936; Alfred Hitchcock), with Sylvia Sidney, Oscar Homolka, and Desmond Tester.

Feb. 19: "Séance on a Wet Afternoon" (1964; Bryan Forbes), with Kim Stanley and Richard Attenborough; and "Portrait of Jennie" (1949; William Dieterle), with Jennifer Jones and Joseph Cotten.

Feb. 20-21: "Trouble in Paradise" (1932; Ernst Lubitsch), with Kay Francis, Herbert Marshall, Miriam Hopkins, and Edward Everett Horton; and "Design for Living" (1933; Ernst Lubitsch), with Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins, and Gary Cooper.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Theatre 1: Feb 12 at 2:30: "Good Time Girl" (1948; directed by David MacDonald), with Jean Kent, Flora Robson, and Dennis Price. . . . ¶ Feb. 12 at 6: "The Brothers" (1948; David MacDonald), with Patricia Roc, Will Fyffe, and Maxwell Reed. . . . ¶ Feb. 13 at 2:30: "Dusty Ermine" ("Hideout in the Alps;" 1936; Bernard Vorhaus), with Ronald Squire, Anthony Bushell, Jane Baxter, and Margaret Rutherford. . . . ¶ Feb. 13 at 6 and Feb. 14 at 2: "The Last Journey" (1935; Bernard Vorhaus), with Hugh Williams, Godfrey Tearle, and Judy Gunn. Mr. Vorhaus will be present. . . . ¶ Feb. 14 at 5: "Dusty Ermine." . . . ¶ Feb. 15 at 2: "The Ghost Camera" (1933; Bernard Vorhaus), with Henry Kendall, Ida Lupino, John Mills, and Felix Aylmer. . . . ¶ Feb. 15 at 5 and Feb. 16 at 2: "Crime on the Hill" (1933; Bernard Vorhaus), with Sally Blane, Nigel Playfair, and Lewis Casson. . . . ¶ Feb. 16 at 5: "The Ghost Camera." . . . ¶ Feb. 17 at 2:30 and 6: "Dark Red Roses" (1929; Sinclair Hill), with Stewart Rome, Frances Doble, Una O'Connor, and Hugh Eden. . . . ¶ Feb. 20 at 2:30: "High Speed" (1986; Monique Dartonne and Michel Kaptur; in French, with English subtitles), with Mireille Perrier and Bruce Thurman. . . . ¶ Feb. 20 at 6: "Mélo" (1986; Alain Resnais; in French, with English subtitles), with Sabine Azéma, Fanny Ardant, André Dussollier, and Pierre Arditi. Mr. Resnais and Miss Ardant will be present. . . . ¶ Feb. 21 at 2: "Inspecteur Lavardin" (1986; Claude Chabrol; in French, with English subtitles), with Jean Poiret, Jean-Claude Brialy, and Bernadette Lafont. . . . ¶ Feb. 21 at 5: "Partir Revenir" (1985; Claude Lelouch; in French, with English subtitles), with Annie Girardot, Jean-Louis Trintignant, Evelyne Bouix, Michel Piccoli, and Françoise Fabian. Mr. Lelouch will be present.

Theatre 2: Feb. 12 at 3 and 6:30: "Argentina, the Broken Silence" (1986; Victor Fridman), a documentary. . . . ¶ Feb. 13 at 3 and 6:30, Feb. 14-16 at 2:30 and 5:30, Feb. 17 and 20 at 3 and 6:30, and Feb. 21 at 2:30 and 5:30: Nine different programs of films by Rudy Burckhardt.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—"Before Hollywood: Turn-of-the-Century Film from American Archives," a program of sixty-nine pristine 35-mm. prints, from 1894 to 1915, arranged in six programs. Through Feb. 14: Program III, "America in Transition," contains nine films from 1909 to 1912, with showings Wednesday through Saturday at 11:30 and 2:30. . . . ¶ Feb. 15-21: Program IV, "Domestic Life," contains seven films from 1912 to 1913, with showings Sunday at 3, Tuesday at 1:30 and 5:30, and Wednesday through Saturday at 11:30 and 2:30. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Andy Hardy Meets Debutante (1940)—Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland. Another tuneful chapter in the clean-minded lives of Louis B. Mayer's fantasy American family. With Lewis Stone and Cecilia Parker; directed by George B. Seitz. (Regency; Feb. 18-19.)

Babes in Arms (1939)—This version of the Rodgers and Hart Broadway musical didn't retain much of their material, but it starred Judy Garland (it was her big year, the year of "The Wizard of Oz") and Mickey Rooney as the children of vaudevillians, and it has great charm. Busby Berkeley directed and choreographed; the direction is likably naïve, the choreography is primitive-surreal. The songs (from an assortment of sources) include "Where or When," "The Lady Is a Tramp," and "You Are My Lucky Star." With June Preisser, Charles Winninger, Guy Kibbee, and Margaret Hamilton. (Regency; Feb. 20-21.)

The Bedroom Window—This suspense film by the writer-director Curtis Hanson has a good premise. A married woman (Isabelle Huppert) who has seen an assault from her lover's window can't give her testimony to the police without endangering her marriage, so her lover (Steve Guttenberg) reports all the details she has given him but pretends that he was the observer. His apparently innocent lie gets them both into a mess. It's an erratic and, finally, disappointing picture (it loses its snap). Yet you keep rooting for it, because Elizabeth McGovern, as the assault victim, a cocktail waitress, has the style and resources that the other two leads lack, and the cinematography, by Gilbert Taylor, has a snazzy verve, and Hanson has some clever ideas, such as the way he sets up a courtroom sequence (with Wallace Shawn demonstrating a new witty suavity as the attorney for the assailant) and the way he directs the almost mute psycho (the chilling, well-cast Brad Greenquist). Also with Paul Shenar, Carl Lumbly, Frederick Coffin, Sara Carlson, and Maury Chaykin; adapted from the English novel "The Witnesses," by Anne Holden. The Baltimore locations, and the scenes in Wilmington and Winston-Salem, North Carolina, doubling for Baltimore, provide a colorful architectural mix. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/9/87.) (Gemini, U.A. East, 23rd St. West Triplex, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and U.A. Twin.)

Blue Velvet—Written and directed by David Lynch, this is possibly the only coming-of-age movie in which sex has the danger and the heightened excitement of a horror picture. The film is consciously purplish and consciously funny, and the two work together in an original, down-home way. The setting is an archetypal small, sleepy city in an indefinite mythic present that feels like the past, and Kyle MacLachlan is Jeffrey, the clean-cut young man who's scared of his dirty thoughts (but wants to have them anyway). He commutes between the blue lady of the night (Isabella Rossellini, who's a dream of a freak) and the sunshine girl he loves (Laura Dern). The movie has so much aural-visual humor and poetry that it's sustained despite the wobbly plot and other weaknesses. With Dennis Hopper, who gives the movie a jolt of horrific energy, and Dean Stockwell, who is a smiling wonder as Ben the sandman. Also with Hope Lange, Priscilla Pointer, Brad Dourif, and Jack Nance. (9/22/86) (Waverly, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Feb. 12.)

The Color of Money—This Martin Scorsese film takes up Paul Newman as Fast Eddie Felson twenty-five years after the close of the 1961 Robert Rossen film "The Hustler," in which Eddie, the new poolroom champion, quit the game. Now he's a silver-haired Chicago liquor salesman, a likable cynical sharpie who himself stakes young hustlers (for sixty per cent of their winnings). When he sees the raw, cocky upstart Vincent (Tom Cruise), he makes a deal to train the kid. Newman brings off some beautiful smiling deviltry. The kick he gets out of acting is inseparable from Eddie's con artistry, and, with the help of pungent low-life dialogue by Richard Price, who wrote the script, he carries the action along. But about midway the joy goes out of Newman's performance, which (despite the efforts of a lot of good actors) is the only life in the movie. With Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Helen Shaver, Forest Whitaker, John Turturro, and Bill Cobbs. (11/3/86) (Embassy; through Feb. 12. . . . ¶ Guild; starting Feb. 13.)

The Color Purple (1985)—The popular novel by Alice Walker is about the bonding of Southern black women in the first half of the century. The women are generous, hardworking, artistically gifted, and understanding; the men are lazy, lecherous oppressors. Probably the book gets by with its rampant female chauvinism because the story is put in the mouth of the battered fourteen-year-old heroine Celie; it's written in a raw, cadenced dialect and it has a joyous emotional swing to it. Steven Spielberg, who directed the movie version, appears to have taken the novel seriously—inspirational tone, pop-folk religiosity, triumph of the human spirit, and all—and been intimidated by it. This family saga, spanning more than thirty years, is the clumsiest, least confident feature he has done. He sees rural Georgia in 1909 the way a European director might—the picture seems to be taking place in a made-up, faraway kingdom. With Desreta Jackson as the young Celie and Whoopi Goldberg taking over the role, Danny Glover as Celie's brute of a husband, Willard Pugh as her stepson, Margaret Avery as the woman she falls in love with, and Oprah Winfrey as the powerhouse Sofia. The gooey score is by Quincy Jones. (12/30/85) (Movieland.)

Crimes of the Heart—Diane Keaton, Jessica Lange, and Sissy Spacek playing sisters and sparking off each other are something to see. The play, by Beth Henley—a comedy about wacked-out normality, set in Hazlehurst, Mississippi—has its goofy charm; it's thin material, though, and her screen adaptation is just the usual "opening out." But the three actresses put so much faith in their roles that they carry the movie, triumphantly. They take the play's borderline pathos about heartbreakingly screwed-up lives—it's a mixture of looniness and lyricism—and give it real vitality. These are inspired performances. With Sam Shepard, Tess Harper,

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

David Carpenter, and Hurd Hatfield. Directed (without much flair) by Bruce Beresford. (12/15/86) (R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Olympia Quad, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; through Feb. 12.)

Dancing Mothers (1926)—Clara Bow, Alice Joyce, and Conway Tearle are the stars in this flapper period piece—a scandalous success in its day. The clothes of the twenties are worn triumphantly by the alarmingly active Miss Bow and the languidly patrician Miss Joyce. The sentiments are frightfully noble, though the serviceable mother-daughter competition theme was later used for less noble (and less amusing) effects in movies such as "Mildred Pierce." Glittering sheaths enclose Elsie Lawson, Dorothy Cumming, and Leila Hyams, while Norman Trevor is an impeccable figure in white tie and tails. Herbert Brenon directed, from a play by Edgar Selwyn and Edmund Goulding. Silent. (Thalia SoHo; Feb. 18.)

The Decline of the American Empire—The French-Canadian writer-director Denys Arcand takes on the subject of sex in a period of social change, without the binding ties of family and religion or strong commitment to the future—sex in a period when the eight principal characters (aging middle-class intellectuals connected with the History Department of a Montreal university) no longer believe in postponing pleasure. On this Friday afternoon in autumn, the women work out together at a gym in the city while the men, gathered at a lakeside cottage, prepare a festive dinner. Both groups talk about sex, and when they're together in the long evening they go on talking about sex, but more discreetly—with less bawdiness and bravura. Arcand isn't out to expose these people as spiritually empty; he's trying to present a truthful look at how they live. There's nothing weighty in his approach; it's a lovely, very unassuming picture, yet there is enough drama so that by the end a subtle shift in all the relationships is necessary. And the foreground action and the flashbacks that had been providing the background begin to merge. In French. (12/15/86) Cinema 3, and Metro Cinema. . . . ¶ Movieland 8th Street Triplex; through Feb. 12.)

Down by Law—Jim Jarmusch's low-key minimalist comedy about American anomie, shot in black-and-white. The setting is New Orleans, where two deadbeats—Jack, an ineffectual pimp (John Lurie), and Zack, an itinerant disk jockey (Tom Waits)—become the victims of frameups and are put in the same prison cell, where they vegetate in hostile silence. Everything changes when a little, life-loving Italian, Roberto (Roberto Benigni), is put in with them; the three become pals, grinning and talking together. And, eventually, Roberto devises an escape plan. Jarmusch's passive style has its wit, but the style is deadening here until he brings in Roberto—a character out of folk humor. With Ellen Barkin, Billie Neal, Nicoletta Braschi, Rockets Redglare, and Vernel Bagneris. (10/20/86) (Quad Cinema.)

Girl Crazy (1943)—This second movie version of the Broadway musical, with a score by George and Ira Gershwin, stars Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney. The cast includes June Allyson and Nancy Walker, with Tommy Dorsey and his band to play the nine Gershwin songs, including "Embraceable You" and the great, masochistic "But Not for Me." Norman Taurog directed, but Busby Berkeley staged the killer finale, "I Got Rhythm," with Garland in white buckskins. (Regency; Feb. 15-16.)

The Gold of Naples (1956)—Vittorio De Sica directed this collection of Neapolitan episodes, featuring Totò as a little clown imposed on by a bullying racketeer, Silvana Mangano as a prostitute, Sophia Loren in her celebrated comic turn as a pizza seller, and De Sica himself as a gambler—which the whole world knows he was. He was also a director who could combine melancholy and wit. It's an uneven film, but Loren walking and De Sica gambling are works of art. In Italian. (Thalia SoHo; Feb. 15.)

Hannah and Her Sisters (1986)—A minor, agreeably skillful movie by Woody Allen, a new canto in his ongoing poem to love and New York City which includes "Annie Hall" and "Manhattan." It's likable, but you wish there were more to like. The principal characters are members of a show-business family, with the stable, dependable Hannah (Mia Farrow), a successful actress who manages a career and children with equal serenity, as the pivotal figure, and Barbara Hershey and Dianne Wiest as her sisters. Hannah's parents are played by Maureen O'Sullivan and the late Lloyd Nolan, her financial-consultant husband by Michael Caine, and her TV writer-producer ex-husband by Allen himself. The picture would be lifeless without him; the other roles are so thin that there's nobody else to draw us into the story, and all the vital vulgarity of Woody Allen's early movies has been drained away. The picture is all tasteful touches, and there's an element of cultural self-approval in its tone, and a trace of smugness in its narrow concern for family and friends. He uses style to blot out the rest of New York City. It's a form of repression, and, from the look of the movie, repression is what's romantic to him. With Max von Sydow as a gloomy, rigid intellectual, and Julie Kavner, Carrie Fisher, Daniel Stern, Sam Waterston, Tony Roberts (uncredited), and Bobby Short as himself. The cinematography is by Carlo Di Palma. (2/24/86) (Quad Cinema, New Carnegie, and Metro Cinema; starting Feb. 13.)

The Last Picture Show (1971)—This straightforward, involving narrative picture about growing up in a small town in Texas in the early fifties was Peter Bogdanovich's first great success. It's plain and uncondescending in its re-creation of what it means to be a high-school athlete, of what a country dance hall is like, of the necking in cars and movie houses, and of the desolation that follows high-school graduation. Concerned with adolescent experience seen in terms of flatlands anomie—loneliness, ignorance about sex, confusion about one's aims in life—the movie has a basic decency of feeling, with people relating to one another, sometimes on very simple levels, and becoming miserable when they can't relate. The movie suggests what TV soap opera would be if it looked at ordinary experience in a non-exploitative way, if it had observation and humor. From Larry McMurtry's novel, adapted by McMurtry together with the director. With Timothy Bottoms, Jeff Bridges, Ellen Burstyn, Cybill Shepherd, Ben Johnson, Eileen Brennan, and Cloris Leachman. (Thalia SoHo; Feb. 19.)

Little Shop of Horrors—Jivey, senseless fun. This musical is taken from the Off Broadway show that was based on Roger Corman's 1960 quickie—a junky travesty of sci-fi genetic-mutation pictures. Rick Moranis plays Seymour, the assistant in a skid-row flower shop, circa 1960, who tends the ravenous little flowering cactus that he names after the sexpot clerk Audrey (Ellen Greene). Her steady date is a sadistic biker-dentist (Steve Martin), and Bill Murray plays this brute's pain-freak patient. The Martin-Murray sequence is a classic encounter: a piece of transcendent slapstick. The movie is nothing but blown-up cartoon-style friskiness, but it makes you feel as inexplicably sappy and contented as a kid used to feel on Sunday morning lying on his stomach reading the funnies. The script and the lyrics are by Howard Ashman; the music is by Alan Menken. Directed by Frank Oz. (1/12/87) (Beekman, Loews 84th Street Six-plex, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ New Gramercy; through Feb. 12. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin; starting Feb. 13.)

Lucky Lady (1975)—Liza Minnelli is a blond floozie-singer, and Gene Hackman and Burt Reynolds are her competing lovers; they're all rumrunners in the early thirties, and meant to be adorable. This is a big, expensive movie for people who don't mind being treated like hicks: the audience is expected to shudder with delight every time it hears an obscenity or sees a big movie-star grin. Hackman keeps a low profile and comes off better than the others, but it's not much of a contest. Reynolds does his simp act, and Liza Minnelli is presented as a strident, selfish bitch, and is then sentimentalized, as if her viciousness and rasping out at everything were really delightful. The film specializes in fancy destruction scenes—boats exploding, burning, sinking, people shot up, blown to bits. Directed by Stanley Donen, from a script by Willard Huyck and Gloria Katz. (Regency; Feb. 17.)

A Matter of Time (1976)—The romantic story, taken from Maurice Druon's novel "Film of Memory," is about a peasant girl (Liza Min-

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nelli) who gets a job as a maid in a Roman hotel. A contessa (Ingrid Bergman) who lives there was once a great demimondaine; she talks about her romantic adventures, and the maid visualizes herself living through the events. But the film has been mangled: the producers took it away from the director, Vincente Minnelli, shifted scenes around, cut others, and even added stock footage. The result exposes Liza Minnelli, in particular, to ridicule; however, though Ingrid Bergman's performance has no rhythm left, Bergman herself is assured enough to do much of the role in statuesque repose, and she has a glamour beyond anything she's had before onscreen. With Charles Boyer and Isabella Rossellini; cinematography by Geoffrey Unsworth. (Regency; Feb. 17.)

Men . . .—When the handsome, self-centered Julius (Heiner Lauterbach), a Munich advertising executive, discovers that his wife (Ulrike Kriener) has been having an affair with the oafish Stefan (Uwe Ochsenknecht), a long-haired bohemian, he wants to know what Stefan's attraction is, so he assumes a false name and moves in with him. Julius takes some kind of revenge by turning Stefan into an orderly bourgeois with a regular job; while that happens, whimsical gags are tossed together with a jocular feminist exposé of men's attitudes toward women. The picture is harmless and insipid, in the mode of French farces such as "Cousin, Cousine;" it sags in the middle and then collapses in an absurdist ending. Written and directed by Doris Dörrie. In German. (9/8/86) (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

Ménage—The first half hour of this sex farce is wonderfully brisk and slam-bang provocative: the writer-director Bertrand Blier violates old formulas and experiments with ideas of subversion and chaos. Gérard Depardieu is the burglar who, one night in a café, overhears the callous bitchy wife, Miou-Miou, bawling out her loving husband, Michel Blanc, because he can't make enough money to please her. Enamored of the mousy husband, Depardieu takes the two along on his surreally easy burglaries, waiting for his chance to bed the man. By the time that Miou-Miou has been sold to a pimp and the two men are in drag, working as prostitutes, Blier is trying so hard to be outrageous that he loses the beat; the outrageousness comes to seem another kind of bondage to formula. In French. (Lincoln Plaza; through Feb. 12. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema, and Cinema Studio; starting Feb. 13.)

The Morning After—Jane Fonda gives a raucous-voiced, down-in-the-dirty performance that has some of the charge of her Bree in "Klute," back in 1971. As Alex, a former screen actress whose career blew up in scandal, she still has her face and her figure, but she has a hard, tortured look under her fluffy blond hair, and she drinks so much she has blackouts. In the opening scene, she wakes up in bed Thanksgiving morning with a man she can't remember ever meeting; he has a knife sticking out of his heart. The director, Sidney Lumet, keeps things efficiently paced, but he doesn't build the thriller elements that would give the film the kick it needs, and he fails to establish a couple of the important characters (played by Raul Julia and Diane Salinger, both miscast). The solid Jeff Bridges, who plays opposite Fonda, could be a good foil for her flare-ups, and if their relationship had been developed maybe they would be more vivid and resonate a little. But all the forced, phony elements come together at the end and bring the picture down. (12/29/86) (Gotham Cinema, 86th St. East, Waverly, and Criterion Center; through Feb. 12.)

Peggy Sue Got Married—Distressed by her marital troubles, Peggy Sue (Kathleen Turner), the mother of two grownup children, collapses at the twenty-fifth reunion of her high-school class, and when she wakes up she discovers that she has gone back in time to the spring of 1960. Directed by Francis Coppola, this is a dream movie that asks whether Peggy Sue, knowing what she does at forty-three, should marry the same boy—passionate Charlie (Nicolas Cage), the only man she ever dated—knowing that he'll turn into the man who introduces himself on television as Crazy Charlie, the Appliance King. The underlying question is: Should Peggy Sue reconcile with her husband or go ahead and get a divorce? Coppola's efforts to bring depth to this material that has no depth make the picture seem groggy. It's as if he were trying to reach through a veil of fog. With Barbara Harris, Barry Miller, and Kevin J. O'Connor. (10/20/86) (Guild; through Feb. 12. . . . ¶ Embassy; Feb. 13-19. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting Feb. 13.)

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Platoon—Vietnam, as seen by the writer-director Oliver Stone, who dropped out of Yale and, feeling, he says, that he needed to be an anonymous common soldier, enlisted and saw action with the 25th Infantry along the Cambodian border. Charlie Sheen plays Chris, the autobiographical figure (who, regrettably, narrates the movie by reading aloud the letters he writes home to his grandmother). Chris finds two authority figures in two sergeants who represent good and evil. Willem Dafoe's Sgt. Elias is a supersensitive hippie pothead, who cares about the men—he's a veteran fighter who's kept his soul. Tom Berenger's Sgt. Barnes is a kickass boozer—a psycho whose scarred, dead-eyed face suggests the spirit of war. There are fine, scary scenes, but there are others where you think, It's a bit much. The movie crowds you; it doesn't give you room to have an honest emotion. And when Chris calmly, deliberately shoots a fellow-soldier, and the murder is presented as an unambiguous, justified execution, you may wonder at the mixture of war elegy and pulp revenge fantasy. With Keith David, Forest Whitaker, and Kevin Dillon. Cinematography by Robert Richardson. (1/12/87) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

A Room with a View—Adapted from the early novel by E. M. Forster, this is a whimsical social comedy about a muddled young English girl (Helena Bonham-Carter) who desires yet fears sexual love; she runs away from the man (Julian Sands) who stirs her emotions, and becomes engaged to a rich twit (Daniel Day Lewis). Bonham-Carter lacks the carriage and presence of a trained actress, and Sands is playing Forster's flimsy—almost abstract—dream of a natural, uninhibited lover, and is rather vague. But the movie is well paced, and it never loses its hold on a viewer's affections, because it's so thoroughly inhabited. It's more than a little precious, but it's a piece of charming foolishness. With Denholm Elliott, Maggie Smith, Judi Dench, Simon Callow, and Rosemary Leach. It was directed by James Ivory, from a script by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala that pares down the text skillfully and takes much of its lively, dizzy dialogue directly from Forster. (3/24/86) (Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.)

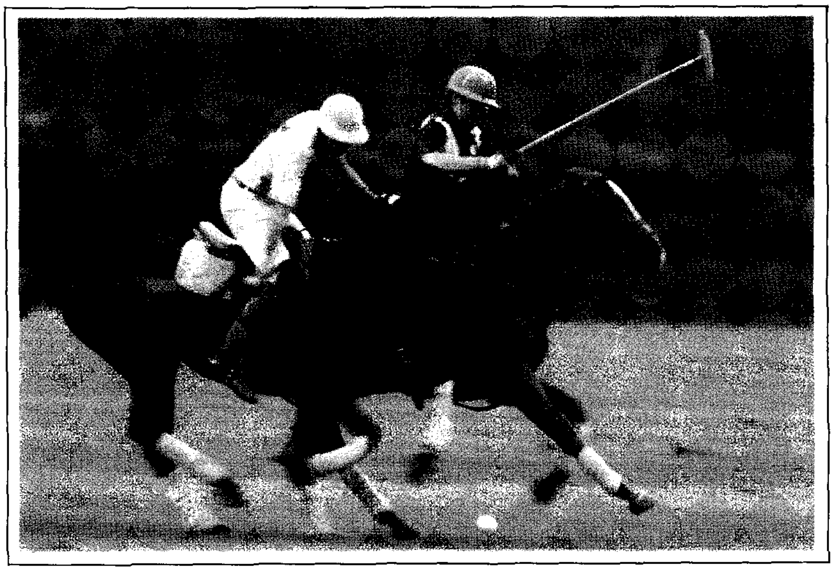
Round Midnight—Most of Bertrand Tavernier's mournful, blue-toned movie, which, an opening title tells us, was "inspired by incidents in the lives of Francis Paudras and Bud Powell," is set in Paris in 1959. The French jazz enthusiast Paudras is now called Francis Borier and is played by François Cluzet, and Powell, the great bebop pianist, who suffered frequent nervous breakdowns and then made a new life aboard, is now the dazed, alcoholic tenor-sax man Dale Turner, and is played by the near-legendary Dexter Gordon. The enthusiast is a saintly groupie. You know what kind of movie it's going to be when you see this guy out in a drenching rain, crouched against the building where the American is playing, because he doesn't have the money to go in. Cluzet is soaking wet, but his eyes shine and he listens to Dexter Gordon's music worshipfully. The French are pretty hard to take when they celebrate how much they love American art. You may come out with the feeling that Tavernier is proud of the gloomy dullness of the movie, that he sees virtue in it. With Sandra Reaves-Phillips, Lonette McKee, John Berry, Martin Scorsese, Philippe Noiret, and many well-known musicians. (D. W. Griffith.)

Eve Olitsky

Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home—Things are fairly comatose in space, and you may start feeling passive and depressed, but then the seven crewmates travel from the twenty-third century back to twentieth-century San Francisco to save a pair of humpback whales, and the encounters there between the seven and the more primitive San Franciscans allow for a few modest jokes. Here's a typical scene: Chekov (Walter Koenig) has been badly injured and is unconscious in a hospital, where he is about to undergo an emergency operation. In order to save him from the barbarities of twentieth-century surgery, Bones (DeForest Kelley) hurriedly—and furtively—cures him by placing a small disk on his forehead. The scene is meant to be comic, but, with Leonard Nimoy directing, Chekov doesn't wake immediately—he wakes gradually; and when he's asked his name and rank he takes so long answering that any possible humor leaks out of the scene (which has no other reason for existence). Some of the kidding around is fairly lighthearted, and William Shatner's Kirk is less stoic here than in "III"—he's pleasantly daffy. The others in the crew also have an easy, parodistic tone. But the picture doesn't have much beyond the interplay among them and the jokey scenes in San Francisco. There's practically nothing to look at, and almost every effect involving the actors is too slow. Catherine Hicks is the teary-eyed marine biologist. (Olympia Quad; through Feb. 12. . . . ¶ Embassy 1; through Feb. 19. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting Feb. 20.)

Thérèse—Shot in a diorama in a richly austere visual style—the actors appear against a mottled, opaque backdrop—this Alain Cavalier film is undoubtedly a feat of some sort. (But perhaps it's no more than an art curiosity.) It concentrates our attention on the bare, masterly images (lighted by Philippe Rousselot) that come out of the darkness, and on tiny sounds and whispered bits of conversation. The script, by Cavalier and his daughter, Camille de Casabianca, is a minimalist version of the story of the young girl who at fifteen got permission to enter the Carmelite order; she died of tuberculosis in 1897, at twenty-four, and was canonized and became popular as St. Theresa of Lisieux, the Little Flower of Jesus, and the model of the pure woman. (This is at least the fourth French movie she has inspired.) What Cavalier's version gives us is the beaming eagerness of a girl (Catherine Mouchet) who seems born to be a nun. She takes completely literally her marriage to Christ, and burns with love for her bridegroom. But Cavalier's formal, noncommittal style is so measured that after a while the film's austerity may begin to seem as repressive as the cloistered life. In French. (1/26/87) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Ziegfeld Girl (1941)—An odd, rather fascinating M-G-M musical that mixes melodrama with big production numbers. The story involves Judy Garland, James Stewart, Hedy Lamarr, and Dan Dailey, as a sadistic prizefighter who gives Lana Turner a bad time. (Dailey is scarily good.) The cast also includes the great dancers Antonio and Rosario (who were known at the time as The Kids from Seville), Tony Martin, Al Shean, Charles Winninger, Ian Hunter, Jackie Cooper, Eve Arden, and Edward Everett Horton. The dance numbers were staged by Busby Berkeley; directed by Robert Z. Leonard. The songs, from various sources, include "You Stepped Out of a Dream," "I'm Always Chasing Rainbows," and "You." (Regency; Feb. 15-16.)



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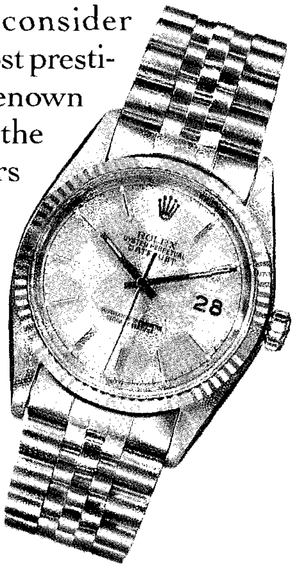

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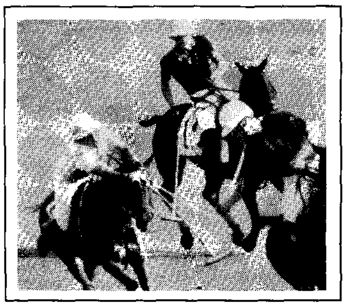

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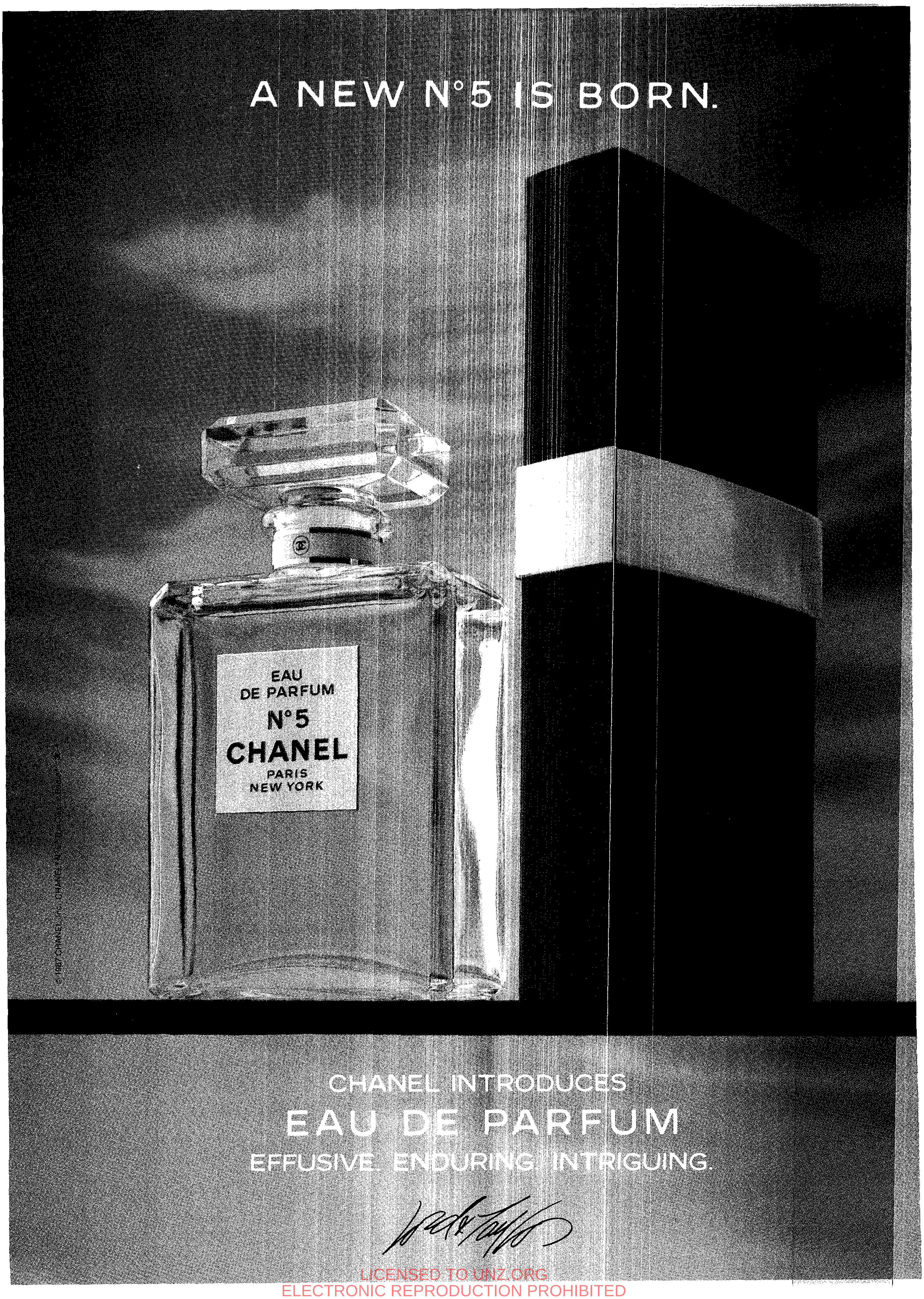
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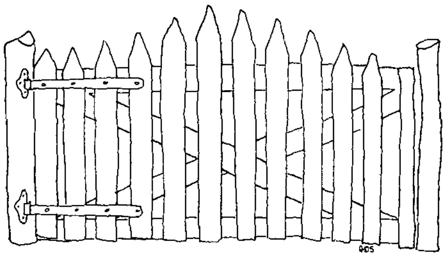
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN the aftermath of the takeover of the Senate by the Democrats and the tangled revelations of the secret foreign policy being run by White House aides, observers are trying to make out the new shape of American politics. The most notable feature, certainly, is the apparent loss by President Reagan of his almost magical-seeming power to define the political agenda. What is far less clear is who will now set that agenda, and what it will consist of. The politicians, including the Presidential hopefuls, are visibly casting about for something—sometimes a bit unconvincingly. For example, Mr. Frank J. Fahrenkopf, Jr., the chairman of the Republican National Committee, thinks that the idea of "compassion" may be a key to future Republican electoral success. Last month, at the winter meeting of the committee, he said that compassion was "a word we should never be afraid to use," and added, "Despite what the Democrats think, compassion doesn't belong just to them." President Reagan's campaign manager in 1984, Edward Rollins, looking at the compassion question from a tactical point of view, offers the opinion that Republicans "can't win" on compassion but "you could lose on it." Social programs much derided by the Republican Party have gained a new popularity, and Senate Minority Leader Robert Dole, for one, said at the winter meeting, "We are just as concerned with health care and catastrophic health care as the Democrats." Former Senator Paul Laxalt, an adviser to the President and his close friend, has extended this revisionism of recent Party thinking to the heart of the Republican philosophy by declaring that the President himself, who has so often said that government is not "the answer" but, rather, "the problem," has now "come to a better appreciation of the positives of government than he had before." The Democrats, who haven't had anyone try to jump on a political bandwagon of theirs for a long time, are pleased but cautious. Having with a few exceptions been almost in political hiding for the last six years, they seem to be hoping that the public will return to them almost by default.

These statements by Republican leaders and others suggest a simple and easily comprehensible story: the public, tired of "conservatism," is turning back toward "liberalism." There are even reports of a resurfacing of "liberal chic" in Washington. Meanwhile, public-opinion polls have been showing that public support for increased federal spending on social programs has been rising. All this seems to confirm the straightforward interpretation that the political pendulum, having swung one way, is now on its return course. There are a few reports, however, that don't quite fit in with the pendulum theory. One is a survey cited a few days ago in an article in the *Wall Street Journal* by Michael Lyons, a political scientist at Utah State University, which showed that when the public was asked in a study what it liked or disliked about the Republican and the Democratic Parties more than a third of those questioned answered "Nothing." Another suggestive statistic, also cited by Lyons, is that in the last election ninety-eight per cent of the incumbents in the House of Representatives who sought reëlection were returned to their seats. Certainly these representatives differ greatly from one another; the public, however, was satisfied enough with virtually all of them—or indifferent enough to them—to let them stay. An opinion poll, of course, makes a crucial assumption: that people *have* an opinion regarding the matter they're being asked about. But there is a great difference between offering a choice of various answers, as is usually done, and asking the respondent to come up with his own opinion, as was done in this study. Even the act of asking a question may disturb the picture, inasmuch as that act may stir a thought in a mind that before the question was asked was content not to have an opinion. That this might be so in many cases is suggested by some further statistics—the percentages of the voting-age population that failed to vote in recent national elections. In the last Presidential election, it was nearly forty-seven per cent. In the last congressional elections, it was estimated to be sixty-two per cent. When this growing group of citizens was asked what it wanted politically for the United States, its clear answer was "Nothing."



* * *

6,000 Hours

"GOOD morning, S.P.S. 31ers," Jemina Bernard, a sixth grader at Special Public School 31, on the Grand Concourse, in the South Bronx, and anchorwoman of 31's nine-person Newsteam, said briskly into a microphone on the principal's desk at the start of the school day last Tuesday, when we paid the school a visit. "Back again to another week of February. And on to the news."

Once a week, Mrs. Carol A. Russo, who has been the principal of 31 for fifteen years, vacates her desk so that the Newsteam can broadcast its report over the school's public-address system to all eight hundred and fifty children —kindergarten through sixth grade— in the building. On this Tuesday, there were reports on the Philippines referendum for a new constitution; on a new push to bring about the dismissal of the White House chief of staff, Donald Regan; on a proposal by New York City Schools Chancellor Nathan Quinones to determine the ethnic breakdown of high-school dropouts; on Groundhog Day; on the America's Cup; on school events; and on the week's weather outlook. (Tamisha Perales, the fifth grader who prepares the weather forecasts, always includes a joke; this week it was "What did the monster say to the gas pump? Take your finger out of your ear and talk to me.") There was also the Academia Game's Question-of-the-Week, chosen by Jemina Bernard. The question was "Which country first domesticated the cat?" ("She always gives hard questions," muttered Tamisha Perales, off mike.) Various classes will, as usual, set aside time to research the question.

The Newsteam and the Academia Game are two of dozens of innovative programs that Mrs. Russo and thirty-nine teachers at 31 have introduced over the years, with spectacular cumulative results. All the children at 31 come from low-income families, and not one of them is white; this year, the ethnic breakdown is fifty-two per cent Hispanic, forty-five per cent black, and three per cent Oriental. Many of the children live on just two streets—Walton and Gerard Avenues—squeezed between Yankee Stadium and the Grand Concourse, and a large number of them come from single-parent homes. In 1972, Mrs. Russo's first year as principal, only forty-five per cent of 31's pupils tested at or above their grade level in reading. Last year, the percentage climbed to a bit over eighty-six; this means that 31, which is also known as the William Lloyd Garrison Elementary School and still calls itself Special Public School 31—a designation authorized by the local community school board in recognition of the school's innovative programs—ranks in the top twelve per cent of the city's six hundred and twenty-three public elementary schools.

With its broadcast concluded, the Newsteam scampered out of Mrs. Russo's second-floor office and headed for class. For Jemina Bernard, the first class of the day was Shakespeare, up on the fifth floor—one of 31's hour-and-a-half-a-week Cycle Program classes, which mingle pupils from the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth grades who are reading at or above grade level, and offer extra instruction in literature, science, and music. Different grades are always getting mixed together at 31, only to be separated and reblended in a different configuration an hour or so later. A school-wide Team Reading Program brings together different grades and then divides them up in groups according to their reading proficiency, with those who need extra help meeting in small bands. (There's also a fifth-grade reading program based on one of the school's favorite themes: "People persevere and achieve despite obstacles." Authors who are read in this program include Langston Hughes, Nikki Giovanni, Walt Whitman, L. Frank Baum, and Dylan Thomas.) After kindergarten, every school-age child spends about a thousand hours a year in school. This means that, as Mrs. Russo puts it, she and her staff have a maximum of only six thousand hours to make a difference in a child's life.

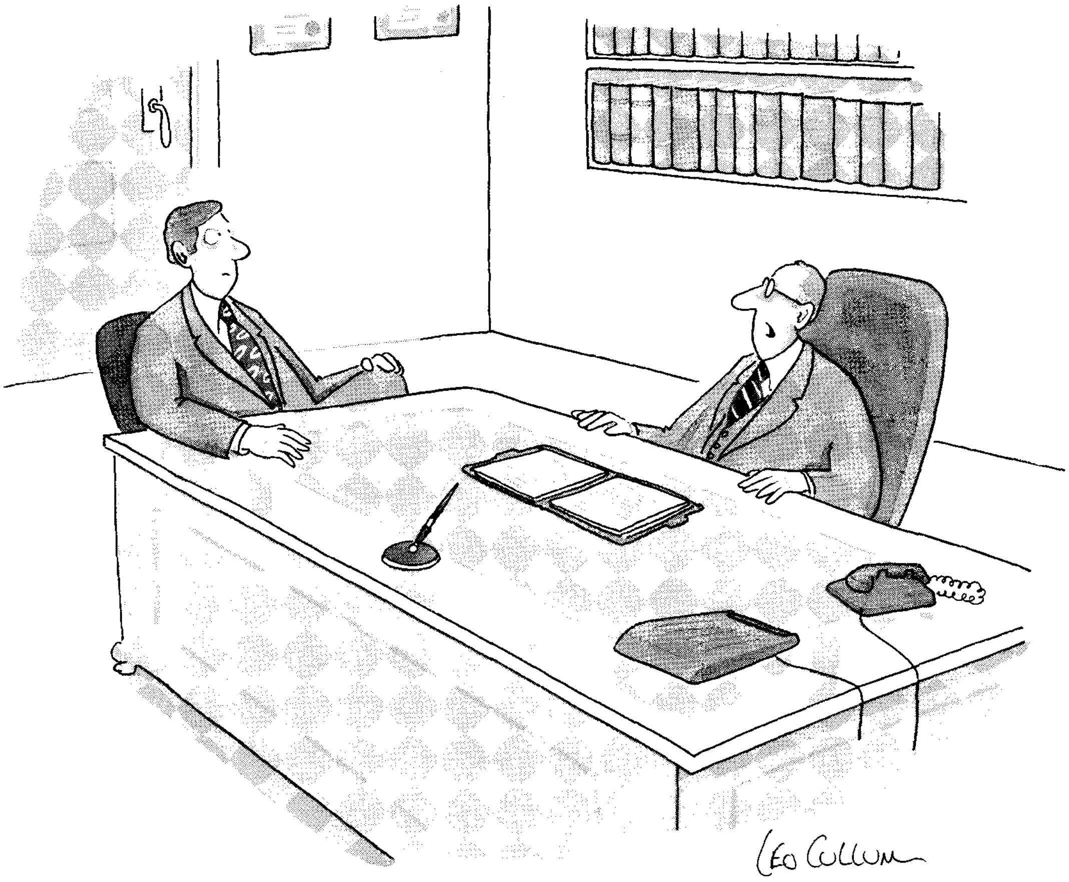
The Garrison School is now nationally recognized as a school that gives low-income children a high-quality education in spite of everything, and one reason it's so effective, according to Dr. Lawrence Lezotte, the director of the Center for Effective Schools at Michigan State University, is that pupils spend a great deal of their school time "on task;" that is, spend it on actually studying and learning, rather than preparing to study, or thinking about studying, or getting a drink of water. In the Shakespeare class, which is studying "Macbeth" for eight weeks, the teacher, Richard Poloso, took his pupils through a quick discussion of Shakespeare's understanding of comedy and tragedy (a comedy wasn't necessarily funny while you watched it, but everyone lived happily ever after) and an equally swift review of the various fatal flaws shown by Shakespeare's tragic heroes and heroines (Romeo and Juliet were impetuous, Hamlet was vengeful). Why was wanting to avenge your father's murder a flaw? Fifteen hands wriggled in the air. Because, one pupil said, according to the religious thinking of Shakespeare's time only God could rightfully seek vengeance.

Meanwhile, down the hall to the south, Mrs. Lore Rasch's Opera Box class, another in the Cycle Program, was watching on videotape a scene from an Italian production of "Rigoletto"—the scene in which Rigoletto dickers with an assassin in an alley in Mantua—and the class was pointing out to Mrs. Rasch that the orchestration, heavy with double basses, was both scary and mysterious. And down the hall to the north a Cycle Program orchestra class of saxophones, clarinets, trumpets, flutes, cymbals, and drums—a good quarter of which had never picked up an instrument before last September—was working on the opening bars of the theme from "Star Wars" while, in a Cycle Program class in a room just beyond, Mrs. Vivian Stromberg, who teaches violin by the Suzuki method, was leading eleven girls through a chorus of "Long, Long Ago." And one floor below, in still more Cycle Program classes, Mrs. Sharan Rosen's chemistry class was making invisible ink (Mrs. Rosen is a 31 alumna, and her fourth-grade teacher was Mrs. Russo, herself a 31 alumna) while Mrs. Lynn Jacobs' meteorology class constructed wind vanes. Across the hall from Mrs. Jacobs, her identical-twin sister, Mrs. Hope Lewis, was leading a Cycle Program journalism class through the basic techniques of advertising (testimonials, the bandwagon effect, calling the other guy names, and transferring feelings onto a product), so that her pupils could devise imaginary ads for a cholesterol-free Whopper. Out in the hall itself, Mrs. Edna Kornberg, a science teacher—she's also the Newsteam leader—was watching some fifth-grade boys put the finishing touches on electricity projects for the Community School District 7 Science Fair. In a diorama by Alexis Delgado and Michael Rivera, Thomas Alva Edison and an assistant sit across a table from the first light bulb; when two wires at the back are connected, the bulb lights up.

Later in the day, we sat in on a fifth-grade Project L.E.G.A.L. (Law-Related Education: Goals for American Leadership) class. Mrs. Michelle Walters led a discussion of the Tinker case—the case of two well-behaved high-school children in the nineteen-sixties who were suspended from school for wearing black armbands to protest the war in Vietnam. Discussion brought out the fact that what was at issue was not a matter of right or wrong but a conflict between values guaranteed by the Constitution—the right to free speech and the right to order and safety. In this case, the Supreme Court held that free speech had a stronger claim than order and safety.

"Garrison is what schools can be," according to a leading educator quoted in "Making Schools Work," by Robert Benjamin, a 1981 book that describes "maverick" schools throughout the country—public schools that do as much for poor children as schools with more money do for middle-class children. He found only a handful then, and there is probably only a slightly larger handful today, according to several experts, although the need for such schools increases year by year: sometime in the first half of the nineteen-eighties, New York almost certainly became a "majority minority" city—that is, a city where white people no longer constitute a majority—and, according to some respected demographic projections, the California public schools will be educating mostly Hispanic, Oriental, and black children within ten years or so. At schools that fail to do their job, according to Dennis Gray, of the Council for Basic Education, children who in the first grade were eager to learn have become passive and bored by the time they reach the fourth grade, and are beginning to be restless, their curiosity snuffed out. After only three thousand hours, they have been lost. S.P.S. 31, a ninety-year-old Gothic castle that last year became a New York City landmark, has a principal who learned early that all children can be taught. She has never thought of herself as a maverick; her only goal has been to keep on improving the school she once attended.

The country that first domesticated the cat was Egypt.



"As your attorney, Roger, I feel it's my duty to charge you an enormous amount of money."

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Walking

Reebok International, Ltd., a sports-shoe and apparel company we had never even heard of a bare eight years ago, sold in 1986 between forty and fifty million shoes for running, tennis, aerobic dancing, fitness, and basketball, including children's shoes and infant shoes called Weeboks—which made up close to ninety per cent of Reebok's grand sales figure of $919,401,000. Last week, Reebok invited the press (and sort-of-press, like *Footwear News Magazine*, *New Body*, *Shape*, and *Muscle & Fitness*) to an 8:30 A.M. breakfast in the penthouse of the Parker Meridien hotel in order to introduce, the invitation said, "our innovative new line of walking shoes." The invitation also said, "Leading medical and sports experts will join us to share their insights into the latest information on America's fastest growing fitness activity . . . walking."

At Reebok's additional invitation, we started sharing the insights on the eve of the breakfast, in a Reebok meeting room at the hotel, at a rehearsal of a *rehearsal* for the next morning's activities. A remarkably detailed timetable, entitled "Tentative Scenario," which was given to us by the Reebok people, fixed the start of the morning doings at 6:15 A.M., with the setting up of audiovisual equipment, a podium with microphone, and a slide projector and screen, and, at 6:30 A.M., the hanging of the Reebok banner (the flag of Great Britain with the Reebok slogan, "Because life is not a spectator sport") behind the speakers' platform. At 7 A.M., the speakers would report for the *final* rehearsal. At 7:30 A.M., the check-in table for guests would be set up, the name badges made ready, and gift Reebok socks and new walking shoes inserted in Reebok bags for one and all. At 8:30 A.M., preparations over, the real thing would start, with everybody eating. At 9:11 A.M., Reebok's footwear-division president, James Barclay, "welcomes guests and explains he is here because of the importance of this new category for Reebok (1 min)." At 9:12 A.M., Reebok's vice-president for marketing, Stephen Encarnacao, "moves to the podium to remark on Reebok's entry into the walking market (how Reebok waited to introduce the shoes after extensive research) and to comment on the company's commitment to walking as a fitness activity." Over the next forty-one minutes, the schedule called for Brad Ketchum, the editor of *The*

Walking Magazine, to tell who is walking and why, and to talk about the future of walking; for Keith Williams, an assistant professor of biomechanics at the University of California at Davis, to show slides and to talk about health research and the benefits of walking; for Mimi McCarthy, Reebok's product manager for walking shoes, to show a video with a Reebok walking song, to show slides, and to give a review of the "product;" for Mr. Encarnacao to initiate and oversee a question-and-answer period; and for the program to end (at 9:53 A.M.) with everybody going for a gift bag. On the rehearsal eve, several of the participants had come down from Reebok headquarters, in Canton, Massachusetts, just outside Boston, and the rest were hardworking, efficient New York-based P.R. people. Vice-President Encarnacao—thirty-eight years old, black-haired and black-mustached, unshakably solid-looking, holder of a B.A. in economics from the University of Massachusetts and an M.B.A. from Florida State University—seemed to be the energy force for the bunch, holding it together, and spurring all concerned on to levels of performance (in sports lingo) over their heads.

"Usually, we spend three months preparing for a press conference to introduce a new line," Mr. Encarnacao told us, with a great big sturdy smile. "This one we decided on with only three weeks to go. We really love our product." He gave us another great big smile. A couple of dozen new styles of shoes would be introduced, Mr. Encarnacao told us, in four categories: Fitness Walkers, Pro Fitness Walkers, Race Walkers, and Rugged Walkers.

It was up to Mimi McCarthy—Trinity College '81, M.B.A. in marketing from Duke, '83; slim, attractive, and somewhat hesitant in manner—to tell about the shoes, with the help of the video and slides. Her first run-through—along with the run-throughs of the others—was a bit limp: "This is a Race Walker, what we can claim to provide cushioning . . . a high-performance racing shoe. . . . This shoe is for the walker and for some who want to *look* like walkers. . . . Our promotion will be, one, to get the shoes on the store counters and, two, to work in the grass-roots area. . . . We've got a new advertising agency . . ."

Mr. Encarnacao moved in quickly with the great big smile, and with more energy than ever. "I'd love it, Mimi, when you start talking, if you'd almost be blushing, and then say you're excited. We're all so *excited* about this new line. You'll be nervous. Getting up in front of ninety press people, of *course* you're nervous. But promotion isn't being flashy. We're *Reebok*. We're planning resources in the grass roots. We haven't forgotten the fun. The heritage of grass roots. Word-of-mouth leverage. We're sharing with them our heritage. We're committed to getting people into our shoes. Committed with awareness and trial. And advertising will accelerate that." He smiled. "We've got the right product at the right price. And we're *committed*. Take the time to understand where the jewels are. See? So we're excited. So we're happy. We want to share our happiness with them." He gazed at his bunch with what looked like genuine happiness. And they gazed happily back.

BE MY VALENTINE
W Miller

As the rehearsal went on, some additional points were made: Don't mention the bag of goodies and the free shoes until the end of the presentation. "We had the experience in West Germany," Mr. Encarnacao said. "The moment we said we had shoes, they were out of there. They didn't want to listen to any more talk. They wanted the shoes."

Another point: Professor Williams' talk about walking as an alternative form of exercise—walking versus running but not in competition—and about walking making for reduced stress to bones, joints, and tissues was also a bit limp. A few jokes, Mr. Encarnacao said, were needed—greatly needed.

Before breaking up, various members of the group made suggestions about what the ninety guests might ask in the question-and-answer period, and gave each other possible answers.

Q: You bought the Rockport Company. Will you compete head on?

A: We're happy to have them join the family.

Q: Is the mature market your new focus? Do you plan to capture that market?

A: The mature market is certainly the most explosive market.

Q: Whom do you consider your main competitor?

A: A state of mind.

Q: What are the prices of the new shoes?

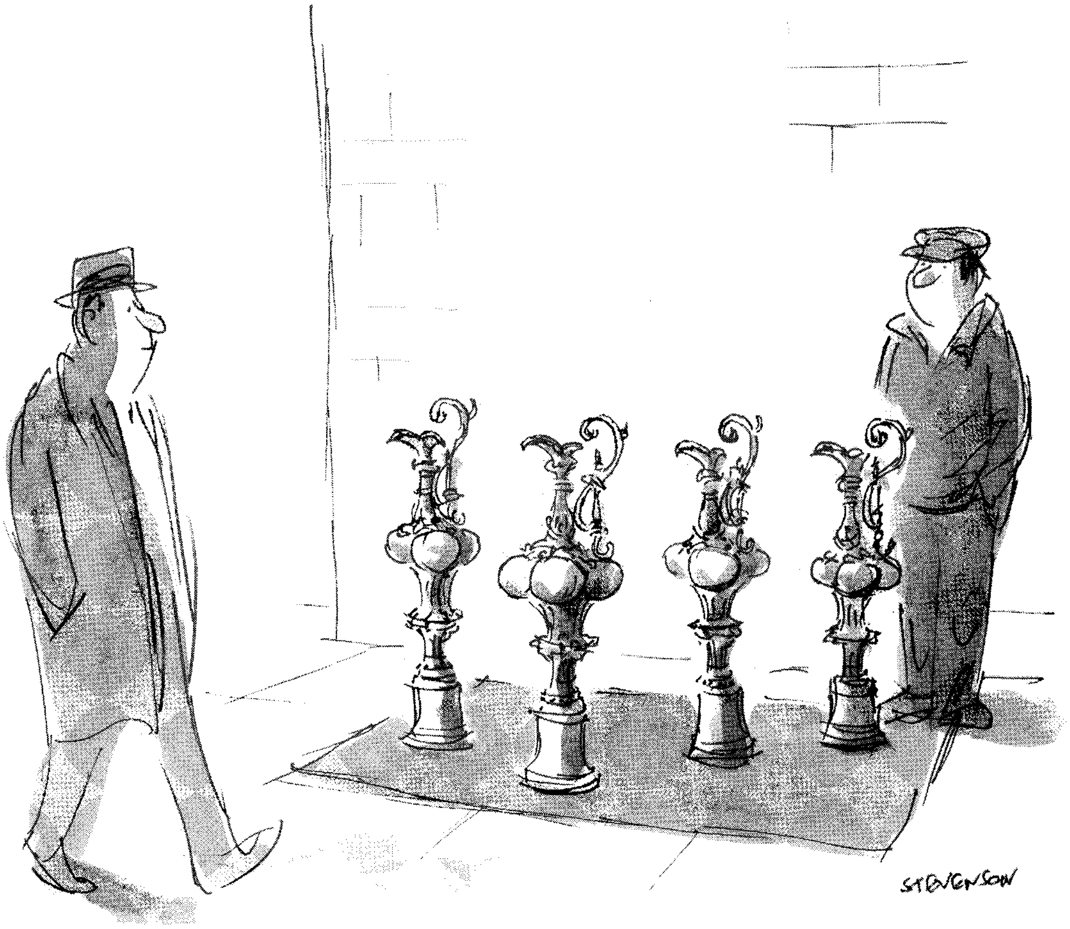
A: Thirty-nine ninety-five to sixty-five dollars. Our product line is really very lean. We're not going to steer consumers away with prohibitively high prices.

"The truth of the matter is that everybody walks," Mr. Encarnacao said at the end of the proceedings. "Go to bed thinking, We're committed. We're happy."

The "Tentative Scenario" for the next morning held fast, give or take a few minutes here and there. In the hotel penthouse, Mr. Encarnacao went from one to another of his colleagues, exhorting them, encouraging them, reassuring them, cheering them on. He went through his own rehearsal paces at a fast clip: "It's the right shoe at a fair price. . . . It's the right concept, the right category. . . . We don't see this as a boom. . . . It's slow progress. . . . We're committed. . . . We want to share our excitement with you. . . . We're very happy."

Mimi McCarthy said, while rehearsing, that she still felt rather uncomfortable about not being able to say *exactly* what the advertising plan was going to be.

"We'll use advertising as an aggressive *tool*," Mr. Encarnacao said, with a big, reassuring smile. "We'll build awareness. But there's no substitute for grass-roots marketing."



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Waiters and waitresses wearing black T-shirts with the words "No Thanks, I'll Walk" and Reebok socks and Reebok Fitness Walkers moved around putting breakfast dishes on tables and bringing in the food. In the next room, P.R. people stuffed the gift bags. Guests arrived and were counted and badged. Everybody ate heartily. The talks were given as rehearsed, only more forcefully. Mr. Encarnacao was better than ever on commitment and excitement and happiness, and he added that Reebok research had revealed that there was a "legacy of individuality" among walkers for fitness, and they were therefore ready not just for one product but for a product *line*. "Consumers are not consumers," he said. "They are purchasing agents." He also pointed out that the age level of walkers was going down, not up.

Professor Williams got in two jokes that, with the help of slides, illustrated the advantage of walking over running: with a slide of a skeleton he said, "Some people are too weak for running," and with a slide showing a sumo wrestler he said, "People with extra weight find running too much for their joints." He got a couple of laughs.

Mimi McCarthy showed the video with the song:

See 'em walking every age and size now,
Reebok a-lu-la, walking with their friends,
Gettin' lots of healthy exercise now.
Choice of destination never ends.

She also managed to blush, and to say, very confidently and strongly, that advertising doesn't replace grass roots plus rolling up sleeves and getting to work on the grass roots.

There were three questions from the audience, only one of which, about the prices, had been anticipated.

The others:

Q: Will the rugged shoes, for hiking, go to outdoor-specialty shops?

A: Reebok will steer the rugged shoes to outdoor shops but will also not be restrictive.

Q: Can the Fitness Walker also be used for race walking?

A: Fitness is a terrific way to start.

"No more questions?" Mr. Encarnacao asked, and he looked at his watch. The time was 9:58 A.M.—only five minutes behind schedule. "Then take a walk on us," he said. He told everybody where to pick up the gift bags, and everybody immediately headed in that direction, looking excited and quite happy.

WHERE I'D QUIT

THE bridge on Beck Road, over the Eight Mile Drain—we called it Eight Mile, just dropped the Drain and forgot it, since the water flowed like a stream all year—that bridge was as good a place to meet somebody as a bank lobby. It was more central. And meeting Mrs. Milan there was no accident; I knew her work schedule. She passed my machine shop and even stopped in if her husband happened to be there, for a job on his tractor or whatever. I knew that on her way home on Friday, whenever the weather was good, she stopped at the Eight Mile and took off her shoes and climbed down the gully to stand with her feet in the water. She never stayed long—hardly long enough to think about being there—but she could be relied on to take that break, and it was easy enough one Friday afternoon to take it with her.

Mrs. Milan was driving her husband's Audi. She was parking on the shoulder just as I happened on the scene, approaching from the west, and I could pull up, lean out, and ask her, "You got a problem there, Mrs. Milan?"

She was out of the car and already had one shoe off. She recognized me, of course, and waved a hand. "Gordie. No, it's fine. I'm walking around." She had a simple voice, very calm.

She waved me off, took the other shoe in the other hand, and turned down around the bridge abutment, out of sight. Most of the time, Mrs. Milan wore jeans, but that day she was wearing a white shirt and a long, narrow black skirt—what a person might wear to drive an Audi if she wasn't used to it.

I yelled out, "Wait for me!"

WHERE the land is flat in all directions, the only relief lies in gullies. Where the land is flat, ambush doesn't work. It's hard to die young—that should be the township motto. That's what I think.

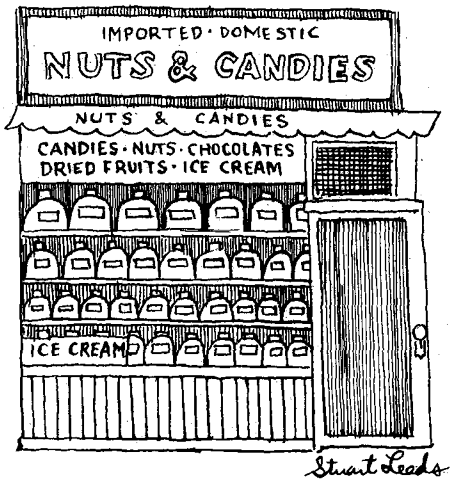
So you walk to the gully. You look down in there and the amazement matches what you notice in mountain places, where your eye muscles pull at the eyeball, this way and that, to keep the various distances in focus. In the gullies and streambeds, anything like that is an attraction. Frogs jump in there like divers off a high bank, and you notice their form, the long time it takes for the splash and the disappearance of their feet. If a heron shows up in the gully, compared to everything else she's a skyscraper.

After looking down from the stream bank, and then looking back again at the fields, it's possible to see that the ground is not quite level: a rise of about a foot in the beanfield looks like a hill, a place you could climb—if you could get to it—and see a little farther than you'd seen before. The plants stick up there, more feathered in their foliage, spread out, and what you think of is the top of a tree. Only the birds can take advantage. Not us. Around here, a human being looks like a wild animal gone wild. Walking upright, it's a startled thing—the thighs exposed, both arms swung out for balance, the head reeling.

THE only way to talk about her is to talk around her. If I'd paint, I'd just paint around her—the blue in there first, then the brown or green-brown, thick or watery, or both—and then I'd quit. People would say, Well, finish up. But that's how I'd paint, and that's where I'd quit.

SOME of this is simple to tell: After a while, Mrs. Milan and I were a team. We didn't talk much about it. I think we appreciated all the confusion, and the lack of romantic scenery. Nothing worked very well for us; there was mud, and no picnics.

We walked the Eight Mile. We drove around. When there was a bed, we changed our plans and made love. We skipped the pizza, we skipped the drive through town. It wasn't a choice. What choice did we have? We wanted to see each other to believe—I'm sure that was it. Not so much to believe in each other as to believe in everything else. When we got to our bodies, no matter how many times, the flesh of them, the scattered patches of hair—well, it wasn't a choice. We weren't particular at all, either of us, about caresses and slow-motion rolling around. We went at it, any way at all, and kept going.



But most of the time we met on the shoulder of Beck Road and climbed down the gully and watched the herons eat the frogs we were feeding bugs.

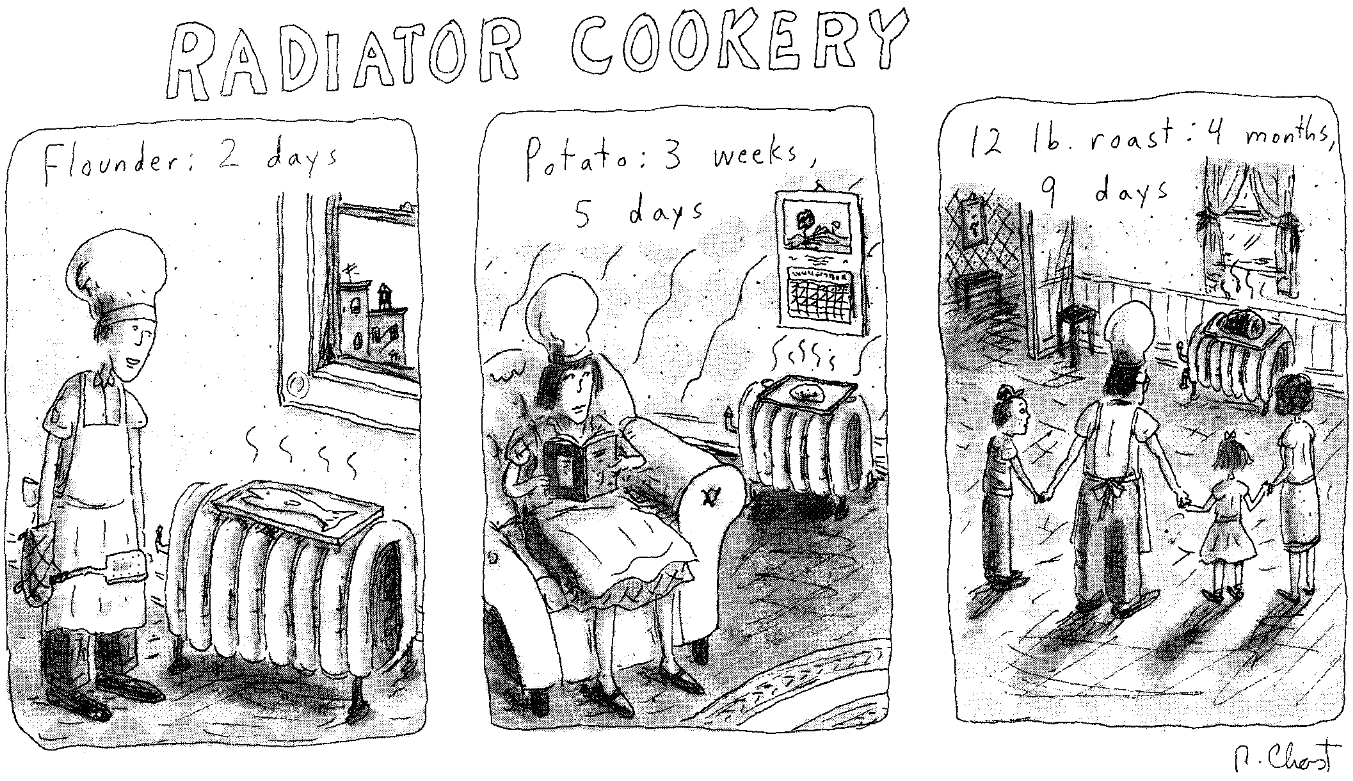
WHEN it rains, water collects in the fields first, until the drainage tiles carry it away. This tiling, often plastic tiling, opens out into the Eight Mile and, with all the water dumping in, the gully roars with it and the edges cave in somewhat. This is a sight to see. My brother in Saginaw drives all the way out when the weather is bad, just to see the flood.

The fields of water, like pocky mirrors, go on and on, with some stubble maybe, or a few leaves, depending on the season. There'll be ducks out there, or maybe Mr. Milan in hip boots, looking up close at the damage he wouldn't have to wade into to see. But he walks out there and then comes back and steps up onto the paved road.

From the bridge on Beck Road, my brother and I will check out the swirl of mud down below—the worst we've seen was up to within a foot of the top. Looking down there, if you don't watch it you forget the scale of things, and the Eight Mile looks like the Mississippi, rampaging, no place for frogs or water spiders anymore. They drown, or wash east to the next county, and on into Lake Huron, and that doesn't suit them. The water twists around and churns up bean leaves, other debris—lettuce leaves, some kind of yellow cloth. Once, I saw a pumpkin floating along—maybe it was chewed out somehow. And the noise of it all, when you lean over, is the solid noise of rapids.

Always my brother has a calculator with him, and he figures up the number of gallons going under us every minute, and he calculates, by throwing in a piece of paper, maybe a crumpled-up credit-card receipt, and timing its travel from one point to another, approximately how fast the Eight Mile is moving. If he has these numbers, it's easier for him to agree to stay on the bridge with me until it's almost too dark to see.

IN the machine shop, every chance he got, Mr. Milan talked. He complained about farming in flatlands, and



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advised against it. "I do a hell of a lot better in Las Vegas," he said. "I win a few."

He brought his machinery over to work on it, and I liked when he talked about Las Vegas, his dream town. He said it was a wonderful city—some farmer's idea—lighting up a couple of blocks in the middle of a desert, with hotels like safehouses, where the weather couldn't foul up your life.

He took a vacation there every year, and he came back with money.

"You've heard about guys at the tables, ordering their champagne at 6 A.M. and not knowing day from night. That's me," he said. "And if you go outside, hell, it's low, low humidity. You only need half your lungs and half the cells of your bloodstream."

We welded steel supports onto his field cultivator. I wasn't sure if his tractor could pull the weights we were dealing with, but Mr. Milan said if the thing was too heavy we'd punch holes in the steel and that would be that.

"I've seen worse problems," he said. "Getting a tractor out of the mud without mats. Thirteen inches of rain in two days. That God-damned cat at the top of the pine tree, the very top, we had to call him Star! That kid run into the ditch and not dead. Girls kidnapped in Kansas! The Sudan! Hell," he said, "it's better in Las Vegas, where the worst that can happen is some stranger guns you down, probably by mistake, and strips off your I.D., your cards, so that nobody knows where to send the body, and it's all over."

MRS. MILAN, on the other hand, was a flimsy talker, and she kissed, I think, to make up for it. She didn't just kiss me. She kissed her arm when the sun came out. She kissed my shoulder, through the shirt, at the end of a sentence, say, or in the middle. She kissed her husband every time she found him in the shop, the way anybody else would inquire what's new. I bet when she was alone she kissed leaves.

It wasn't an odd thing with her—more like a gesture of the hand, the kind of touch that means something too simple to say.

However, it's also true she had the ability to make of kisses whole conversations—long stretches, with interesting beginnings, and middles full of detail and digressions, and drawn-out conclusions.

I'd look up after a kiss, to that wedge of blue sky at the top of the gully, and think, Damn, I should go to Las Vegas, I'm a lucky son of a bitch.

A COUPLE of months ago, Mrs. Milan made her stop at the Eight Mile around noon. I wasn't there. She walked partway down, hung on to a swamp willow near the water, and sat to watch. I have no trouble picturing all this. Her shoes were beside her, and she rolled up her jeans and put her feet down into the water—nothing out of the ordinary. Still, I'm sorry I wasn't there.

When I saw her up at the road, just a bit after, she was pulling on her shoes. Her jeans were rolled up.

She talked to me, and her voice was the same as always, but she leaned toward me and she told me the water was swift down there. She said, "The water is swift." She told me that when she sat on the bank the water took her legs like a lover. "His body relinquished to the elements," she said.

"His body relinquished to the elements," she said again, very plainly.

"Are you all right?" I asked her. There wasn't much else I could say.

"Yes. I'm fine," she said.

I try to think that's true. I drive over the Eight Mile Bridge and wave—what choice do I have? She's down there, the same as when I was with her. She's down there every day, talking to water, throwing away kisses.

Mrs. Milan looks just like the person she was. And the more I think about it, the more I think maybe she is.

—JANET KAUFFMAN

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NO COMMENT DEPARTMENT

[*Adv. in Columbia, the magazine of Columbia University*]

Today Columbia needs to continue attracting high caliber students, like FDR was, as well as faculty members of proven distinction.

WEDDING

WHAT to wear to my daughter's wedding? Amelia is getting married tomorrow in Cuenca, Arizona. My mother phoned, and I pretended I already knew, and then Amelia called. I haven't seen her in a year.

"This is it, Mom."

"You're not . . .?"

"No."

"Then why don't you just live with him?"

"We want to make it permanent."

MY closet: A big walk-in with mirrors. The best part of my otherwise lacklustre studio sublet. It's a curse to have so many clothes—practically everything I've ever owned, including the homemade hand-me-downs from childhood. An excavation of any depth into my wardrobe makes me queasy—sooner or later I have to escape, leaving a mess. My friend Janey has quit substitute teaching to become a past-lives counsellor, and she advised me to do the same. I told her, "I'd be doing well if I could get straight all the lives I've had in *this* incarnation."

Every choice I make is wrong. I hold up the scoop-necked designer dress—my mainstay when I was a fund-raiser for the International Year of the Child—and admire myself in the mirror. But—black at a wedding? Too New York—I'll attract even more hostility than I already have coming. "Why, Marty," they'll say to me, "just who do you think you are?" Into the garment bag goes the cream eyelet-lace caftan. But it has a tear. The white imitation-Chanel suit? Not in Cuenca.

The terrible heat and the viscous air make me feel I'm swimming in the seas of Jupiter; I have to hurry. I wanted to have a profound conversation with Amelia, the most important of all except what I plan to say on my deathbed, but I was afraid she would hang up. *We're making it permanent:* Try turning that into an aria. "All right," I said. "But I don't know what to wear." She used to help me with this problem. This time she didn't reply. I raced out and bought, on credit, an antique cheongsam, ivory with silver frogs, but when I tried it on at home I'd somehow gained twenty pounds. And isn't white the color of mourning in China?

I settle, uneasily, on a flowered pink dirndl with a black lace-up bodice and matching apron. I found it in a shop in Heidelberg when I was hitchhiking around Europe with Amelia on the child-support money. I said, "That's Snow White's dress." With my last marks, I also bought Amelia a miniature version—where could it be? Those days are distilled into one shimmering droplet. Ripe fruit hung on espaliered branches, big scrolls of bark fell from the ancient plane trees, dry leaves blew along the path up the mountain, and, as I climbed to the castle ruins, Amelia on my hip, I put my lips to her ear and whispered a quote in German, " 'Whoever has no house now will never build one. Whoever is alone will stay alone.' " Her soft, open gaze was on the castle, her intelligent face reflecting understanding without understanding. We flew back to the States the next day—I'd won a scholarship to a philosophy program.

The dirndl is dusty and peculiar. But I'm only an invited guest, a stranger. Besides, I still have to choose an outfit for the plane and the rehearsal dinner my former mother-in-law is giving tonight, and the closet is suffocatingly crowded.

AS soon as the plane sets its westward course, the shift I threw on at the last minute begins to bother me: those loose kimono sleeves will catch on doorknobs and send cocktail glasses rolling when I make my entrance. In the humming confines of the rest room, I struggle into a sleeveless white knit ensemble. Over the Rockies, thermals heave at the plane and spill a Bloody Mary onto my abdomen. I rub the stain with napkins, but a star-shaped wound remains.

I MAY NOT KNOW MUCH ABOUT ART, BUT I DO KNOW WHAT'S SUITABLE FOR FRAMING

THIS morning I came across a grimy carton containing the tights and leotards from when I waited tables in the topless bar (I wasn't topless, the dancers were), the roofer's tool belt, the old flamenco costume, and the embroidered bib overalls—Amelia's little pair along with mine—from Jacques's farm upstate. "Oh, God," I said aloud, even though I was alone. (Since Jacques, I haven't met a man worth the trouble, except, maybe, the guy carrying the polo mallet who smiles at me in the elevator, and he must be twenty-five.) And then I found a black plastic bag containing a mysterious red velvet casket. Inside was a crystal apple with a broken stem. The transparent globe, cool and smooth and heavy, fit exactly into my palm, and iridescent sparks shot out from the facetted core when I held it up to the light.

MY mother, darkly tanned, her white hair cut like a frayed skullcap, her face surprisingly thin, hugs me hard. She smells of tobacco, and she's dressed up in a pink pants suit with a frilly blouse. "I'm so gosh-darned mad at your father," she says. "Now we'll be late." She had told him to wait in the car by the doors of the terminal, but he must not have heard her. By the time he has parked—far away, on a plain of baking asphalt—and located us, we've been melting in the hot sun for fifteen minutes. His bearing is still tall and straight, and his hair mostly dark and upstanding, but now he walks with a cane, and the lenses of his glasses are much thicker than when I last saw him, a few years ago in New York. He always was quiet, and now, while my mother repeats her grievances, he maintains a mineral silence.

ON the drive through the desert and up to Cuenca, trailer courts, a cemetery, car lots, windowless warehouses, electronics factories fly past. Red gashes in the earth where coal has been discovered open up before us. I've been away a decade. "No one thought of how to do this right, no one paid attention," I say. "A real mess, and now the desert will be ruined permanently."

My father, unheeding, indicates the mountains. Orange and violet streaks seep down their faces as the sun sets in a glassy sky. "They're never the same," he says, so faintly that I have to wait for the words to sort themselves out inside my head.

"Do you still go up there deer hunting?" I ask.

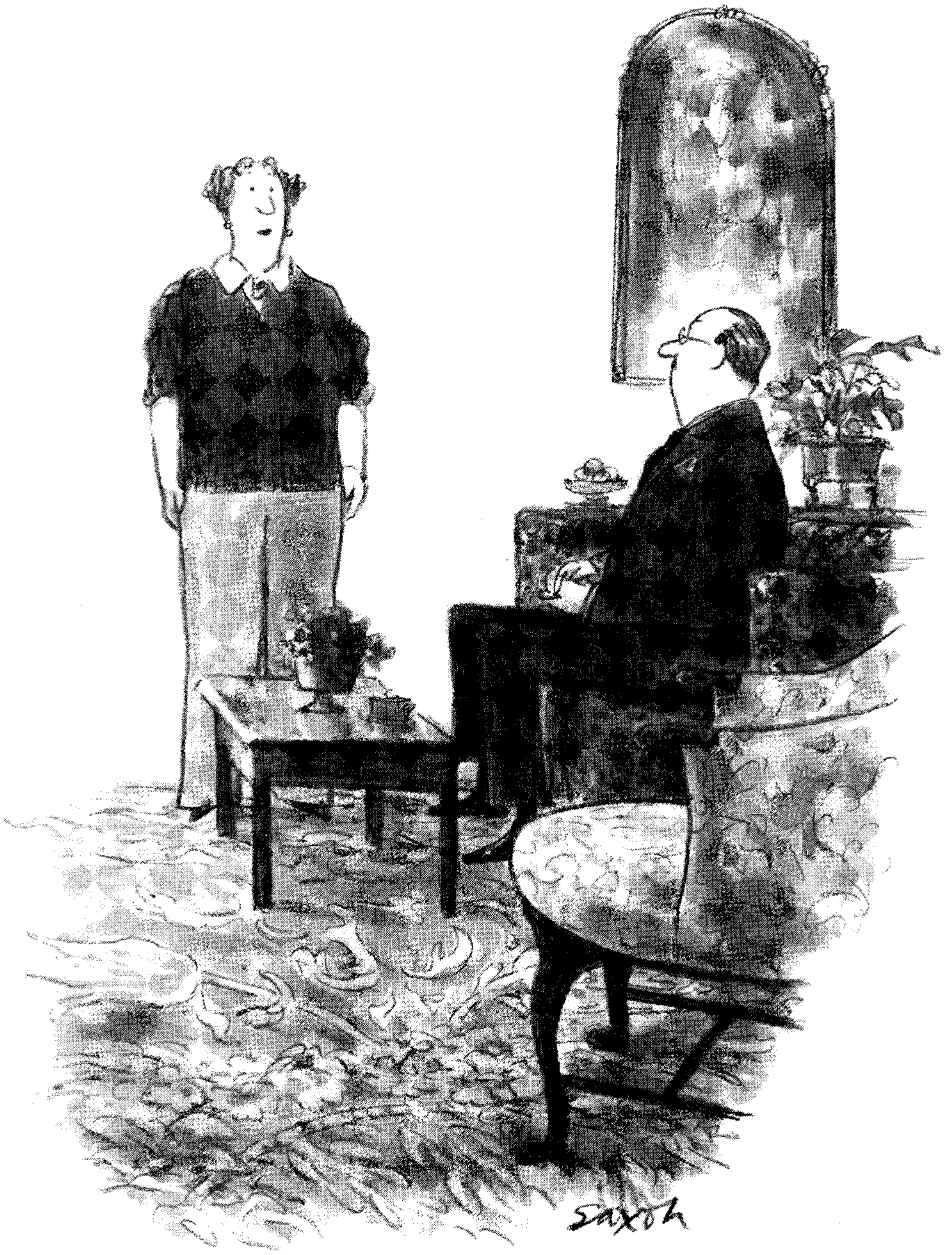
"He can't see well enough to shoot straight," my mother says.

In the year and a half since Amelia left New York, presumably to keep house for her father—"He needs me, Mom"—I've heard from her only once: a postcard, a photograph of a gigantic rabbit wearing antlers. "WILD JACKALOPE IN THE MOONLIGHT," the caption said. "Also often called the Antelabbit, this, the most amazing of all desert animals, is reputed to be a cross between a Jack Rabbit and an Antelope. Rumor has it that the Jackalope sings at night, usually under a full moon, in a voice that sounds almost human." On the back, a message: "I bet you saw a lot of these when you were growing up.—A." Every time I phoned her, she said she had something on the stove or someone over or an errand to run. Finally I gave up. Now I'm even afraid to ask about her.

The air is thin. I undo my waistband and take deep breaths, getting more cigarette smoke than oxygen. My mother now chain-smokes. Or maybe she always did.

In hoarse, melancholy tones, she tells me she's been trying to sell real estate, but around Cuenca clear title to land is rare—any one acre is likely to be held by three dozen quarrelling heirs. After a while, I stop listening. Her unhappiness may have another source: me.

"Marty, if I were you," she says to



"I'm perfectly willing to call you Russell from now on, dear. I'm just wondering how you decided you were no longer a Russ."

• •

me, "I wouldn't bother with the rehearsal dinner tonight. We're already late, and we can have a very nice meal at Corrigan's. Adelaide always does so many things to one piece of food. She can't just cook a chicken breast—she has to stuff it and roll it and tie it and put cheese on it, and when you eat it you get the string." The same fare, I believe, that Adelaide—my former mother-in-law—prepared for my own rehearsal dinner, twenty years ago.

"If I were ever to have another wedding, which is highly unlikely," I say, "since there's a greater probability of a woman my age being killed by a terrorist than finding a husband, I would ask Adelaide to arrange the whole thing."

"There's a lot of terrorism now," she says. "I don't know what's happening to the world."

"A joke, Mom."

She smiles patiently, waiting for the point. Before Amelia took off for Cuenca, she was always saying "You don't get it, do you, Mom? You just don't get it."

PARTIAL ACCOUNTS

Once a week on Thursday there's a souk
or open market in Salé, the old Roman port
facing Rabat across the Bou Regreg.
At least one dentist always sets up shop—
a table of gunmetal teeth, formerly human.
One day I saw a woman have one pulled,
or saw as much as a queasy heart could watch.
The *chirurgien-dentiste* was a small man,
authoritative—Berber, I think.
His left foot was set gently on the woman's
shoulder, and when I last looked,
difficult, silent progress was being made.
A concept of necessary suffering, praise Allah,
is common to all civilizations.

Soon I will need to imagine again
what she was feeling, but for a few more days
that will not be necessary, a sensation
my body was too fastidious to wait for
hovers inside me. Even mortality
is briefly imaginable, like pain.
Arab sister, in your dark-robed dignity,
may we both be healed of our cures and live
painlessly forever, as our bodies urge.

—WILLIAM MEREDITH

• •

AS a child, I longed to dwell in the house of the seven dwarfs. I wanted to keep it in perfect order. An iron pot bubbling on the fire, the dwarfs hailing me at eventide! Never would I have accepted the bodice ribbons that the wicked stepmother laced up so hard Snow White fell into a deathly faint. Never would I have let the wicked stepmother take to my locks with a poisoned comb. Never would I have chosen the better-looking half of the apple.

CUENCA lies in a basin surrounded by mountains, now indigo in the dusk. New housing developments have hemmed in the town. I want to keep driving, right up into the mountains on the other side and up into the curve of the sky.

"We hardly ever see Amelia," my mother says. "But the last time she dropped by she had her hair back to the real color and it was up in French braids, like I used to do for you." I can feel the raking of my mother's comb over my tender fontanel, the sickening ripples.

We're on the street, lined with yellowing poplars, where my husband once lived with his family. I used to cruise up and down here, wearing shorts and a white shirt with the collar turned up and bright-red lipstick and hoping that he would happen to come out and see me. Wearing and hoping: the beginning of my years of trying to survive on the nectar I received from the gazes of men.

A good-looking teen-age boy in a plaid blazer directs us to park down the block. "Do you know Amelia?" I ask him. "Is she here?"

He politely evades my eyes. "They're still at the church, Ma'am."

"Church?" My child in a church, and now I've become a Ma'am.

My father gets out of the car with a book. Since his retirement from the Bureau of Mines, about fifteen years ago, he has spent his time reading.

"What are you doing with that?" my mother says.

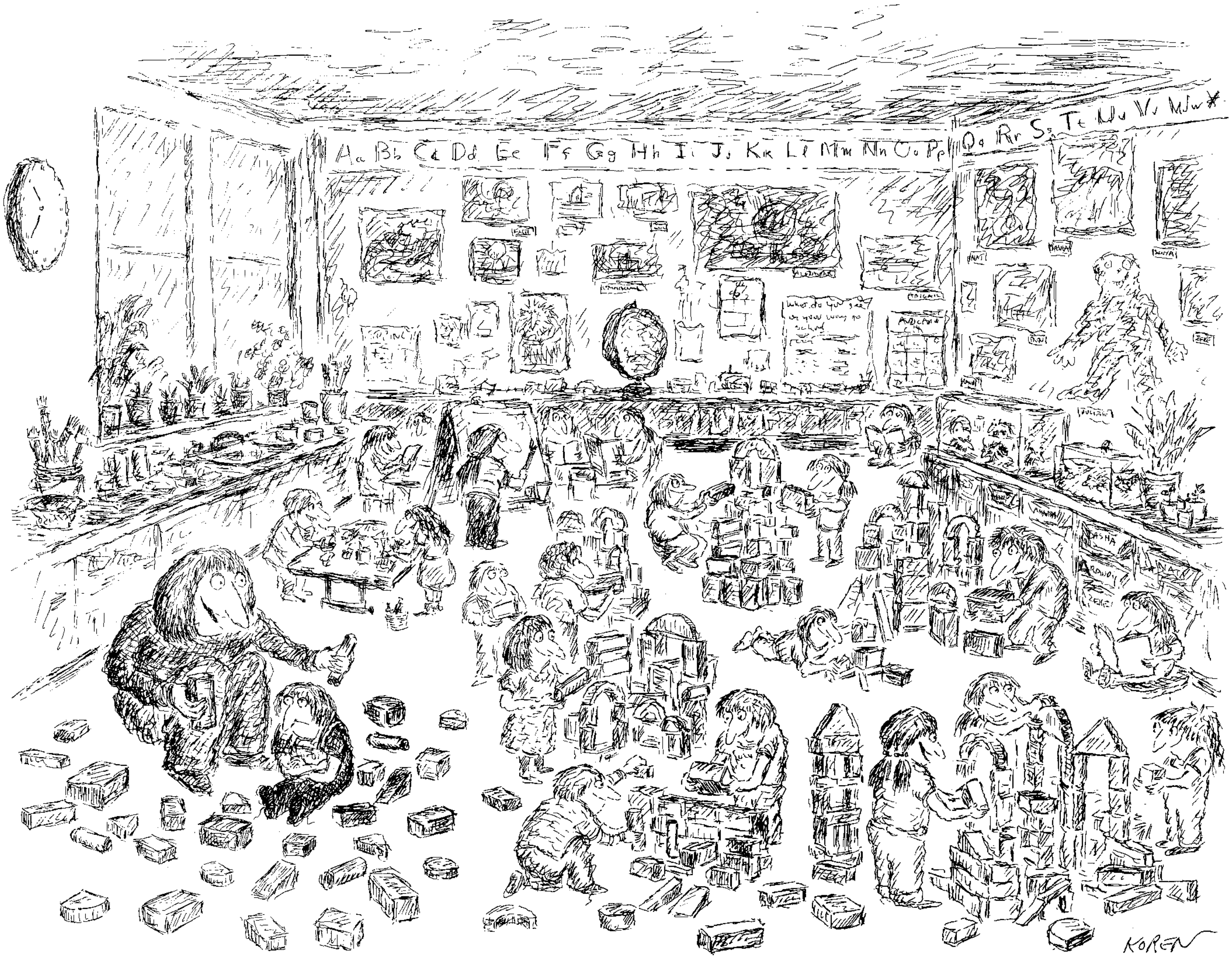
He shrugs and tosses the book on the front seat. "Independent People," by Halldór Laxness. He's smiling a little, with an obscure mischief.

"Why are you taking your garment bag in?" she asks me.

"I may need it," I say. "I may need to clean my contact lenses or something."

Adelaide's yard is a rectangle of obsidian gravel planted with prickly pear. We're allowed to walk in the front door—she used to make family members go around to the back and take off their outer clothes and shoes before entering. Through the living room—as immaculate as ever—and out onto the patio undulates a crowd of inhabited pastels. I slide adroitly, invisibly, through the interstices of this mass (a city dweller's art) and into the bathroom, which is now carpeted and has a new tap on the sink, like the joystick on Jacques's plane. I sweep back my hair on one side and anchor it with a staghorn comb. Dark-red lip gloss. Extra mascara. Concealer. How long has it been since this medicine-cabinet mirror last saw me? My mother has heard that most of my ex-in-laws and their circle have joined the Church of the Nazarene, which forbids makeup, drinking, and smoking.

I open the garment bag. I try to reason. I should have continued my



"Timothy, success is nothing to fear."

• •

studies and taken logic, but I became more interested in determining whether I existed. When I was alone, was anyone home? And then, in the philosophy lounge, I met an unemployed cosmologist who couldn't endure being without me for more than three hours at a stretch and who taught Amelia and me many things. Some particles exist for less than a millionth of a second, or it may be that there's only one particle in the universe and it's everywhere at once.

I consider not changing. Who cares if my dress is ruined? I'm not the bride. The garment bag is taken up by the dirndl, with its aggressive crinoline, and I have to subdue it before I can draw out the rose-colored silk hostess pajamas and the gold cobra belt and matching sandals I brought as insurance. I stand on the toilet and swing the mirror around: I'm ready for a party on a yacht. I put the white knit back on and tie a Hermès scarf apron-fashion over my stomach. I look pregnant. Why not go naked, the way I was originally thrust into this world? And then all the people here could freely say, We've been right to hate her. I stop. I breathe. I return to the pajamas. They don't fit.

STANDING between my parents with my arms around them, I'm safe. Amid alien corn. Across the big dustless mirror, Adelaide's pride, hangs a blue banner with gold letters: "AMELIA & MILLER." So that's his name. Two card tables are piled high with presents. Ah, yes. When you get married, people are moved to give you glass and metal objects.

My mother waves her cigarette and marvels aloud over the buffet, while an older woman in a powder-blue pants suit with matching shoes and purse announces the cuisine to us in a proprietary manner. "Chicken breasts stuffed with pineapple and water chestnuts," she says. "Ham slices rolled and stuffed with blue cheese, apples, and walnuts. Tomatoes stuffed with guacamole. Peppers stuffed with liver pâté. Cranberry-juice-and-grapefruit-sherbet punch."

A little boy runs in circles out on the patio. With his jug ears, freckles, and necktie, he looks exactly the way my ex-husband's younger brother did at my wedding. "Excuse me, but do you know who that kid is?" I ask the woman.

She has gray curls and round, smooth cheeks, which flush when she turns to me. I smell alcohol. "He's one of Adelaide's grandchildren." She gives me an earthy grin, but her eyes are as cold as an extraterrestrial's. "You don't remember me, do you, Marty?"

Well, it's Barb, my closest friend in

school, once in competition with me for the role of valedictorian. She reported me for growing marijuana in the biology lab. I never spoke to her again. And why is Barb here?

"I'm on the zoning board, and I'm running for the legislature, and meanwhile I'm getting Mark through his tax audit. We had to rush back from a conference on prison reform in El Paso so I could give Adelaide a hand with all this. And what have you been up to all these years?"

"Mark?" I say.

She laughs. "He used to be your husband."

"Marty's doing substitute teaching in the public-school system of the city of New York," my mother says.

Barb puts a finger on my mother's lapel. "I understand you're in real estate now. We would just love some level land to build on in one of the canyons. Two acres, and it has to have water."

"Well!" my mother says, opening her purse and getting out a notebook.

MY sea-level body submits slowly to the altitude. Skull expands, bones lengthen, lungs shrivel, energy fails. I drink one plastic glass after another of acidic punch. My belt is too tight, and I remove it. My lenses dry up, and I take them out. Alone now in a noisy chamber of colored blurs and elongated, empty faces, I no longer feel I'm actually here.

A gray-haired man catches my hand. "Things couldn't have turned out better."

I return the handshake and nod, and he gives me a light embrace and stands back, muttering something.

"I'm sorry?"

"Great. You look great."

"Thanks very much," I say.

His reply is indistinct. I move closer.

He goes on murmuring. "Your wicked city . . . pillar of salt . . ."

When Mark proposed, he had the most beautiful face in the world. He and Adelaide sat at the picnic table on the patio making plans, and I practiced yoga on the grass. She was to bake the cake. They discussed the music. I suggested a flamenco guitarist. From my inverted angle of vision, Mark and Adelaide, shaking their heads, were perfect and handsome, with their black hair and green eyes and well-organized chins, jaws, noses. Adelaide had an album that had been played at all family weddings. Mark's little brother would operate the phonograph. I caught Mark's eye and thought, All this beauty is mine; it will remain enshrined before me the rest of my life, gazing back at me. What difference does it make what music is played? I don't know what has befallen him since we split up, but his face now makes me think of eroded sandstone hills. The redness, the ravines, the bluish shadows. It never occurred to me that he would age. Yet he's cheerful; he seems to have no idea what has happened to himself; he's examining me earnestly. I was his wife—that slipped my mind almost two decades ago. He used to read Thoreau aloud to me: "Where I Lived, and What I Lived For."

"How about our Amelia?" he says.

Of course—she was born to the two of us. "Is she all right?"

"How's that again?" He cups a hand around his ear, pretending to be an old man.

"Amelia—she's not here yet, is she?"

"Amelia's here?"

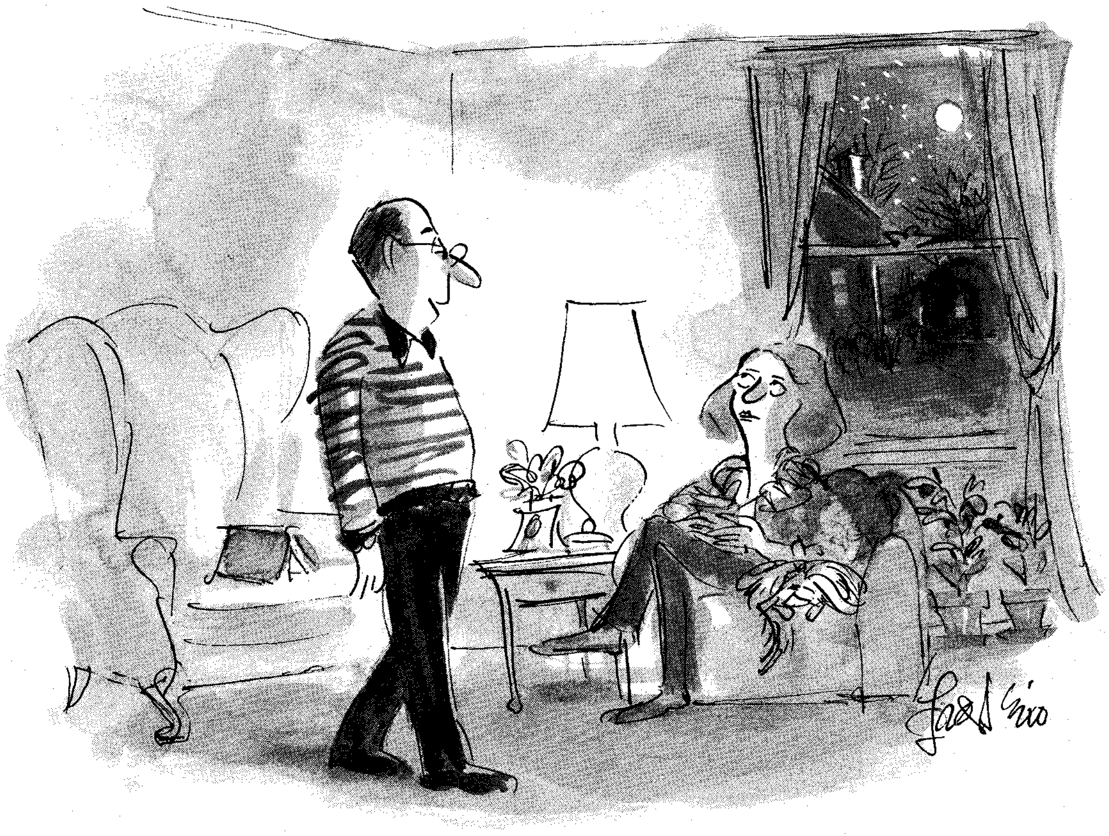
I speak louder. "And the groom?" Presumably Mark has had a talk with this person, this Miller. "What's he like?"

"Fine, I'm fine," Mark says.

Adelaide is inches away from me. Same arc-welded black French roll, same lineless pallor, same erect frame from which her green jersey drapes in precise folds. While telling Mark that her new shoes are killing her, she watches herself in the mirror. And then, scanning the reflected room for tumbled drinks and askew doilies, she develops an air of false surprise. "Is that Martha?"

"Why, Adelaide, here you are," I say. I'm trembling.

"Hard to believe, isn't it? Whenever I look at Amelia I say, 'She is the absolute soul of Martha.' Did you get some food? I didn't know whether to put out this old crocheted tablecloth from my hope chest. The cake just needs frosting tomorrow—I baked it six weeks ago



"I'm going out to take a peek at the new car by moonlight."

JOE'S BAR
FREE SPEECH
D. Fradon

and froze it." Six weeks ago? I was told only the day before yesterday. "Amelia and Miller will be thrilled to see you. Miller is a darling. I know his mom from church—she's the sweetie over there with the big necklace."

I pretend to look, and I nod.

"I've sewed a hundred and twenty little bags that I still have to stuff with Jordan almonds and—" She takes a breath, stares absently at my sandals, and begins rearranging the platters on the table.

I want to say, Of course you can condemn me. I agree—I've led a worthless life. I was a terrible wife, a bad mother. "Oh, Jordan almonds!" I exclaim. "I wish I'd had them. But you sewed such lovely rice bags for me, satin—" I stop, ashamed. I didn't intend to bring up the past.

"And I was still picking up rice all over my yard after the divorce." She laughs, once.

"You always do such great needlework." I put my hands behind my back so no one can see them shaking. "Doesn't she, Dad?" My father, motionless beside me, has fastened his attention on an invisible horizon.

Actors from the drama of my own wedding introduce themselves. How they can identify me is a mystery. I can't recognize a soul. I forget my words as soon as I utter them; a caricature with wax bones does all my talking and gesticulating while I congratulate myself: It's a good thing I'm not here. Nevertheless, a wholesome politeness emanates from everyone. Amelia has probably been hypnotized by this hideous, smiling benevolence, by the very air itself here in Cuenca—so clear it can be mistaken for mental lucidity.

I SQUINT. Amelia has arrived. I rush up and embrace her. My daughter. Her shoulders are so frail—she's like a bird. So young—she'll always be too young—and so defenseless. She's brilliant, but she doesn't know a thing, and what's even more dangerous is that she's a beauty, with delicate bones (her cheek against mine) and pure, clear eyes (my right eye opens and hers is open, too, and an understanding, faster than thought, flashes between us) and, now, a cloud of shining hair. My daughter. She's perfect, except for her tendency to slump despite the ballet I made her take. She could be someone great. If she insisted on marriage, if she couldn't do without it, she could be the wife of a genius. But here she is in Cuenca, getting herself wed to a stranger named Miller.

After tolerating my tears and repeated hugs, she says, "This is Miller, Mom."

The groom has a little blond beard and he's wearing a bolo tie, and that's about all I can make out. A child. I'm sure he's aware of nothing about my daughter.

"I'll bet you didn't know that Amelia wrote an avant-garde opera when she was sixteen," I say.

"No, I didn't, Mrs. MacArthur," he says.

"I'm not Mrs. MacArthur—Adelaide is." I glance behind me to see if she's there. She is. In fact, my name has been MacArthur for twenty-one years.

"Mom," Amelia says.

"Maybe we can get together for lunch," I say to her. I'll bring back her luminosity.

"I'm pretty busy—I'm getting married," she says.

"Well, after."

Everyone laughs, but I don't see what's so hilarious.

Adelaide hands Amelia a cassette. "Put this in your purse right now, or maybe I should just take it to the church tomorrow."

I can't breathe. I have to get out of here, but I wish that first I could take Amelia on my lap and hold her. I ought to have held her more. That was it. "I was searching through the closet this morning—" I begin.

"You wouldn't believe Mom's closet," Amelia says to Miller. "You know, Mom, I almost asked if I could borrow your wedding gown. It is so fantastic, Miller—peau de soie, with a long train."

"No, I never had a peau-de-soie gown," I say. "Mine was a brocade sheath that came to just above my knees."

"But, Mom, no! When you were out I used to climb up in the closet and open that big box at the back of the third shelf—the one that says 'André's Fine Fashions'? And I'd get out that gown and play bride."

"You're thinking of some other person's closet," I say.

Her voice drops. "*No I'm not*."

One time when she was small and we were talking about a glade in the park we often visited, she started telling me about a certain tree. She became angry when I said I didn't know which one she meant. She thought I was lying. To her, each tree was unique. "Anyway," I said, "I found your little cerise velveteen overalls with all the embroidery?"

"And?"

"Well, that's all." I didn't mention that I pressed them to my breast, just like a mother in a sentimental movie.

MY old room: It's narrow and stuffy and contains a bed with a bookcase headboard, a desk, a bureau, a mirror. My mother has framed my high-school art work ("Loneliness," "Reverie," "Babylon"). I can't stand to look at it. Dizzy from the altitude and déjà vu, I get into the old nightgown she has saved and go to bed.

DREAMS of helplessness: I never left home, the decades have passed and here I am, old, dependent, in debt, in danger of failures even more dreadful than the ones so far, the seed of immortality lost, the sliding panels in the headboard still rattling whenever I turn over, the roar of jet fighters eternally cleaving the desert night.

Rescues: I will take the car and find my daughter and ask her to come away with me to start a new life. I used to wish I could open up my brain and open up hers and take a silver funnel and pour into her head all that I'd been through so that she wouldn't make the profoundly stupid mistakes that have led me to my present path. If you could call it a path. But even when she had hepatitis and I quit my job with the International Year of the Child and came home to take care of her, we didn't get any closer.

I HAVE to call Amelia. I go through the dark to the kitchen, which still has the appliances my parents bought after the Second World War. I touch the familiar refrigerator handle.

My mother switches on the light and stands there blinking, a pack of cigarettes in her hand. "Trouble sleeping," she says, coughing. She takes a carton from the refrigerator and pours two glasses of milk. We sit at the table.

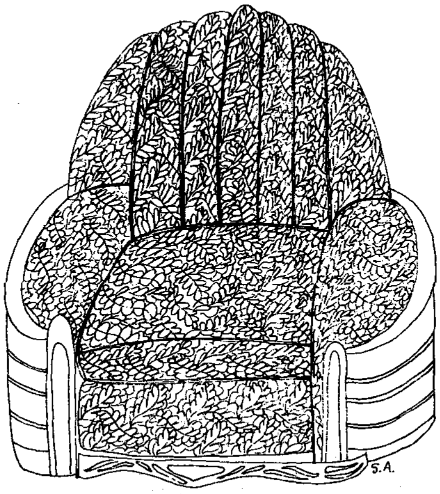
I haven't had milk in years. It's delicious. "I wonder what happened to Mark," I say.

"Who knows? The Church of the Nazarene."

"The party wasn't so bad. People were pretty nice to me. I didn't expect that."

"Everyone just had to make smart remarks to me," she says. "Stuff like 'In that getup is your girl trying to look like a movie star?' "

I place my hands on my knees and become as rigid as an Egyptian queen. "Someone actually said that to you?"



"Well, you can be darned sure they were thinking it."

"Those people have no insight, Mom," I reply. "And I wish you would please stop smoking, because it makes me very sad."

SUPPOSE I came into my apartment and discovered, on my dishevelled sofa bed, a slumbering, innocent girl with hair as black as ebony, skin as white as snow, lips as red as blood. What a gift! I'd do all I could to protect her. I'd go out and dig and delve for her, and caution her not to open the door to strangers and not to fall into temptation.

AT dawn, before the walls and furniture have hardened into matter, I get out the dirndl. Sprawled across my little bed, the dress—huge, absurd, troubled—has acquired a life of its own, and I'm not privileged to know its secrets.

MY mother takes me shopping. We have no time. All the clothes in all the stores, even the expensive ones, are awful. At André's Fine Fashions, in a cryogenic coma brought on by icy air-conditioning, I buy a dress she likes: a high-collared, close-fitting, peach-colored crêpe-de-chine sheath with a matching bolero jacket. As we cross the inferno of the parking lot, I come to and find myself aching. How slender and beautiful I once was, en-

WHAT WE HEAR TOWARD MORNING

Aunts and cousins cross the square
with the faint whistle of ancestors.

Their dark oboes fill our courtyard
with reedy tales as we sleep.

Rough bells of this village
we've never seen,

the sternum and heart rock loose
in the cave of the chest

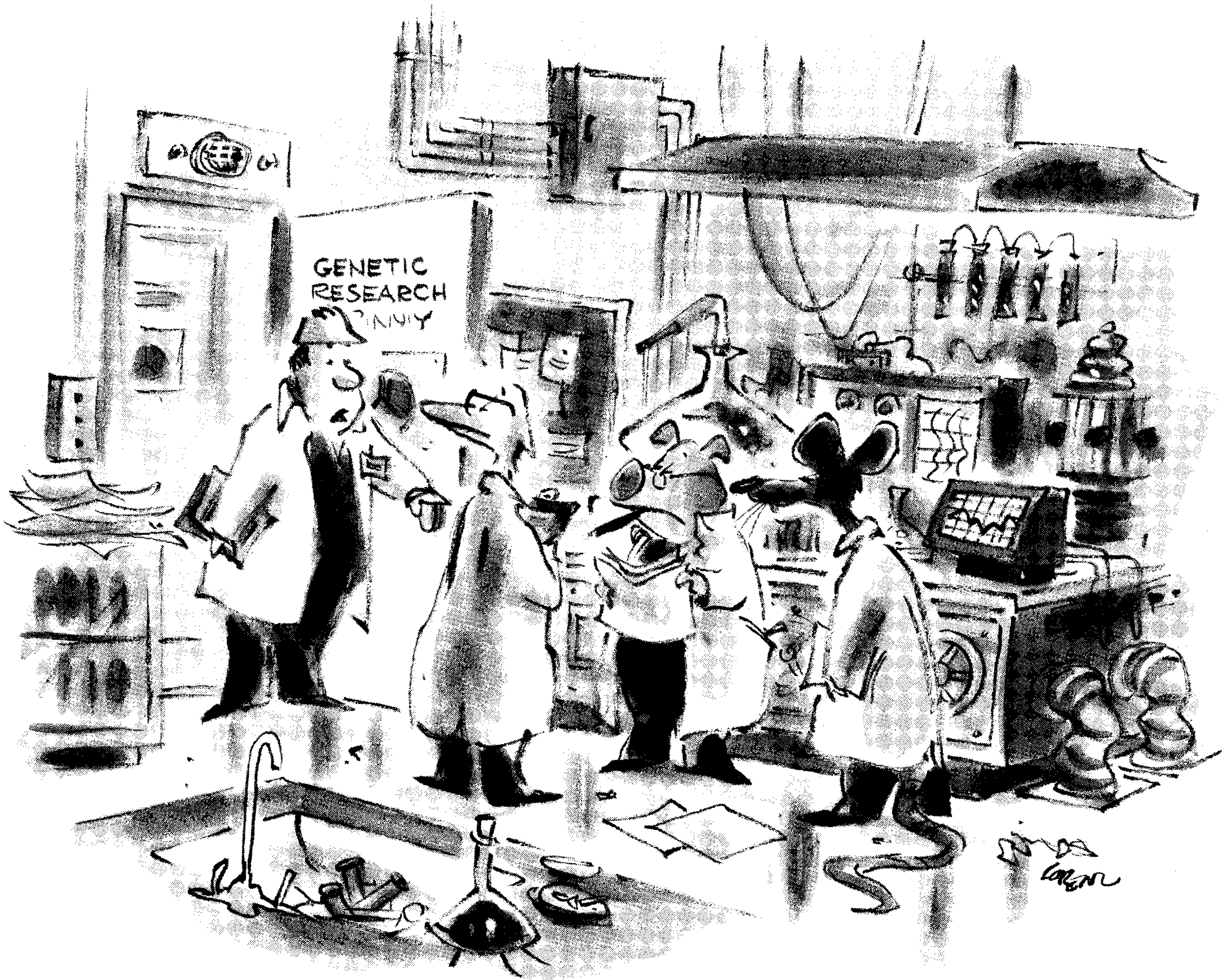
to rouse us. There must have been a violin
straining from an upper room,

a girl humming as she rushed from your house
at dawn, or a French horn

unfolding its rich bloom.

—Deborah Gottlieb Garrison

* *



"Don't mind me, folks. I'm just here to check the sprinkler system."

cased in ivory peau-de-soie satin, the long train of my gown flowing away from me like liquid marble! How could I have forgotten?

My mirror: A wavy rectangle I bought at the dime store with babysitting money after I read a grooming guide that said a full-length mirror was essential. My mother zips up the back of my dress; it's very tight. She's wearing an aqua brocade sheath with a matching jacket. In the rippling, mirage-like reflection we're more alike than different: mother and grandmother of the bride.

"Your father is still in the shower, and we have to get going," she says.

In the kitchen, I phone my daughter. Someone I don't know answers, and I identify myself.

At last Amelia picks up the receiver. "I'm kind of busy, Mom."

My breathing is erratic. "How's it—how's it going?"

"Tanya, who you met last night, is doing my hair," Amelia says. "Then that's it. All the food has been delivered to Adelaide's."

"She's not cooking everything herself?"

"The people at the restaurant where Miller works pitched in and did the main catering. It's twelve-thirty-two, so—"

"It *is?*" I check the kitchen clock. "It's twelve-thirty-two here, too. What a coincidence! Listen, I need to ask you just one thing, which is, what are you wearing and do you think you're doing this because Miller's name sounds like yours only turned inside out?" I wish I would stop, but I don't. "That can really happen—the power of the unconscious. You may not recognize it now, but someday you'll think, Oh, God—that was the reason!"

"Mom—"

"Are you sure you aren't hypnotized? I mean, how would you know? You'd just think what you were doing was normal, and you'd want to do it, and later you'd wake up and find yourself in a completely weird life. Believe me, it can happen—"

"Mom."

"What I mean is, I could help you. I'll take care of you, I'll land a real job, we'll travel."

My parents appear. My father has on his dark-blue suit, the only one he's ever had—all his belongings would fit into one paper bag—and, as is his custom, a stocking cap to flatten his hair while it dries. My mother stands by his side and points at her watch and then at the front door.

"What I'm trying to say is I love

you and I'll save you from this place, this nightmare," I whisper. "I wish someone had done that for me."

"Mom, you are confused. You left Cuenca. I came here. I like it. This is where I want to be. I'm the one getting married, not you."

"But you don't have to do this, and I don't know if anyone has talked to you about that. I mean, no one told me a thing."

"That's not true," my mother says. "We told you to wait. We didn't want you to get hurt. I told you that you were too young."

"You're too young, Amelia," I say. "Think about it."

"Just please relax," Amelia says. "I *have* thought about this. And I tell you what. In a year, if it looks bad—well, I'm not signing anything irrevocable. I've got to go now."

"All right. But if you decide to leave, can we go someplace together? This man, Percival—he's a polo player, believe it or not—told me about a forest in Tasmania that's so dense you can walk on top of the trees. It's amazing."

"Anywhere you say, Mom. Oh, look—a man is bringing in a huge television!"

"But you hate TV. We could even go to Tasmania on a vacation. It wouldn't be like you were running away."

"Mom. After the wedding we're going camping."

"Camping? Well, I didn't mean immediately after the wedding. I'm not that crazy." I hang up and go into my room and lie down and sob. The headboard rattles. The dress tightens around me. I'm suffocating.

My mother pulls me up and pushes the hair back from my forehead and wipes my face with a cold rag—a monogrammed washcloth I remember from when I was small. It's frayed and translucent now, and very soft. Immediately I feel better. Her eyes glisten with happiness.

Gahan Wilson

"Welcome aboard!"

At least we're all still alive! I want to say, but I don't. She wouldn't get it. "Don't you think it's odd that my body was inside yours and Amelia's was inside mine?" I ask.

"I think everything is odd," she says.

THE crystal apple: How could I have forgotten? The day before Amelia left, I had to get out of the apartment for a while and breathe. We walked aimlessly along the streets and wandered into a fancy store and saw, reposing alone in a vitrine under a beam of white light, the apple. It burst from its boundaries like a star. After we went out again, I said, "That's just the kind of purity and radiance I'll never be able to have, but if I did there would be hope for me."

"Well, why don't you get it?" she asked.

"Can't afford it. And anyway, you know how I live."

At the airport, just before Amelia boarded her plane, she quickly thrust the little casket at me. Back in the apartment—it had become both too empty and too close—I sat at the dining table as before a shrine, pretending the fruit was a crystal ball, even though away from the spotlight the radiance was dimmed and I could make out only multiplied, remote reflections of myself: I was shown only what was already the case. Eventually I ceased to see the apple, and one day as I swept past in a cape the thing rolled to the floor and the stem broke. I put it away in my closet.

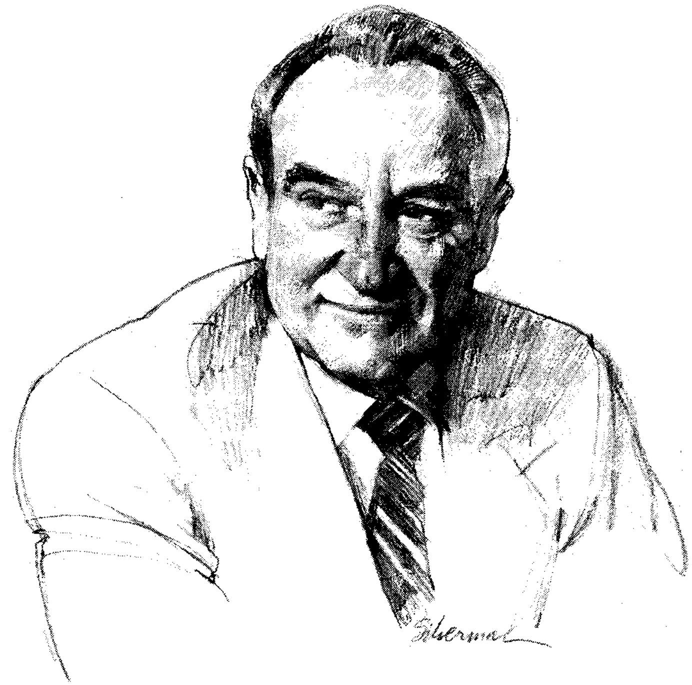
I CALL Amelia again to ask what she wants for a wedding gift, but there's no answer.

THE atmosphere in the car has changed. I can breathe. My mother is not smoking. My father's hands on the steering wheel are brown and knotted: this man, whoever he is, has lived. He abruptly begins to sing in a quavering, tuneless voice, "Oh Lydia Pinkham, Lydia Pinkham, I think, Ma'am, that you're holding that ba-by upside down." The only other time I've ever heard him sing—and it was the same song—was the morning of my own wedding.

—GWYNETH CRAVENS

PROFILES

THE ABSOLUTE BEGINNING



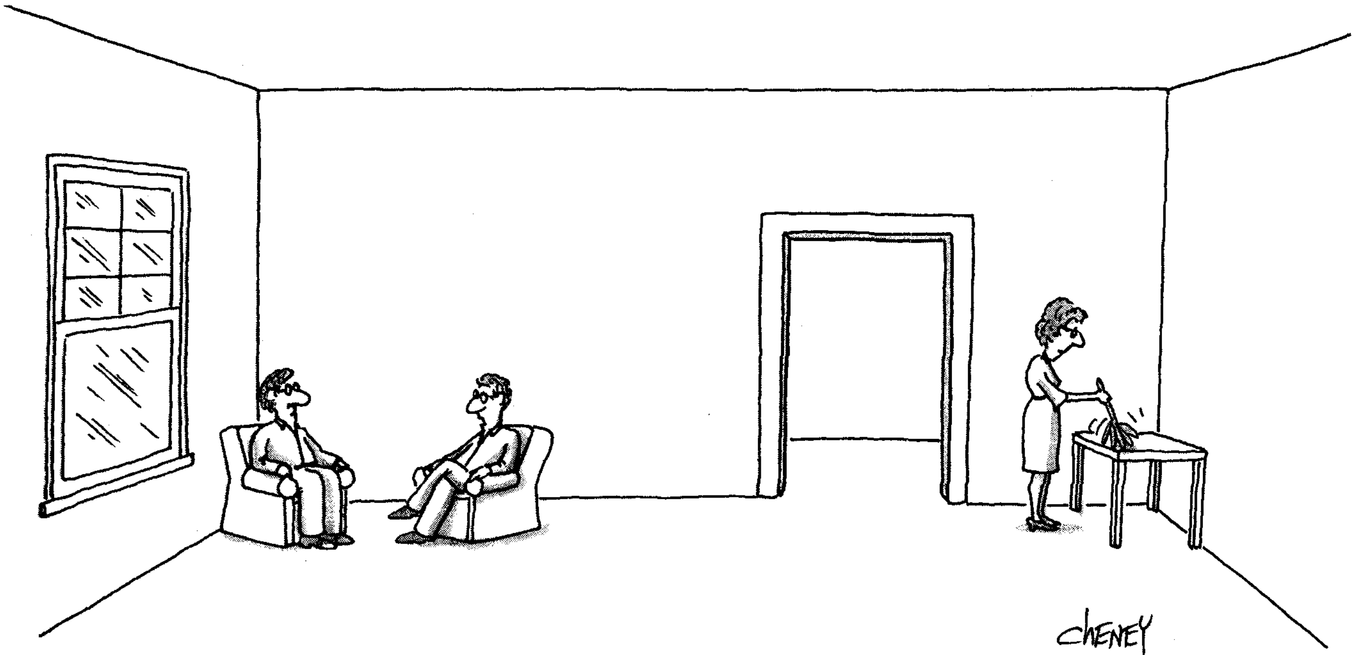
Dwayne Orville Andreas

ON May 2, 1918, Secretary of Agriculture David F. Houston issued a First World War circular titled "Use Soy-Bean Flour to Save Wheat, Meat, and Fat." There were recipes for victory bread, soybean meat loaf, and soybean-mush croquettes. Dwayne Orville Andreas—whom many observers of the agricultural scene, the *Times* would much later report, consider "the nation's grain trader nonpareil," and who would come to agree wholeheartedly, in time of peace no less than of war, with the Secretary's espousal of soybeans as a substitute for wheat in biscuits and for corn flour in griddle cakes—could not then read that manifesto; he was a not quite two-month-old infant, born to a Mennonite farm family outside Worthington, Minnesota. Eventually, Andreas, who is now the chief executive officer of the commodities multinational Archer Daniels Midland Company (in fiscal 1986, it had sales of over five billion dollars), would become known, not without good reason, as the Soybean King. The United States derives a larger dollar volume from soybean exports nowadays than from exports of, for instance, jet aircraft, and Andreas is ultimately responsible for processing more soybeans than any other individual in the country. In a spacious Decatur, Illinois, office, from which, when he is not in transit, he presides over the considerable fortunes of A.D.M. and a not inconsiderable fortune of his own, he displays, along with a replica of a Grant Wood depiction of a dozen or so threshers sitting down to eat, photographs of three of his post-farm friends: the President of the United States, the Pope, and the General Secretary of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. The *Wall Street Journal* recently suggested that Andreas, Armand Hammer notwithstanding, was becoming "Moscow's favorite American businessman."

Andreas has grown accustomed to gallivanting about—as often as not by private jet—in high-placed circles. Some of the clubs he belongs to in several cities normally take time to get into. Treating an out-of-towner to breakfast at New York City's Knickerbocker not long ago (comparable C.E.O.s often prefer to hold working breakfasts at the Regency or "21," so they can be seen inside and so their limousines can tie up traffic outside), Andreas remarked that he had just recently been admitted. On being asked if that had been a tedious procedure to go through, he said, "All I know is that Laurance Rockefeller had me over here for a drink one day, and the next thing I knew somebody told me I was a member." He may well be the only member ever to show up at the Knick, as he had that morning, toting a shopping bag full of comestibles that he wanted his companion to take away—samples of two food supplements for Third World children: a soy-protein-enriched cereal called Protinia and a soy-based milk substitute called Nutri-Bev. "Nutri-Bev isn't sold," Andreas said, a trace of passion infusing his usually gentle manner. "It comes in six flavors, and it's given away. A.D.M. has been doing research on it for twenty-five years, and now we're improving it even more, with fructose, because mouth feel is very important. Its cost is a tenth of that of milk, and it's nutritionally better. After all, some millions of people can't tolerate cows' milk. We've been frustrated every time we've tried to push this product. Do you realize that for a mere twenty-five billion dollars you could give a quart of this drink every day of the year to five hundred million people, and—presto!—you'd have the end of hunger? And there are enough soybeans in United States government storage right now to do the job. This is the most exciting long-range product we have. It's to milk what margarine turned out to be to butter. I draw some comfort from reminding myself that it took margarine twenty-five years to get off the ground."

Despite Andreas's acceptance by a variety of clubs—among them, the Links, in New York; the Blind Brook, in Westchester; the Union League, in Chicago; and the Minikahda, in Minneapolis—there remains in him something of a farm boy's conventional diffidence. Waiting, one evening in the spring of 1985, to deliver an off-the-cuff address (he had left the prepared text on his plane) to the White Burkett Miller Center of Public Affairs of the University of Virginia, of which he and also Cyrus Vance, Walter Cronkite, and a couple of dozen other such luminaries are National Associates, Andreas declared, "It occurred to me while I was sitting here that I'm about the only person in the room that I had never heard of before."

The following year, there was a testimonial dinner for the retiring Speaker of the House, Thomas P. O'Neill, at the Washington Hilton. It attracted, at a thousand dollars a plate for those who paid, two thousand well-wishers, not counting the flock of Secret Service operatives who attended Ronald Reagan when he materialized. The next day's Washington *Post* dutifully listed some of the other notables present—Gerald Ford, Bob Hope, Edward Kennedy, just about everybody anybody had ever heard of—but made no mention of the man who had put the whole bash together: Tip O'Neill's



"Martha hates clutter."

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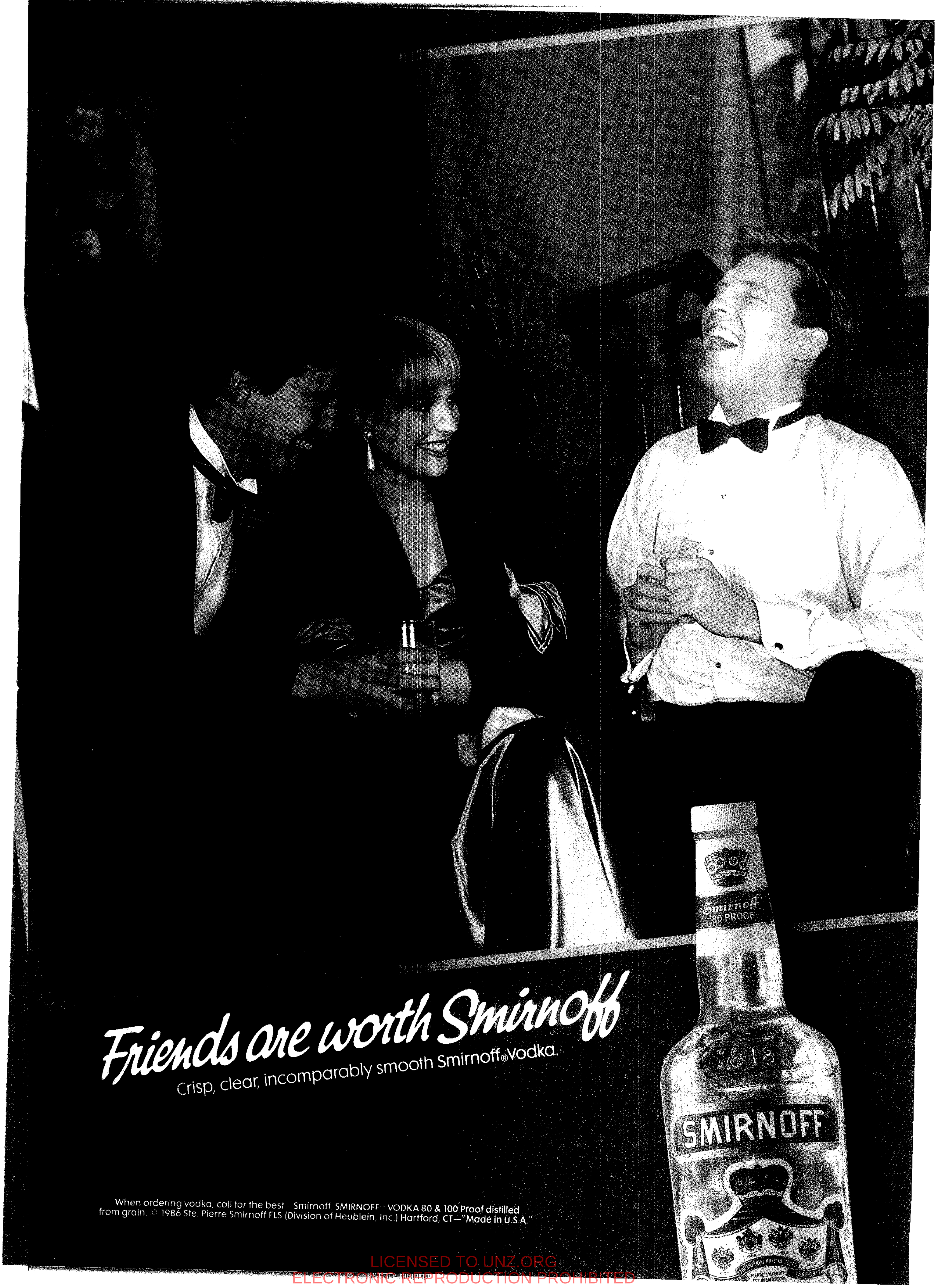
old crony and golfing buddy Dwayne Andreas, whom the guest of honor had felt moved to extol as "one of the most brilliant and successful people in America . . . one of the most brilliant people I've ever met in my life." (The first time they met, O'Neill said to Andreas, "You and I have climbed pretty far. Let's remember never to pull up the ladder against the people behind us.") Nor did any orator that evening choose to recall that when the Speaker was first introduced to Mikhail Gorbachev, the future General Secretary had said, pleasantly, "Oh, yes, Dwayne Andreas told me about you." One knowledgeable Washingtonian said recently, "I would guess that five to eight per cent of the people who run this town would know the name of, say, Malcolm Forbes. In Dwayne's case, it would probably be less than one-tenth of one per cent—which would be exactly the way he would want it. It's not so much whom he knows. It's that he knows whom in government to know, and in terms of being able to accomplish things where government plays a role his success rate must be phenomenal. He has an uncanny instinct about who or what is important. Also, he's a nice guy."

While Andreas is respectfully acknowledged by Gorbachev, and some two dozen other heads of state with whom he has dealt personally, to be one of the globe's preëminent agricultural processors and traders, he remains unfamiliar to most of his fellow-citizens because, for one thing, A.D.M. does not sell consumer goods under its own name. (If dog lovers want to believe that their pets' Alpo beef or turkey or liver consists mainly of those items instead of the mountains of soy protein that Alpo trucks line up at A.D.M. plants to engorge, so be it.) For another, when Andreas became head of the company, in 1966, one of his first moves was to get rid of its public-relations staff. Even the farm and business editor of Decatur's daily *Herald & Review* has had difficulty scheduling an audience with Andreas, who is the town's most consequential businessman, though by no means its most celebrated citizen. That distinction, most Decaturites would argue, must be accorded to baseball's Bill Madlock, now with the Los Angeles Dodgers.

Andreas's physical size may also contribute to his relative inconspicuousness. Slim and saturnine, standing five feet four inches, and weighing a hundred and thirty-seven pounds, he rather resembles a jockey, and an always nattily accoutred one—yes, even a pearl stickpin. (Size isn't everything: Andrew Carnegie was five-three and one-thirty.) Andreas is a bit of a health nut. He frowns upon golf carts and upon meals that do not include some dietary fibre. At his house in Decatur, he has a swimming pool incorporating a Jacuzzi with extra-powerful jets, against which he is often to be found hurling himself at five in the morning. Feeding pigs got him into the unbreakable habit of rising early. In 1952, when, at the age of thirty-four, Andreas made the first of many visits to the Soviet Union, a schoolgirl there refused to believe he was a capitalist, because, she said, he wasn't old enough or fat enough. Today, he possesses a golf handicap of twenty-one (or, according to a Midwestern joke, twenty-six: your handicap is the average number of full working days you put in each month), a stretch Rolls-Royce (at last report, he was giving it up, as too showy), and, among various other domiciles, two New York City apartments.

One of the apartments is on a lofty floor of the Waldorf Towers which is otherwise occupied by the United States Ambassador to the United Nations. Andreas got the opportunity to rent his acreage twenty-five years ago when the incumbent plenipotentiary, his friend Adlai Stevenson, heard that the space was available and didn't want some stranger poking about the corridors. When the Ambassador, whoever he is (currently, of course, Vernon Walters), is physically present, Andreas enjoys a perquisite shared by very few other New York apartment dwellers: State Department security vigilance. Some months ago, though, the soybean man concluded that there was too much traffic, however well policed, in and out of the area. Accordingly, while Andreas con-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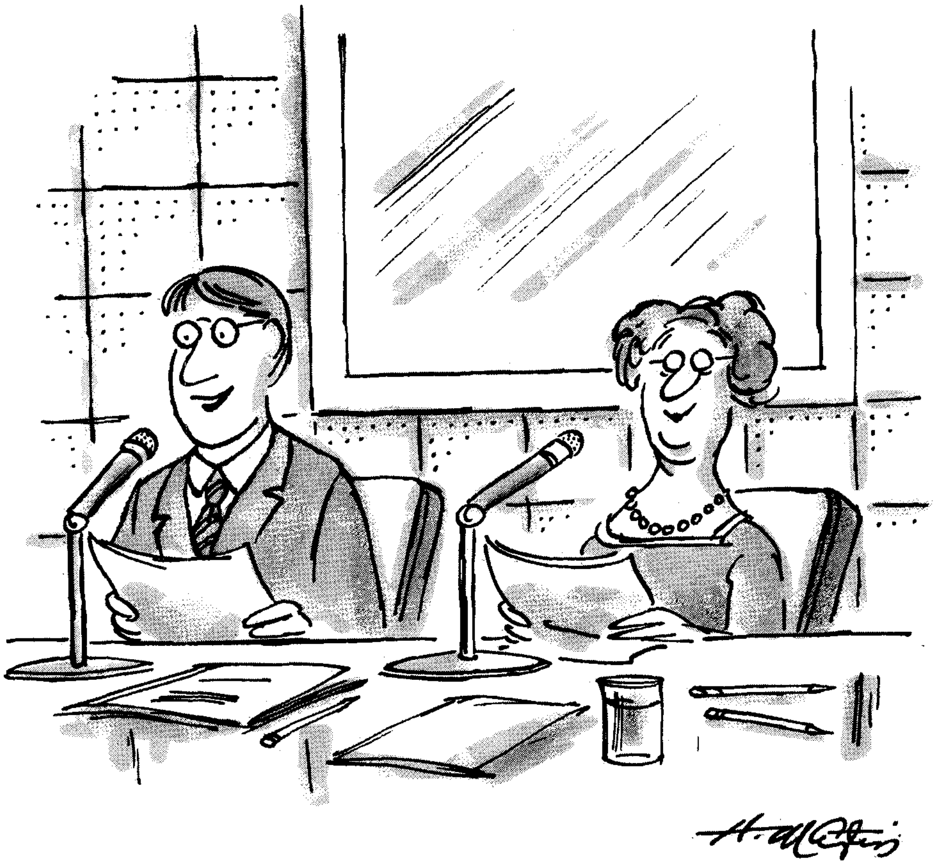


"It's six o'clock, Family Network time. And now, here's Mom with the news."

tinues to use the Waldorf apartment for some business breakfasts and as a place to house guests, and also as a storage space for the soy-based foodstuffs he likes to parcel out (one acquaintance left the Towers so laden with groceries that he feared he might be shunted to a freight elevator), he himself usually prefers to sleep, when he is in New York, at a Fifth Avenue apartment he acquired from Happy Rockefeller.

Somebody once asked Andreas if he knew Nelson Rockefeller. "I would naturally know Nelson," he replied. "How could I not know Nelson?" He used to play golf, out at Pocantico Hills, with Nelson and Laurance. Andreas was beguiled by the penchant of those two Rockefeller brothers for gambling with each other. In a somewhat inflated evocation of their dime-toting paternal grandfather's habits, they would tuck silver dollars in their pockets, bet on each hole, and pay off, as necessary, when the last putt was sunk on each green. After Nelson married Happy ("Everybody knows *her*, all over the world," Andreas has said), they bought an apartment on Fifth Avenue adjacent to one already owned by Nelson and broke through the dividing walls to splice them. The widowed Happy, having no need for all that space, had the gap resealed and, in 1982, sold one of the apartments to Andreas. The following year, she became a member of his A.D.M. board. For her directorial services, she receives twenty-five thousand dollars a year, and if assigned to enough A.D.M. committees she could stretch that to sixty-five thousand, which she may not need: at last report, she owned three thousand seven hundred and ninety-one of its shares, worth just under seventy thousand dollars. (Andreas, whose fiscal 1986 A.D.M. salary was eight hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars, owned seven million six hundred and thirty-eight thousand and eighty-seven shares, worth just over a hundred and forty million dollars.) Mrs. Rockefeller has been conscientious about making the trip to rural Illinois for board meetings. After Andreas took her along on one such occasion to a party at the home of Decatur's leading banker, the host, whose family has been around Decatur so long that when General Grant stopped by its post office the banker's grandmother sat on his lap, said afterward, "Getting a chance to talk to people you'd normally never get to meet in a million years—Bob Dole, Andy Young, Chinese and Indians, even Happy herself—these are the fun things that happen when you know Dwayne Andreas."

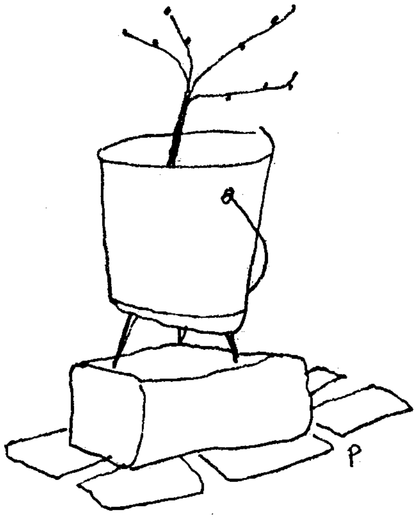
Andreas commutes among his various domiciles, as a rule, by his favorite among A.D.M.'s private aircraft, a Falcon jet that will comfortably seat nine. He uses that one almost exclusively for domestic flights; for longer jaunts, there is always the Concorde. He used to be a pilot himself, just before the Second World War, when he was a fledgling seed salesman and would hop about calling on prospects. He was persuaded to give up piloting when an Ercoupe he was manhandling got caught up in some newly strung telephone wires and plopped, more or less gently, to the ground.

For stops in New York, Andreas favors the Teterboro, New Jersey, air terminal, which has good facilities for servicing Falcons. Also, LaGuardia doesn't always have last-minute berths available for people who fly about on short notice. "If I knew a day ahead where I was going to be, I wouldn't need a private plane," Andreas says. It takes his Falcon just over two hours to make one of his frequent flights between Decatur and Miami, and, inasmuch as there is a one-hour time difference, he can leave a home of his at Bal Harbour at six o'clock on Monday morning and be at his Illinois office by seven-thirty—before many of his employees turn up. Wherever he is, he can make do without much obvious sleep, one reason being that he has cultivated the knack, in the course of the innumerable banquets his position has obliged him to attend, of closing his eyes and napping without snoring, or even letting his chin drop. Travelling in either direction, Andreas generally devotes much of his air time to phone calls, which are easier to make in the sky than to receive. "To get a couple of hours like that in a cubicle is a godsend," he says, adding, "Most of my work is done on the telephone, so it doesn't much matter where I am."

Andreas probably generates less outgoing business correspondence than almost any other corporation executive. At a meeting of soybean-industry chieftains one time, it was suggested that somebody ought to write a letter to somebody about something, and that Andreas, considering his exalted reputation, would be just the person to do it. Andreas declined. "I've known the fellow for ten years, but I've never written a letter in my life," he said. "If you write a letter, you need a secretary, and if you have a secretary you need a file, and if you have a file the government wants to look at it." (He was, of course, exaggerating; he once wrote a long and thoughtful letter to a woman who thought she had devised a new way to feed soybeans to pets.) For one biennial edition, Andreas was dropped from *Who's Who in America*, apparently because there didn't seem to be anybody around his inner sanctum who was prepared to respond to its requests for a biographical update. He seems at times not to need files, in any event. Asked once how many soybeans the Russians had been buying lately, he meditated for an instant and replied, "One million eight hundred thousand tons up to three o'clock yesterday afternoon." Some of his six-figure senior executives share secretaries. His incumbent A.D.M. president, James R. Randall, whose annual salary is more than five hundred thousand dollars, has said to an inquisitive outsider, "People around here make money instead of writing reports or going to meetings." Randall, who came to A.D.M. in 1968, likes to be at his Decatur desk by six-thirty every morning. By nine, he will have conversed—not corresponded—with his ten division managers, all of whom are stationed within shouting distance. He comes in on weekends, and he does not consider his job onerous. Says Randall, who while he was in high school ran his sick father's farm and while he was in college toiled nights in a box factory and weekends at a garage, "I've *never* worked at A.D.M. This is a game."

At Bal Harbour's Sea View Hotel, in which Andreas has owned several apartments, including a penthouse, since 1951, his neighbors' poolside cabañas have telephones. Andreas's has two phones. He has long felt uneasy whenever there was none within reach. In Minneapolis, some forty years ago, he was among the first residents to boast a phone in his automobile. When he was calling at somebody's house, he would pull up outside and ring up to announce his arrival. He disdains to ride on a golf cart but usually has one along on the course to transport one of his phones. When he inadvertently left it in his limousine one day, his whole game suffered. That was too bad, because few amateur golfers have ever striven more resolutely toward self-improvement. Back in Minnesota, Andreas lived for a while beside Lake Minnetonka. He had a putting green installed on a spit of land that jutted into the water (there was a phone on a nearby tree and another on the family speedboat), and with a 9-iron he would chip hundreds of balls toward it and would then conscientiously hole out. When his only son, Michael, was ten or so, Andreas paid him a nickel a ball to dive in and retrieve wayward shots. "That's how he learned to play golf," says Michael, who further asserts that his father would sometimes chip a thousand balls at a clip—though at one every thirty seconds that would come to more than eight straight hours of chipping, and putting out be damned. The senior Andreas puts the figure, more believably, at a mere five hundred. In any event, during a run-of-the-mill week for him but a good one for Michael—who graduated from Northwestern in 1970 and now, at thirty-eight, earns well over three hundred thousand dollars a year as a group vice-president and a director at A.D.M., and owns some twenty-five million dollars' worth of its stock—the lad could count on ending up with at least five dollars.

According to Michael Andreas, he is "the only guy around who always knows where Dad is and what he's up to." Andreas *fils* once told a visitor to Decatur, "We don't have any organization chart or chain of command. If a guy from General Motors ever came to work here, where you have to make decisions in a hurry—the wrong guess about the market can lose you millions of dollars in a day—he'd be shocked. If our corn man gets involved with beans, or our beans man with barges, that's fine with everybody. This is a company of Indian trails. Nobody not in the grain business can really have any idea how it works. I've been in it for more than fifteen years, and I'm beginning to learn it. It's a kind of fraternity. It's important to keep things secret, but I know of no case where anybody actually has spied on anybody. All our trading is done on the phone, and your word is your bond. When people come here for the first time and ask for instructions, I simply tell them to sit back, keep their eyes and ears open, and learn the Indian trails." He himself learned them in part, as a small boy, by crawling around his father's knees while Dwayne was working at home on the phone.



Michael Andreas paused, and then said, "As a mother tends to relate things that happen to her to her children, so does my father relate everything he does—including, I guess, child-raising—to his business, and to trading. He's partial to golf because when he's out on a course he doesn't think of himself as playing a game—he's negotiating his way into the hole."

Andreas likes to tee off at seven in the morning, unless the sun is inconveniently unrisen. He plays fast, and by starting then he can finish in time to put in a decent day's work and keep his jocular handicap aloft. At Decatur one recent Friday afternoon, he phoned James W. Stowell, one of his vice-presidents, and suggested a round the following morning. Stowell, knowing what that entailed, suppressed a groan and said by all means. He was relieved to learn later that evening that plans had presumably changed. Andreas had had a sudden invitation to dine, in Washington, D.C., with his longtime friend Robert S. Strauss, a former chairman of the Democratic National Committee and, since 1981, an A.D.M. board member. (Strauss, who has probably known just about everyone who matters, once described Andreas to the Washington *Post* unreservedly as "the ablest man in America.") Surely, Stowell reasoned, he could now skip the dawn's early light. He reasoned wrong. Andreas flew to the capital, dined, flew back to Decatur, arriving at one in the morning, and was on the first tee taking practice whacks, as usual, at six-fifty-nine.

FOR many years, one of Andreas's most faithful golfing companions was Thomas E. Dewey. The twice unsuccessful Republican nominee for

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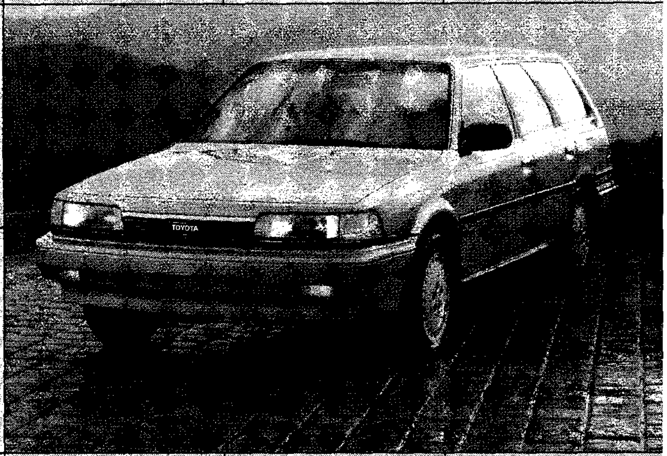

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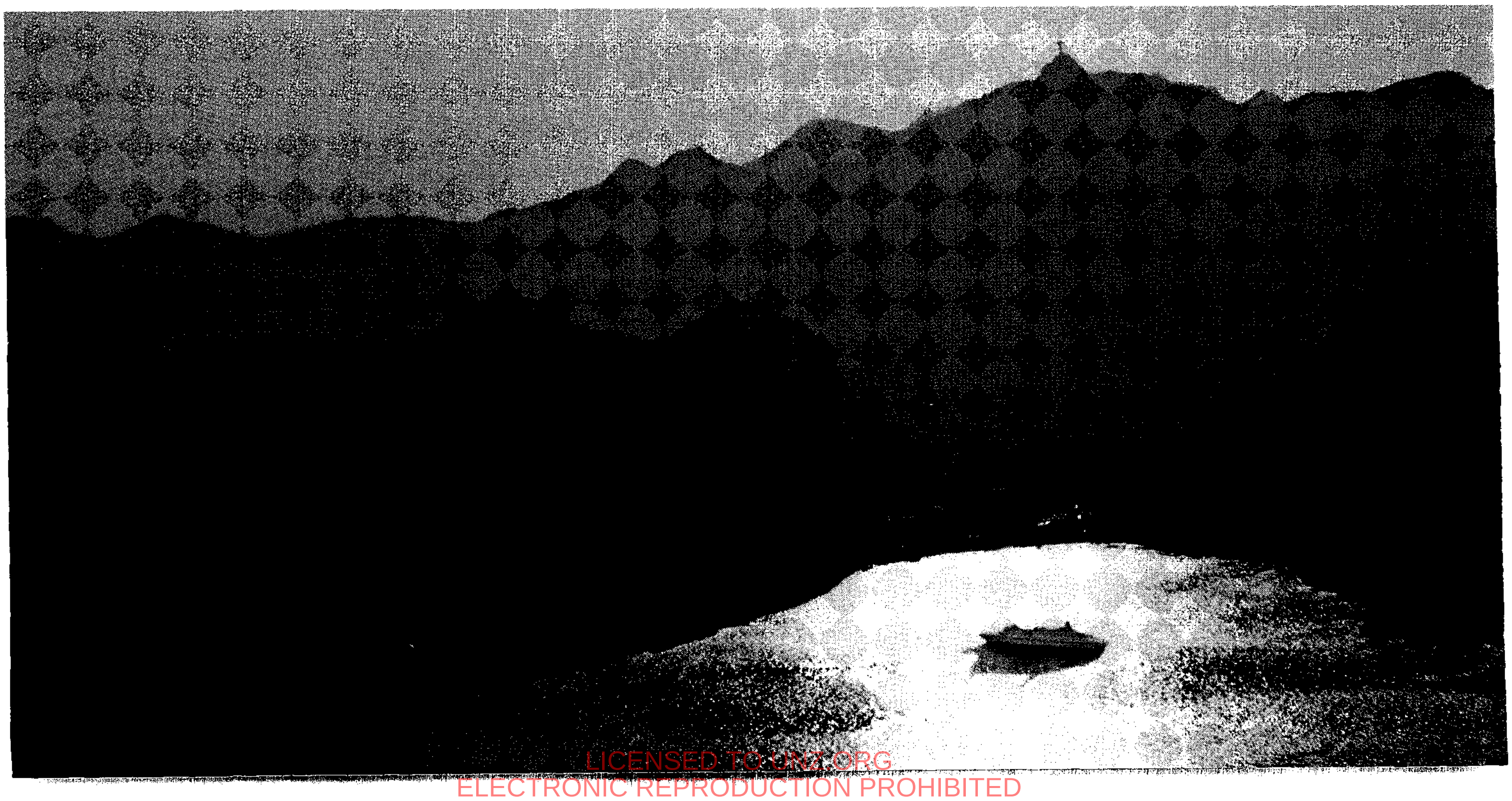
President became Andreas's personal attorney after quitting politics and going into private law practice. The two had met back in the nineteen-fifties. Andreas was an enterprising commodities trader; Dewey, sixteen years older, was governor of New York. They hit it off from the outset. Dewey quickly endeared himself to his new young friend by telling him that he had played host to a much publicized gubernatorial lunch at Albany with an all-soybean menu and, further, by decreeing that soybeans were to constitute an ingredient of all bread baked for consumption in state prisons. He was in due course suitably rewarded for his efforts: Andreas arranged for him to become special counsel to the National Soybean Processors Association. (Some say that its acquisition of Dewey as a spokesman had to be rated almost on a par with its espousal of getting the beany flavor out of soy milk.) In that capacity, Dewey went to Spain at one point—Andreas at his side—partly to try to persuade Generalissimo Franco to do away with one of that nation's cherished traditions, which was to tolerate no cooking with any oil other than olive oil. (The petitioners were abetted by a somewhat mysterious middleman—a Catholic layman, J. M. Barturen, who later had a hand in restoring the monarchy to the Spanish throne, and through whose further good offices a number of members of the Spanish royal family have availed themselves of Andreas's agreeable Bal Harbour hospitality.) Dewey and Andreas were persuasive; within ten years of their call on the Generalissimo, Spaniards had become one of the largest importers of soybeans on earth.

Andreas and Dewey travelled around the world together a couple of times, mixing business and pleasure. They fished together in Newfoundland, and they played golf together, by Andreas's generous reckoning, five thousand times. (That would come to a round every day, rain or shine, for more than thirteen years.) Many of these divot-digging sorties occurred at Andreas's Florida country club, the Indian Creek, an enclave so sweepingly protected that one of the hazards is hitting a security-patrol car. The fatal heart attack that struck Dewey in March of 1971, at Sea View, occurred shortly after he and Andreas had finished a companionable round. Andreas—along with Lucius Clay, Herbert Brownell, George Gallup, and more than a dozen other eminences—was an honorary pallbearer at Dewey's funeral.

Close as Andreas was to Dewey, he was far closer to another illustrious also-ran, Hubert H. Humphrey. Humphrey once had a jeweller fashion just three brooches in the form of his Vice-Presidential seal—one for Dwayne's wife and one for each of their two daughters. If Humphrey had been elected President, Andreas would probably have had his pick of Cabinet posts or embassies. Walter F. Mondale, who, like Humphrey, hails from Minnesota, and who was in a position to know, once said, "Hubert had a million friends. Dwayne was his best friend." Tip O'Neill, for his part, has said of Andreas, with perhaps a twinge of envy, "Hubert was his first love." The *Daily Worker*, for *its* part, once headlined an anti-Humphrey diatribe "MEET SIR HUBERT, VASSAL OF SOYBEAN KING." During much of Humphrey's 1968 Presidential campaign against Richard Nixon, Andreas ignored just about all phone calls except those having to do with raising funds—at that he seemed to have no peer—for his avowed candidate. (He

Rio by night. Amazon by Indian
The Southern Americas by Roya



gave so much in such unorthodox fashion that he was indicted—though ultimately acquitted—for skirting federal campaign-contribution rules. He was further embarrassed in 1972 when a cash contribution he had made to the Nixon campaign turned up in the bank account of a Watergate burglar. Humphrey, who at the time of that disclosure was once again seeking the Democratic nomination and had himself received seventy-five thousand dollars from Andreas, said graciously, when he heard the news, "Let's put it this way: Dwayne has friends in both parties.") Andreas, who had known the eventual winner since Nixon's Vice-Presidential days, back in the fifties, believes that one of his nonmonetary, nonpartisan contributions to the 1968 campaign was to prevail on the staffs of both principals to eschew derogatory personal attacks and counterattacks. "There were a few occasions when sparks began to fly, and I helped a little bit to pour a little water on the fire," he says. "Tom Dewey once said of that election, incidentally, that America was very fortunate, in that Nixon and Humphrey were probably the two best-qualified candidates to oppose each other in the history of our nation. Both had been Vice-President, both had served in the Senate, both were students of history, and both had travelled the world. Tom would hold two fingers up, parallel, slightly ajar, and then say that whichever man got to the Oval Office, when it came to foreign policy he would move in the direction of the other until there was practically no space left between them."

Andreas first met Humphrey, casually, in 1945, when Humphrey was mayor of Minneapolis. Three years later, Humphrey was running for the Senate, and his public-relations man, a journalist named Dan Brennan, was surprised when Andreas strolled into a campaign office and handed over a thousand dollars, in cash. "In those days, anybody who gave fifty bucks to a senatorial candidate felt he had a right to sit in his lap," Brennan said years afterward. "A thousand bucks was one hell of a big contribution, and Dwayne didn't even ask to shake hands. When I gave the money to Hubert, he was aghast. 'Who is this guy?' he asked. Dwayne was kind of a mystery man in those days." Nearly twenty years after thus flacking for Hubert Horatio Humphrey, Brennan delivered himself of a roman à clef, "The President's Right Hand," featuring a senator named Malcolm Milton Molander and a soybean magnate named Gaskin St. Claire, who was short and slim and dark. Because Brennan somehow had the impression that Andreas's immediate forebears hailed from Lebanon, St. Claire was also of Lebanese descent. In the novel, a high-priced call girl, in bed with a rival commodities trader, asks him what line of work he is in anyway, and when the client says "Soybeans" she says, "I can't stand any kind of beans. Ugh."

Andreas and Humphrey became intimate friends. So did their wives. So did their children. Humphrey was Michael Andreas's godfather. Michael and his contemporary Douglas Humphrey were Senate pages together as teenagers. At times, their fathers seemed all but inseparable; by Andreas's computation, they took a dozen or so trips abroad together over the years. Andreas liked to describe his role on these journeys as Humphrey's "extra pair of eyes and ears." After Humphrey became Vice-President, in 1965, he inevitably travelled with an entourage, and there was always an

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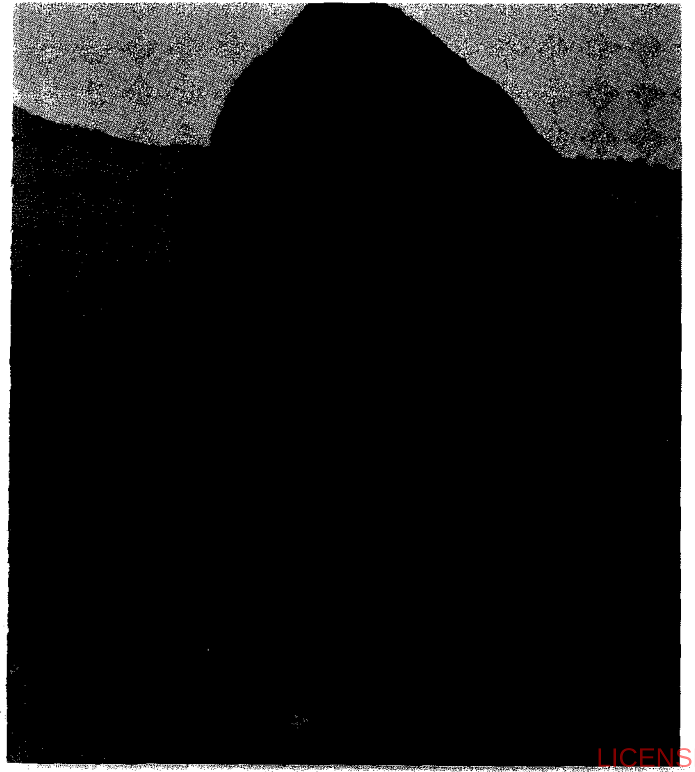

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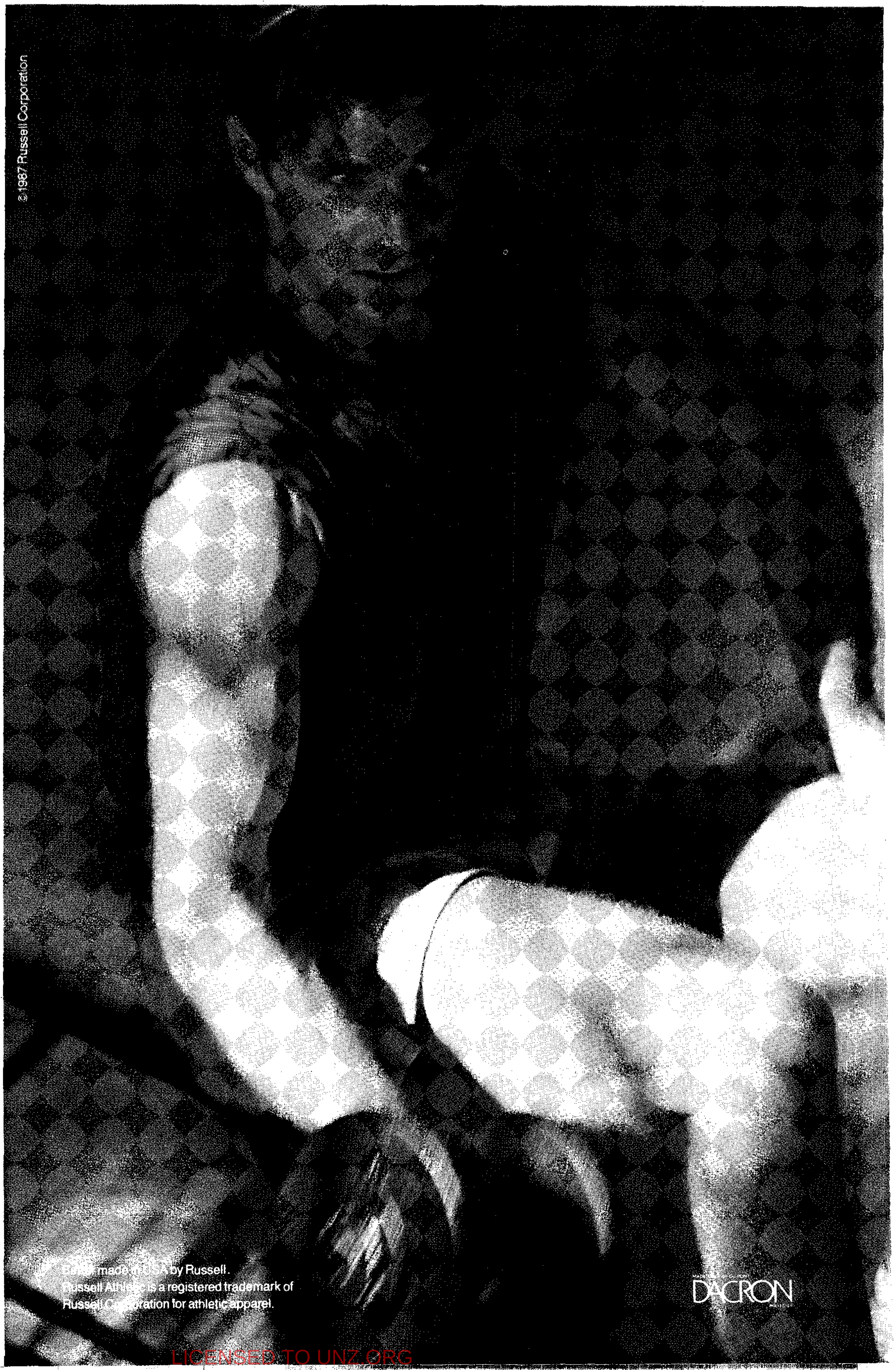

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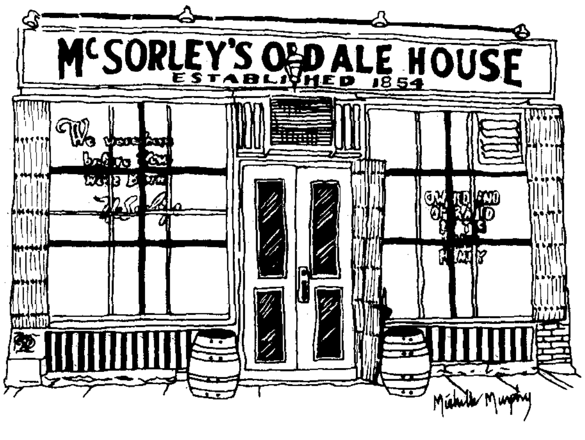
accompanying manifest, for the convenience of hosts and hostesses having to arrange banquet-table placements and the like. Humphrey had Andreas designated thereon as "personal friend," thus insuring that, by some arcane protocolary fiat, he would be accorded status superior to that of much of the rest of the party. "When Hubert was new to the Senate, I would take him to places like Switzerland and Germany, and London, and educate him about things like foreign exchange and the interlocking relationships of currencies," Andreas says. "But then he became a *senior* senator, and afterward *he* took *me*. Oh, God, we saw a lot of people! There were Adenauer and Erhard, Harold Wilson, de Gaulle, Tito, Sukarno, Suharto, Mobutu, Haile Selassie, and all the rest. And it was because of Hubert that Harry Truman once sent me to Argentina to look into the postwar bilateral trade in certain strategic materials. Nothing much came of that particular mission, but I did get to dine with the Peróns. That Evita was a beautiful woman. As a boy, I'd had to go to revival meetings, and you know who it was she reminded me of? Aimee Semple McPherson! There was this new oilseed plant dedicated, and Evita made a speech, and I said to myself while listening, 'Wow! If she were an American politician!' With Hubert in Vietnam once, in the fall of 1967, after the usual high-level meeting with, in this instance, Nguyen Van Thieu, Hubert took off in one helicopter and I was told to board another one, with a Vietnamese pilot, who, it developed, didn't know a word of English. We were all supposed to rendezvous on an aircraft carrier. I ended up—only temporarily, thank heaven—at an American jungle base so secret it didn't show on any map. Meanwhile, I heard later, Hubert was storming around the carrier deck yelling, 'Where the hell is Dwayne?' I did get a chance to look at some paddies, though. One of my principal objectives, that trip, was to talk to indigenous rice merchants. They quickly disillusioned me about our presence in Vietnam. We'd been sending in rice to be sold to South Vietnamese farmers at a so-called controlled price. Well, it seemed that the North Vietnamese and the Vietcong would come along and pay them much more for native rice, and would then sell it for even more than *that* to Indonesians and use the proceeds to buy arms, and then we'd have to send more rice to fill the gap."

A Vice-Presidential swing around a part of Africa once took Humphrey and his personal friend to eight countries. Upon meeting some of their leaders, Andreas reluctantly concluded that when it came to regional afflictions megalomania was an even more debilitating disease than malaria. After one audience with a certain President, Andreas had appraised him as "a Spartan middle-aged Socialist of great and unshakable convictions," but he backtracked when that African, the beneficiary of more than a hundred million dollars in United States aid money, seemed to be allocating most of it to the construction of three new Presidential palaces.

Calling on President Nasser one time in Cairo, Humphrey and Andreas asked him what he thought was best and worst about the existing American foreign-aid programs. Nasser said he was hesitant to answer, because what he believed was best involved the smallest amount of money. The free meals provided in a school-lunch program, he explained, constituted the most effective bait he knew of to entice children, and their parents, to a spot where they could be introduced to such concomitant essentials of a better life as literacy, vaccinations, and birth control. Both Humphrey and Andreas took copious notes on most of their travels together, sometimes in the form of a dialogue—an interview, say, with Andreas the questioner and Humphrey the respondent. "When we got back home from a Vice-Presidential trip, we would normally make recommendations to Lyndon Johnson," Andreas said. "With respect to that African trip, the recommendations had to be gloomy. Wherever we went, the national leaders seemed to have been educated in Europe and influenced by the socialist leanings of the London School of Economics. They all wanted to industrialize when what they should have been doing was increasing the production of food. They were trying to nationalize industries that hadn't yet come into being. I urged them, while I was there, to wait fifty years and then take over, but nobody was listening. So they were all going for an office building and an airline and a steel mill when what they needed was a food program, to get the level of diet raised, and, at the same time, a crash program in agricultural technology. We could set those up for them, I told them, in collaboration with the Israelis. We could assure them one good hot meal including soy protein and grain per day for fifty cents per capita, which would increase I.Q.s by one-third, and would make people four to five inches taller and twenty to twenty-five pounds heavier, and thus capable of more sustained work. A Norwegian cement company that built a plant in Ghana did provide its workers with such a meal, and got them up an average of thirty pounds in eighteen months. When people can gain that much, you know that previously they were starved. Food is fuel. You can't run a tractor without fuel, and you can't run a human being without it, either. Food is the absolute beginning. It may not be the end, but it sure as hell is the beginning."

Not long ago, Andreas said, "Hubert Humphrey was an unusual man in many ways. He could read a book and digest it in one short plane flight. He had an extraordinary respect for brains. One of his strengths was that he knew how to deal with both Republicans and Southern Democrats. When the history of his period is written, Hubert will emerge like Henry Clay. He knew how to compromise, and to do it without confrontation. He was always looking for things that two sides could agree on." When the Hubert H. Humphrey Institute of Public Affairs was established, in 1977, at the University of Minnesota, one of the first checks received to sustain it was for a thousand dollars, delivered by Dwayne Andreas, from Richard Nixon. Henry Clay would surely have approved. Later that year, with Humphrey gravely ill, Senator Robert Dole, who, of course, is a Republican, had as much as anyone to do with getting a new Health and Human Services headquarters



building in Washington named after his longtime colleague across the Capitol aisle. A Humphrey portrait by Charles Levitan, on loan from the artist, was duly hung inside. In 1981, Levitan asked the Administration—by now a Reagan one—either to return the portrait or to buy it, for a reasonable three thousand dollars. Someone in the department balked, so Andreas got together with an old friend, John G. McMillian, of the Northwest Pipeline Corporation, and they paid for it and donated it to the nation. Humphrey died in January of 1978. Andreas persuaded his widow to invite Nixon to the funeral. The only time one of Andreas's daughters ever saw her father cry was at that ceremony.

WHEN Dwight Eisenhower was in the White House, he wanted to send several million dollars in food aid to left-wing Poland, but he didn't want right-wing Republicans to nag him about the donation, and he wanted it to be endorsed by the Democrats and also by the Catholic Church. More than that, he wanted Humphrey to support it on the Senate floor. He also asked Humphrey to go—with Andreas in tow, as so often—to Poland and to the Vatican to lay some groundwork. "It was all just simple politics," Andreas said afterward. No matter what friendships he cultivates and relishes, he himself tries to shy away from being taken for a politician. "I've never been uncomfortable with either Republicans or Democrats, because I've never attempted to do anything political," he says. "In any event, in the farm economy right-wingers and left-wingers and middle-of-the-roaders are all sort of mixed up, in a populist sense. Oh, there's a common enemy—two common enemies, actually. But they're not Democrats or Republicans. They're interest rates and depressed prices. Weather is not an enemy. Weather is something you can't do anything about. With the two real enemies, you think there *ought* to be something you could do, and when you're riding on your tractor you don't get mad at politicians—you think about *them* and get mad."

In 1952, when Andreas, who was then a vice-president of the enormous commodities firm of Cargill, Inc., first visited the then Stalinist Soviet Union (he claims to be one of the earliest Americans to be granted a visa specifically for the purpose of conducting business there), he ran into the Soviet Minister of Trade, Anastas Mikoyan, at an international fair in Moscow. Mikoyan said the Soviet Union was in dire need of fats and cooking oils and might be interested in buying some American linseed or cottonseed or soybean oil. Back home, not too long afterward, Andreas got to thinking about that, and then about butter. "We had so much butter on our hands—about two hundred and fifty million pounds of it—that it was almost a scandal," he says. He knew that President Eisenhower had declared that it would be better for his countrymen to sell butter cheap than to let it spoil. (Eisenhower had also told Andreas, "I think someday we'll start selling food, on a commercial basis, to all the Communist countries.") Andreas proceeded cautiously. He broached the matter to Richard Nixon, and the Vice-President said butter was indeed the ticket. Why? "McCarthy won't oppose you," Nixon said. "He's from Wisconsin." And Senator Joseph McCarthy did promise Andreas that he wouldn't publicly attack any snuggling up to the Communists as long as dairy products were involved. President Eisenhower, for his part, told Andreas, "I'm for selling them anything they can't shoot back."

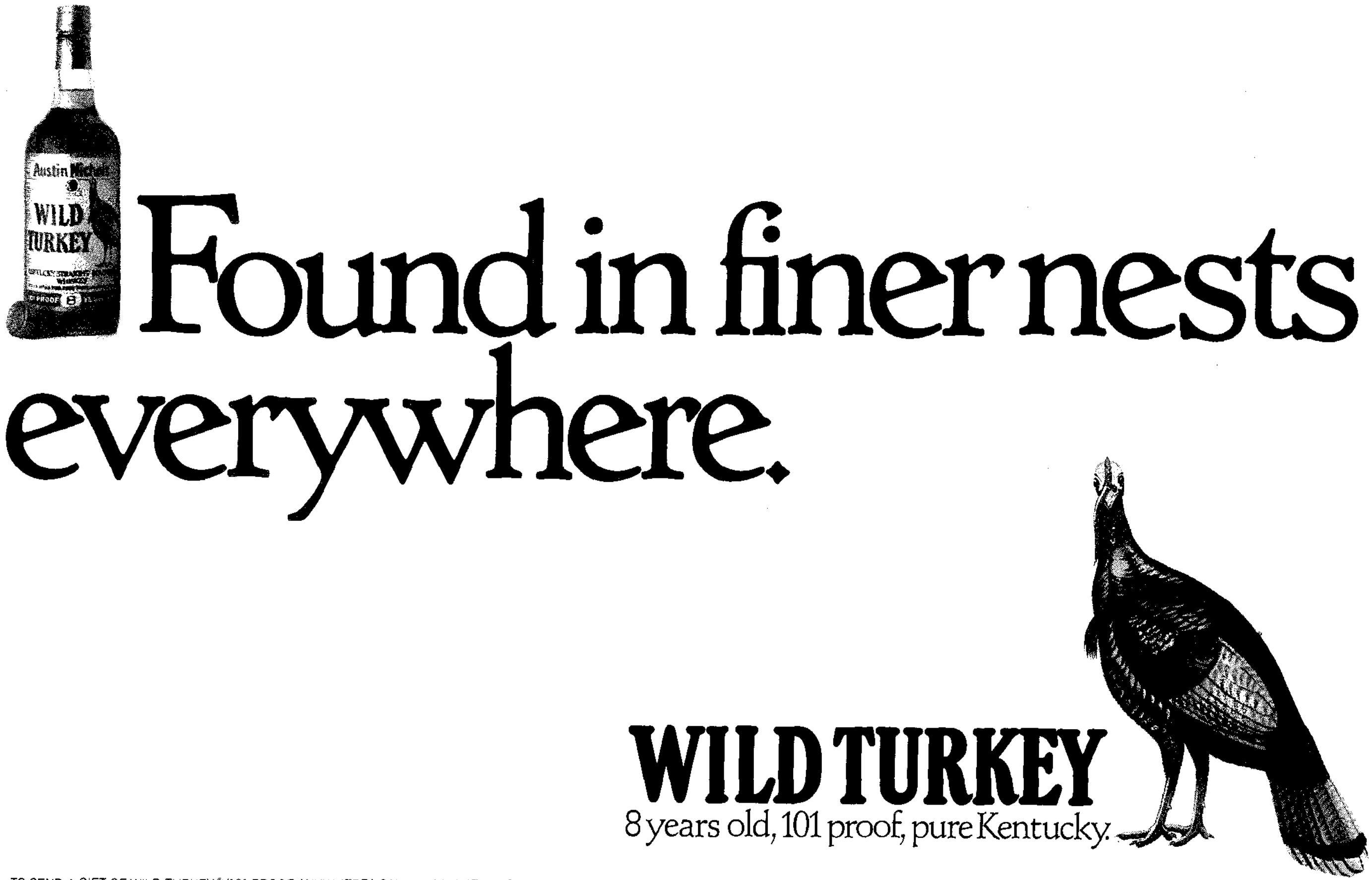
A deal was eventually put together involving a hundred and fifty million pounds of butter and an equal amount of cottonseed oil. The cost to the Russians would have been a hundred and eighty-five million dollars, or just about a hundred times the value of all United States exports to the Soviet Union for the entire year ending September 30, 1953. The only hitch was that Andreas and his associates would need an export license, which had to be granted by the Department of Commerce, whose incumbent Secretary, Sinclair Weeks, had a mind of his own. Weeks let it be known through the press that if the plan was consummated Russians would be paying less for American butter than American housewives were. "Of course, the housewife buying her butter at the corner grocery for eighty cents a pound was paying about a third more than the world wholesale market price," Andreas said afterward. "But the Russians weren't expecting to buy their butter in quarter-pound packages." (The Soviet housewife of the era was paying thirteen rubles a pound—the equivalent of three dollars and twenty-five cents.) When Secretary Weeks balked at a license, there were few protests—the Cold War was flourishing—from anyone of consequence in the Administration, above or below him. Andreas shrugged, and instructed his traders in Rotterdam to sell the Russians cottonseed and linseed oil from wherever they could obtain it.

IN October of 1960, just before John F. Kennedy was elected President, Andreas wrote to him, "I think the next President of the United States and the next administrator [of foreign aid] should inaugurate a program of buying soybean oil and cottonseed oil and lard for relief feeding abroad, and I would do this before harvest time, when the farmers have soybeans to sell." Kennedy took him up on that, and he also appointed Andreas to something called the American Food for Peace Council. Lyndon Johnson, after he succeeded to the White House, put Andreas on a General Advisory Committee on Foreign Assistance and once sent him to West Germany to warn Ludwig Erhard, then the Chancellor, that a European Economic Community tariff on American chickens would be unwelcome. Johnson told Andreas to remind Erhard that United States foreign-aid appropriations had to clear the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, and that J. William Fulbright, its chairman, came from Arkansas, a big chicken state. "Erhard looked me right in the eye," Andreas recalls, "and he said, 'Dwayne, you go back and tell the President that my farmers vote, too.' "

Johnson, who rarely used one syllable where two would do, always pronounced the name "Dee-wayne." The story goes that someone interrupted a Cabinet meeting once to say there was an urgent phone call for Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman. The President glowered. Who on earth would have the effrontery? Dwayne Andreas was on the line, the courier said. Johnson beamed. "Oh, say hello to Dee-wayne for me," he told the departing Freeman. When Johnson was nominated for a full term—at Atlantic City, on August 26, 1964—he phoned Andreas, in New York City, at five-forty-five the next morning and told him to meet the Presidential airplane in half an hour and fly, with Johnson and Vice-Presidential nominee Humphrey, to the L.B.J. Ranch, in Texas. It seemed that Johnson anticipated some opposition to his election from organized farm groups, and wanted Andreas, starting right away, to neutralize them. Andreas remembers his instructions from the President as simple and succinct: "Tell them to stop squealing and shut up, and to let us win. Eight weeks of silence—that's all I ask for."

During the Johnson years, Andreas, on a couple of sorties to Brazil, ended up disappointed. Brazil is an estimable place for the tillage of soybeans. Parts of it lie at the same latitude below the equator as the splendid croplands of Manchuria and Illinois do above it. For several years, the Agency for International Development had run an experimental program in northeastern Brazil to learn what effect an infusion of soybeans into children's diets might have on juvenile development. The results had been heartening: a twenty-three-per-cent improvement in growth, a twenty-five-per-cent improvement in the ability to pass tests. Andreas went to Rio de Janeiro soon afterward for a meeting with Brazilian officials. Brazil hadn't yet embarked on large-scale cultivation, but Andreas was told that if he would build a soybean-processing plant there they would mandate the inclusion of a minimum of five per cent of the legume in all indigenous bread. Andreas began to put up a processing plant, but when it was just about finished the mandate was cancelled—after complaints, he heard later, from local wheat-flour mills and a few other parties who felt themselves threatened. "I'm kind of a trusting fellow, and I took the officials at their word," he said later. "I'm usually considered not a bad salesman, what's more, but maybe that one time I oversold them." He was further hoping—also in vain—to have his pet Nutri-Bev produced there commercially. "I've been frustrated every time I've tried to make it," he says. "We always lose money on it. Only a little, fortunately, so it doesn't hurt too much."

Through Dewey, Andreas had become acquainted with the legendary shipping magnate Daniel K. Ludwig, who is habitually described as enigmatic or reclusive or some such. "People seem to think of D.K. as a kind of tough old mystery man, but he's really very pleasant," Andreas says. Ludwig had obtained rights to farm a vast area in the Amazon jungle, and Andreas accompanied him down to Brazil to appraise the holdings. Ludwig had it in mind to produce palm oil and rice. "The problem, once again, was that the government was all smiles while Ludwig was putting in money, but once it was in they began to turn hostile," Andreas says. Andreas never finished college, but he can display as much erudition as any C.E.O. "Those who fail to learn from history are doomed to repeat it," he says, echoing Santayana. All in all, he appears to have been rather a good sport about Brazil. At any rate, he accepted an invitation from the White House to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break bread—soy content, if any, unspecified—with President Jose Sarney, its reigning chief of state, one evening this past September.

Nowadays, Brazil is a prodigious exporter of processed soybeans. (It subsidizes its growers and pays for the subsidies, in large part, with loans from the United States.) Brazil got into soybeans in a big way early in President Nixon's abbreviated second term. In 1973, a poor American harvest seemed likely, which would raise the price of soybeans and thus of livestock feed. Nixon was persuaded to put an embargo on soybean exports. Japan, which had been importing seven hundred million dollars' worth of soybeans from the States annually, had to turn elsewhere, and it turned to Brazil. Naturally, Andreas was not pleased by the embargo, and he generally takes a dim view of all such restraints on his particular kind of trade. Their friendship of more than twenty years nevertheless persisted, and in 1984 it was in part responsible for Nixon's agreeing to answer questions in public at one of the dinner meetings of the Economic Club of New York, of which Andreas became chairman the following year. Another reason for the ex-President's choosing that institution, which Wendell Willkie once called this country's "foremost nonpartisan forum," was that it had attracted such previous speakers as Churchill, Eisenhower, and Khrushchev. It is characteristic of Andreas's professed evaluation of his own celebrity that when somebody asked him how he happened to be tapped to join the roster of those captains of industry who had presided over the club before him—among them Willkie, Thomas J. Watson, Winthrop Aldrich, David Sarnoff, and Alfred P. Sloan, Jr.—he replied, "I haven't the remotest idea."

Aside from a few amiable golf tournaments, Andreas was not deeply involved in the affairs of the Gerald Ford Presidency, but Jimmy Carter was of special interest to him, because he was, after all, a peanut farmer. Today, the holdings of A.D.M., which is very big in peanuts, encompass the historic ones in Plains, Georgia. Andreas's legion of peanut minions now have the capacity to shell five hundred thousand tons of the nuts a year, at seven plants, far eclipsing anything that Carter's ever aspired to; and a food-ingredients catalogue published by A.D.M. lists four varieties of Spanish-shelled peanuts and five of runner-shelled. In 1981, on the eve of a ten-day trip to China, the former President phoned Andreas in Decatur and said he'd like to learn more than he knew about the soybean—or, as the Chinese have long worshipfully called it, the miracle bean. Andreas's hospitable instincts never flag. " 'Hell, come on up here and you'll go away knowing more about it than anybody in the world,' I told him," he says. Jimmy Carter and Rosalynn and their entourage arrived, wandered around, asked, in Andreas's recollection, four hundred and fifty questions, and were treated to A.D.M.'s renowned all-soy lunch—a repast that generally begins with a soy-based taco-dip appetizer and ends with a soy-based ice cream. "We give the soybean lunch anytime we think we can get by with it," Andreas says.

Some years after the Carter visit, the special meal was partaken of by a delegation from the People's Republic of China to an Illinois State Fair. China, with more than a billion potential consumers of A.D.M. products of one sort or another, has been much on Andreas's mind. He is thinking of

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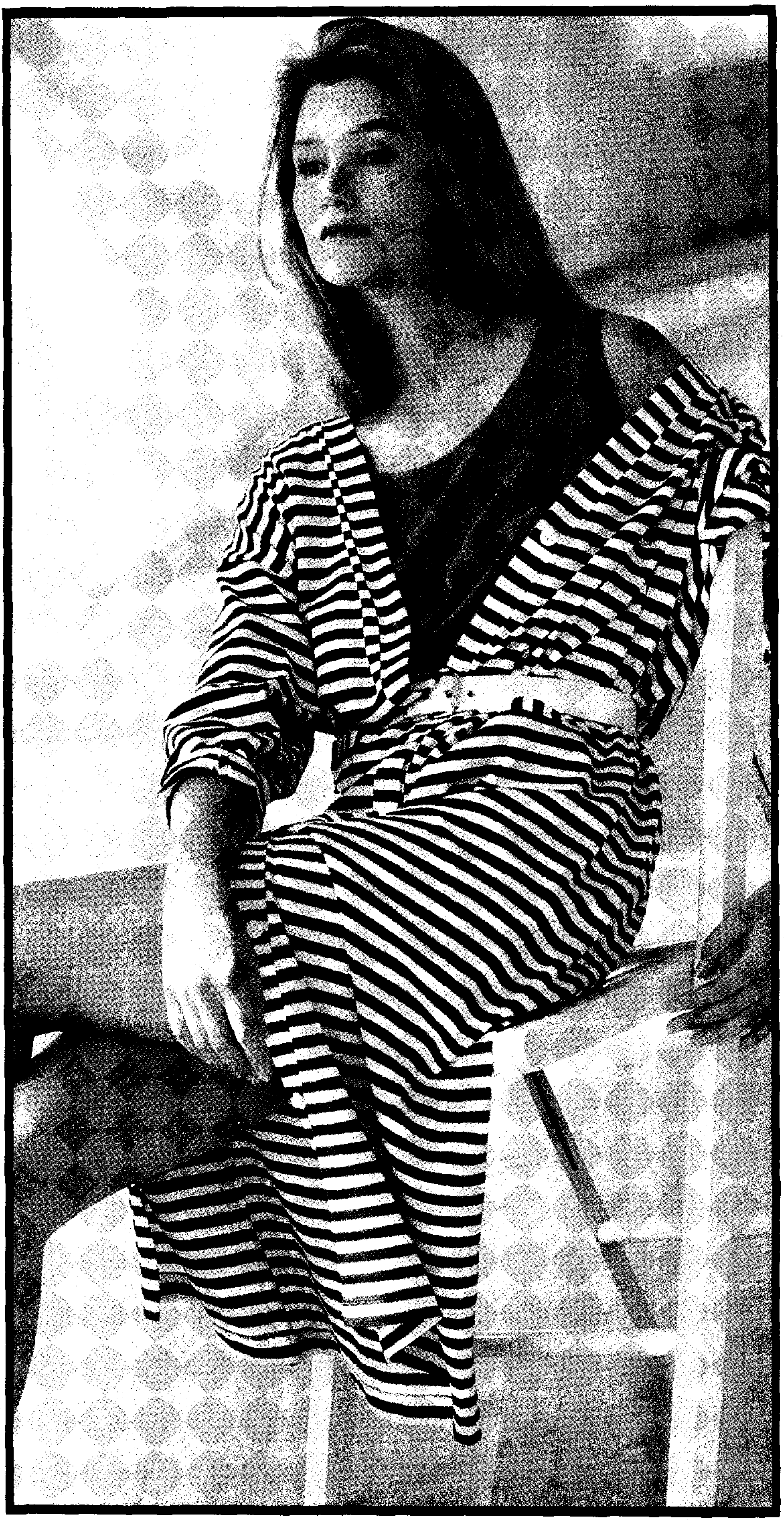
starting a peanut-oil plant there. When Robert Strauss went over, in 1979, as head of a Carter trade mission, Andreas took part in the negotiations, much as had been his wont in the good old Humphrey days. "I was able to sort of help Bob get to people who could be helpful to him" was his response to a question about what role he'd played. In Shanghai, at five o'clock one morning, with no Jacuzzi or golf date to preoccupy him, he took a stroll and was mightily impressed, on coming upon a bakery, to find people lined up outside with pails and other receptacles, waiting to fill them with hot soy milk from big tubs on the sidewalk. (The soybean is also known over there as the cow of China.) "You can make much better milk from a soybean than you can from a cow," Andreas has said.

"EVERY President from Harry Truman on has said to me, 'We want to have more business with the Russians,' " Andreas says. "But the rest of the government is usually split down the middle, half of it helping you and half of it fighting you." Andreas has tried harder than most American businessmen to make the Presidential wish come true, both as a private citizen and, since 1982, as the co-chairman of the U.S.-U.S.S.R. Trade and Economic Council, which was formed in 1973 by the chief executive officers of twenty-six American companies plus the heads of the National Association of Manufacturers and the U.S. Chamber of Commerce and an equal number of ministers, deputy ministers, and senior officials of Soviet trade-related organizations. As of now, two hundred and seventy-five American companies and a hundred and thirty Soviet foreign-trade-related organizations are members of the council. Each nation has thirty directors on the council's board (nearly every American one is a C.E.O.), and there are resident binational staffs in both places. "We have a thousand times as many contacts with the Russian business sector as the American government has," Andreas says. His own contacts since he was first in the Soviet Union, in 1952, have been increasingly lofty. He is one of those unapologetic American capitalists (most visible and most voluble among whom, probably, have been W. Averell Harriman, Armand Hammer, and Cyrus Eaton) with whom the Moscow Communists seem to find it easy—indeed, seem almost eager—to get



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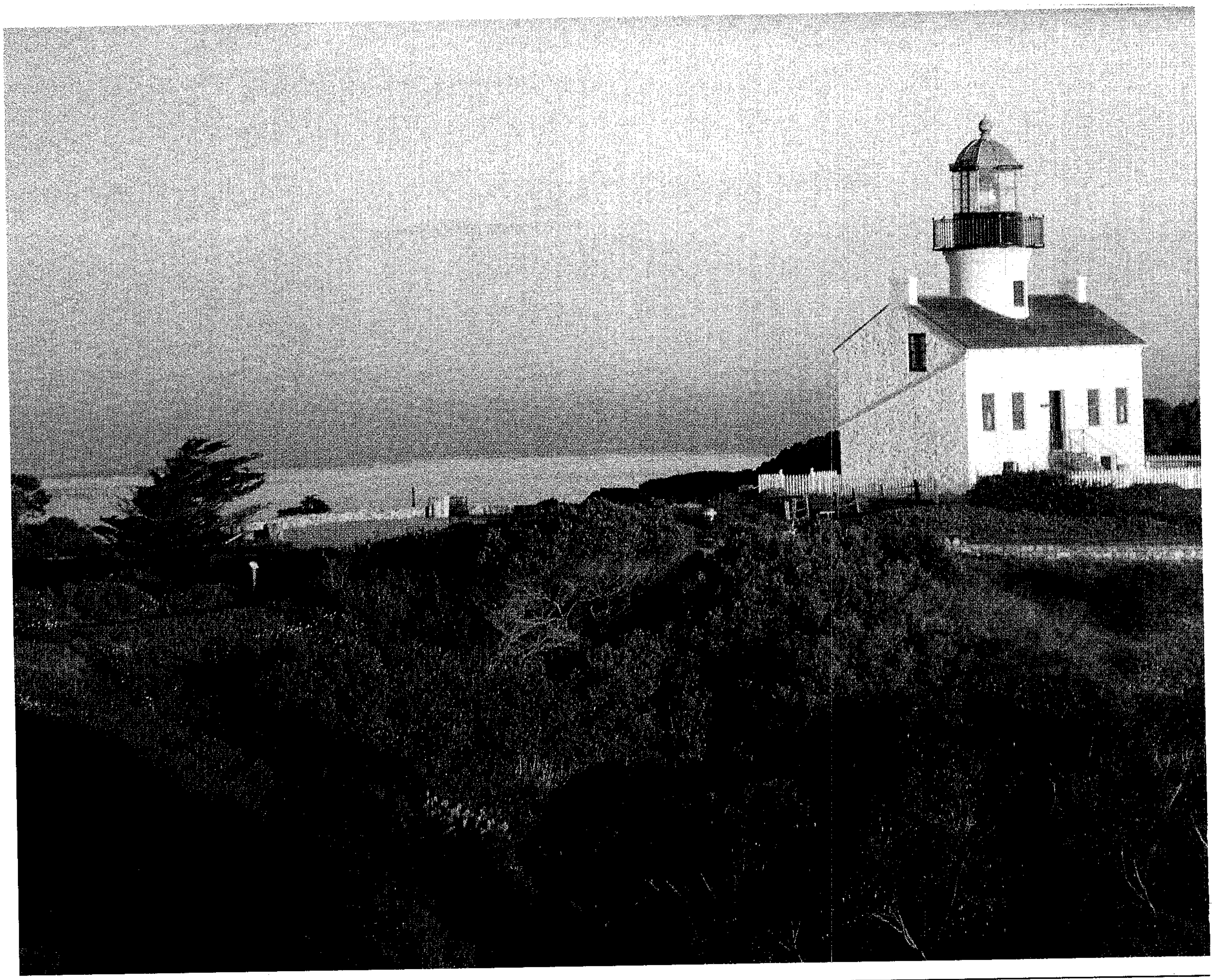

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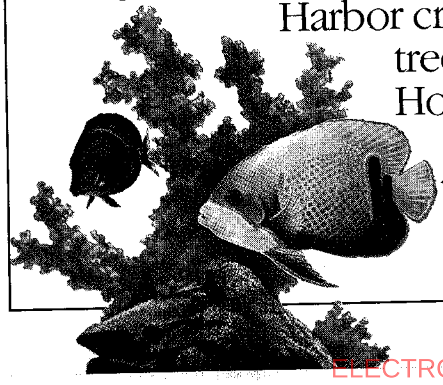

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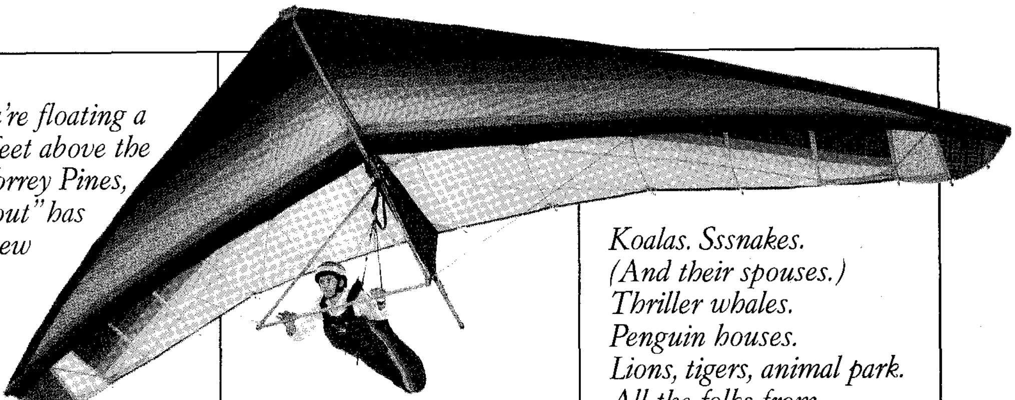

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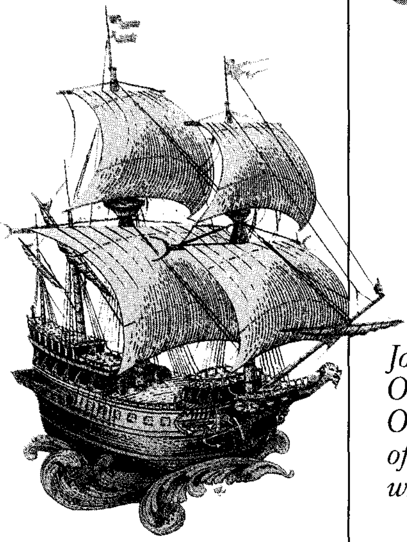

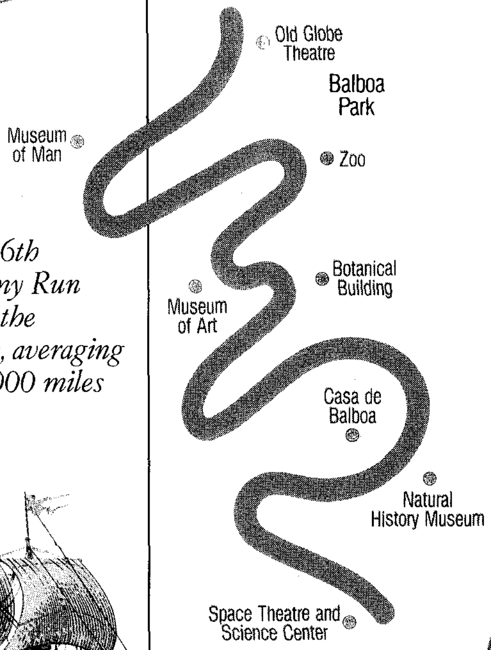
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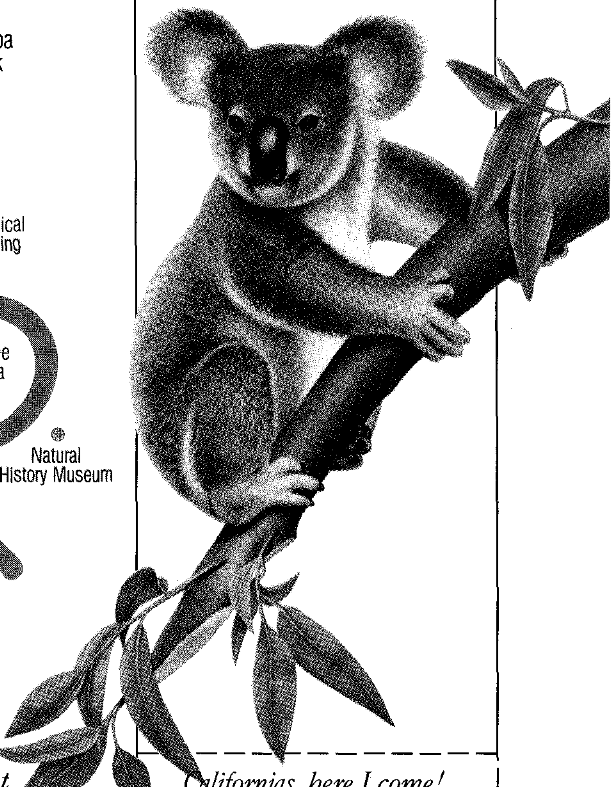

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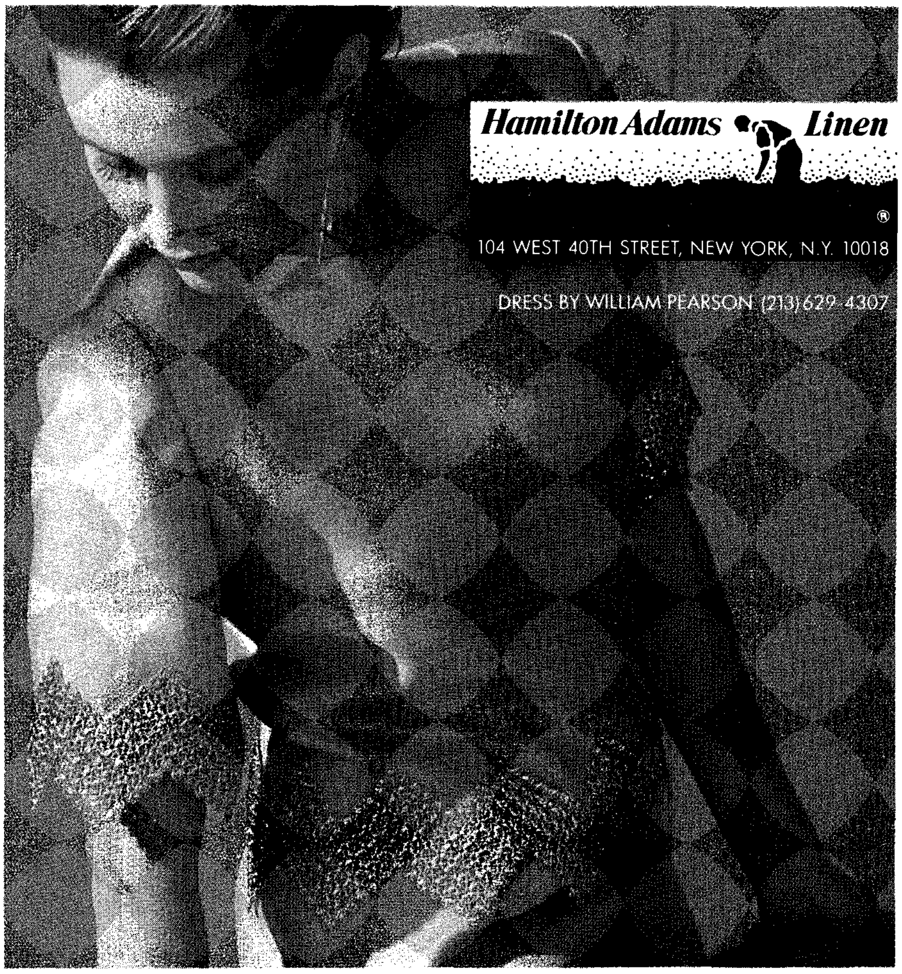
along. In one of the first biographies of Gorbachev to be distributed in the Western world, there are more references to Andreas than to Hammer, of whom Andreas said not long ago, "He's criticized a lot for getting involved in so many things with the Russians, but I think he does great work. I try to stick to my knitting. My role is strictly one of trade and business, and that's enough for me. I'm a strong believer that trade is the greatest promoter of peace and good will on earth. I feel pretty patriotic doing what I'm doing." In any event, Andreas has long believed that United States trading, or nontrading, with Communists has been characterized by extraordinary shortsightedness. In 1963, for instance, when the United States banned any further purchases of Cuban sugar, Andreas lamented in a memo to Senator Humphrey—one of the few individuals for whose benefit he *would* regularly put words on paper—that Washington had therewith abandoned whatever economic control it might have had over Havana. "We handed our best—perhaps only—weapon to Russia," Andreas wrote. "Khrushchev and Castro must be having a good laugh. We did the whole job for them."

Andreas has so far made a dozen sorties to the Soviet Union, both for the Council and for Archer Daniels Midland. On one of his most recent trips, Secretary of Commerce Malcolm Baldrige was pleased to be allowed to go along. (On an earlier jaunt, Andreas impressed his hosts by bringing down an eighty-pounder during a boar-hunting weekend, and in tribute to his marksmanship one of his hosts later sent him a ten-pound iron elk, conceivably because he was all out of porcine souvenirs.) Andreas has high hopes of someday converting untold millions of Soviet citizens to soy milk. If Andreas ever decides to open a branch office in Moscow, it might well be in the name of a new business associate and A.D.M. board member, the ninety-two-year-old Alfred C. Toepfer, of Hamburg, one of the world's biggest buyers and resellers of feed by-products, with seventy-five agents and offices scattered around the globe. A.D.M. now has a forty-five-per-cent stake in Toepfer's far-flung enterprises. Michael Andreas, assessing his father's relationship with the Soviet Union, says, "Dad's role with the Russians is on a different scale from that of the rest of us. We trade with them—they're tough, but they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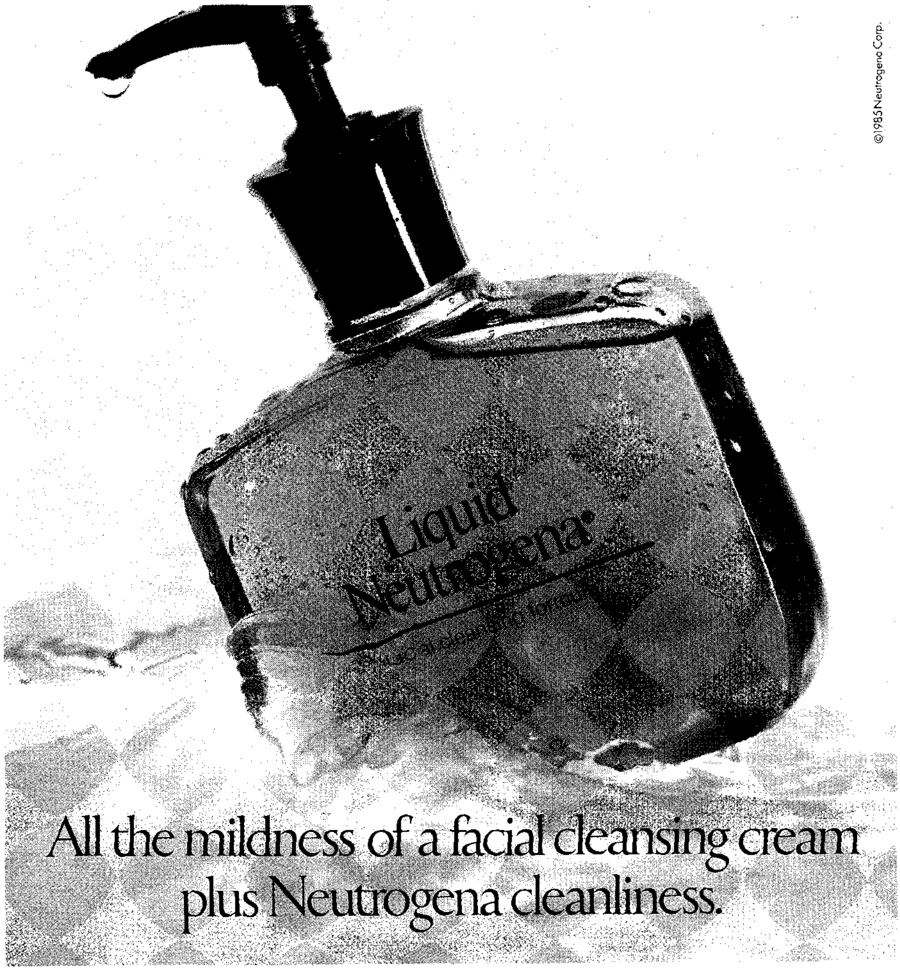
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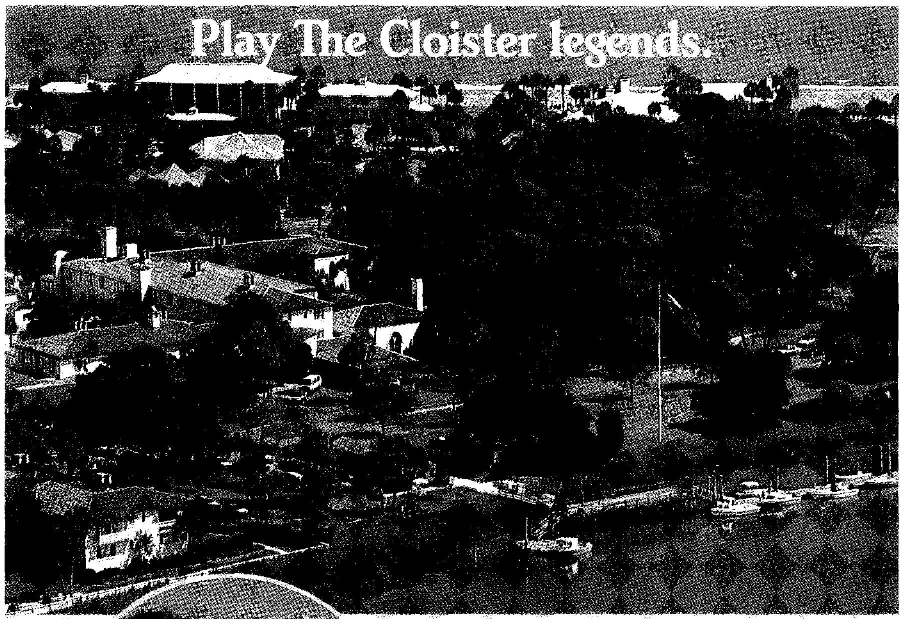
pay their bills—but his relation with them is political and philanthropic. He doesn't like nuclear bombs, and he doesn't like to see farmers going broke. The biggest hobby he's developed in the last ten years is a much broader sense of responsibility than ever for the national interest. He thinks that if we just keep feeding the Russians instead of embargoing them they won't be over here dropping bombs." Andreas *père* says, for his part, "My interest in the Soviet Union doesn't especially relate to their doing business with A.D.M. It's that *any* business they do with the United States is important to our farm economy. The American wheat and corn and soybean growers regard people like me as their avenue to the rest of the globe."

Andreas first met Gorbachev—who he has said reminds him of a Methodist minister from Iowa, and whom he has also called "a remarkably educated, sophisticated man"—in December of 1984, three months before Gorbachev's ascent to international renown. Andreas, accompanied by his second-in-command at the Trade and Economic Council, the New York merchant banker James H. Giffen, spent an hour and forty minutes with the Russian at Central Committee Headquarters discussing global trade, agribusiness, agriculture, and his plans for improving Soviet performance in those fields. A year later, Gorbachev and Andreas had another long talk, this time at the Kremlin. Recounting the occasion for the benefit of Secretary of Agriculture John Block, Andreas once again felt impelled to resort to the written word. According to his recollection:

> GORBACHEV: Andreas, after we talked a year ago, I reported the contents of our conversation to the Politburo, whereupon we decided to make a study of the efficiency of our meat production [feeding] program. We came to some startling conclusions. Do you want to hear them?
>
> ANDREAS: Yes—eager to hear them.
>
> GORBACHEV: We found by comparing the United States program to ours that you get approximately 20 percent more meat from a pound of feed and a unit of input than we do. In searching for the reason, although there are many, by far the most important reason appears to be a very simple one. Your country uses one part of protein to six parts of grain. We use only one part of protein to 24 parts grain. I simply cannot understand why our people, who have to import both, have been importing feed grains when it would be far more profitable to import protein. We need, theoretically, 17 million tons of soymeal per year to balance the grain that is available to us . . . Furthermore, I want a program to produce, as much as practi-



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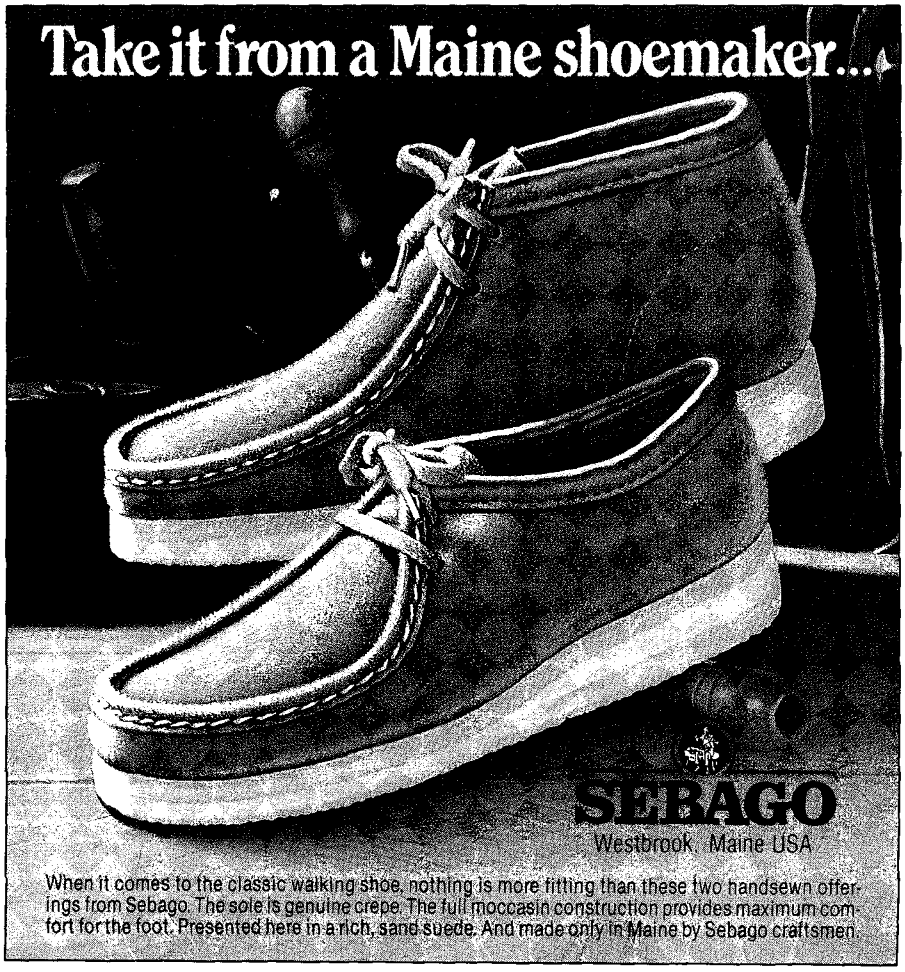

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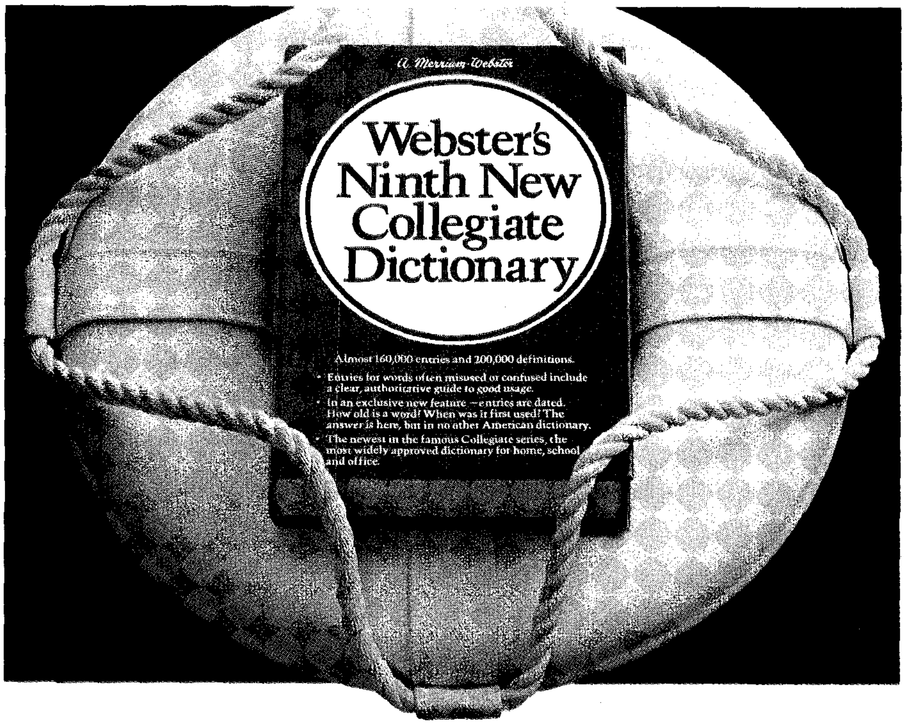
cal, our own protein, by growing and processing soybeans and other oilseeds in the Soviet Union. I am treating this as an urgent matter because, by correcting this huge error in our feeding system, I estimate we can produce 20 percent more meat at no extra cost. Mr. Andreas, I want to know what can be done about this problem.

ANDREAS: Mr. Secretary, your calculations are absolutely correct. As you know, my company is a major processor of oilseeds and producer of protein. Together, with others, we can go a long way toward solving your problem. First, my company and others have excess oilseed-processing capacity in Europe. It is at your disposal. We can sell you any part, or all, of the production, or you may buy soybeans anywhere in the world that fits your purposes—Brazil, China, the United States, Argentina—and ship the soybeans to crushing plants in Europe. The beans can arrive in your own ships, and we can load the resulting protein into your ships of all sizes to move regularly into all of your ports. In addition, we can process soybeans in the United States. We, together with our competitors, could provide you with 10 million tons available for export. In addition, our German affiliate [Toepfer, in Hamburg] and other trading companies could coördinate all of that with five million tons or more from Brazil and Argentina.

GORBACHEV: Our people say that it is difficult to handle soybean meal in the ports and railroads because it blows in the wind and leaks out of cars.

ANDREAS: The solution is very simple: Buy it in pellets. Processors can deliver all of it in pellet form with a minimum amount of dust, saving you 15 percent transportation cost and probably one percent in shrinkage from dust. Mr. Secretary, you should also take note of another important fact. You are buying corn, which averages nine percent protein, whereas we export four million tons of gluten feed, which is 20 percent protein. It is 20 percent protein because we have converted the starch in the corn into sugar, ethanol, starch, and other products. Gluten feed, made entirely from corn, is what is left. The gluten feed is eagerly bought by the European Common Market, frequently for less than the price of corn. Since the Soviet Union needs protein and not starch, you would save hundreds of millions of dollars by buying gluten feed instead of corn. In addition, Mr. Secretary, if we were participating in this kind of long-range program with you, we would be willing to exchange team agronomists with you for the purpose of developing a soybean crop in the Soviet Union. They would come from U.S. processors and the University of Illinois and Purdue University. Your potential for producing soybeans is limited, but there are several places in the Far East and perhaps in the Southwest where significant quantities can be produced. It would take time—several years. In these 10 or 12 localities we would like to build for you regional 100,000 to 300,000-ton plants to serve the local regional communities. Oilseeds would be trucked in, protein meal trucked out, and cooking oil bottled for distribution. This program would require the cooperation of our government, who could adjust our farming program to permit an acceleration over the next three to five years of the switch of acreage from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corn to soybeans. I would urge you in the interest of efficiency and economy to enlist Brazil and Argentina also in this effort. I could help you with such an effort.

GORBACHEV: I am eager to get on with this. . . . Since this program envisions continued heavy imports for an economy short of dollars, could you help it along by buying something from the Soviet Union?

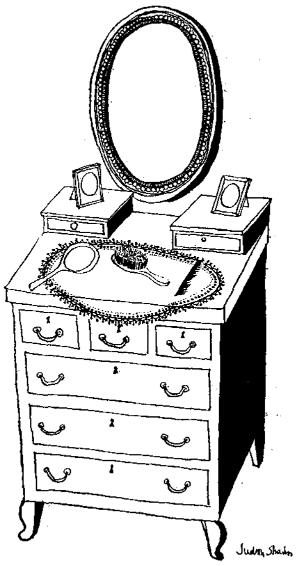
ANDREAS: Well, for one thing, I also have a substantial interest in a very large cement company. We could use over a million tons of cement and bring it to the United States as a ballast in empty soybean meal ships. Do you have it to sell?

GORBACHEV: Yes.

With the exception of some institutional investors, A.D.M. is the largest corporate shareholder—with more than thirty million dollars in its stock—of Lone Star Industries, a cement manufacturer, on whose board he has sat for more than a decade. That is not inappropriate: soybeans are one of the ingredients of some types of present-day concrete—and also of, to cite a tiny few other repositories, nitroglycerin and face cream. (After the Chernobyl disaster, the soybean extract lectin proved crucial as a purifying agent in bone-marrow transplants.) Lone Star's chief executive officer, James Stewart, is a Florida neighbor of Andreas's. Stewart lives in a concrete castle within the Indian Creek Country Club grounds, an enclave that provides a handy launching pad for his private helicopter, which Andreas now and then borrows if, say, he has to hop up to Palm Beach for a charity ball.

DURING the Reagan Administration, Andreas has served as the chairman of a President's Task Force on International Private Enterprise, which was supposed to help stimulate trade among poorer nations. At the end of 1984, the task force produced a voluminous report, the main recommendation of which was that an Economic Security (later "Policy") Council be set up in the White House as an equivalent, in non-military matters, of the existing National Security Council, for the purpose of, among other high-minded objectives, promoting private enterprise in developing countries. When Andreas, a longtime nonmincer of words, delivered the report to the President, at a Cabinet Room ceremony, he took occasion to inform Mr. Reagan matter-of-factly—while such concerned onlookers as Donald Regan, George Bush, Edwin Meese, and James Baker appeared to wince—that whatever his aides might have told him about a mere fifty-billion-dollar American trade deficit was cockeyed, and that the deficit would be at least twice that.

Earlier that year, the President, en route to his renomination in Dallas, paid Andreas the honor of stopping off in Decatur for a couple of hours. An Archer Daniels Midland world-champion men's softball team stood tall among the ten thousand spectators who greeted him at the airport. Reagan revealed on arrival that one reason for his stopover was that he had long been beguiled by A.D.M. commercials on "Meet the Press" and "This Week with David Brinkley," which are not only conventionally self-serving ("The soybean's role as food must grow") but also informative. (It would take eighteen billion honeybees a year to match A.D.M.'s single-day output of sweeteners.) For the last seven years, A.D.M. has been looking seriously into hydroponic agriculture, and from one ten-acre garden it now harvests three tons of lettuce, or thirty thousand heads, every twenty-four hours. The President obligingly posed holding a head. He seemed more interested, all in all, in a large bag of jelly beans included in a display of products made at least in part from local corn, among them five gallons of gasohol and three dressed chickens. Not long afterward, Andreas announced that he planned to commemorate the Presidential visit by commissioning a Reagan statue to be raised near the spot of his historic confrontation with the jelly beans. Last year, Andreas accepted an invitation to serve as chairman of a foundation to raise funds for ex-Chief Justice Warren Burger's homage to the bicentennial of the Constitution.



At times, however, Andreas seems to have a low opinion of most elected officials. Among his known public utterances are "Washington is not made up of the smartest people" and "Never assume that a government will act rationally." Still, he has consistently urged his associates and employees to donate at least one per cent of their earnings to political campaigns—channelled, if they choose, through an A.D.M. political-action committee. Andreas himself still tithes, which, considering that his income from A.D.M. alone comes to a couple of million dollars a year, amounts to a hefty sum. "At heart, I'm just a Mennonite farm boy," he told the Minneapolis *Star* years after many sidewalks had felt the click of his cowboy boots. He does not direct all his tithing to religious ends. "I consider politics to be just like the church," he has said. In 1985, the company's PAC, which, like its C.E.O., hedges its bets, swelled the coffers of both Bob Dole and Jesse Helms. Addressing those few shareholders who travelled to Decatur for a 1978 A.D.M. annual meeting, Andreas said, "Living with the government in a state of coexistence is like a turkey living with a farmer until Thanksgiving. And we don't want to be the turkey in that relationship." Some people with, like him, a pronounced personal involvement in domestic political affairs give evidence of their concern by collecting miniature elephants or donkeys. Andreas, who could readily afford vast assemblages of both, collects miniature pigs.

THE jelly beans were not the only special treat the host had arranged that day. The Dixon, Illinois, house in which Reagan grew up has been converted into a sort of shrine, and one of the Dixonians who made it possible (and was also a member of the town's delegation to the first Reagan Inauguration) was James Orville Hey, a first cousin of Dwayne Orville Andreas. (Both were named after their uncle James Orville Duffey, a Moody Bible Institute evangelist.) "Mr. President," Andreas said in Decatur, pointing, "you remember Jimmy Hey, over there in the audience, from the old days." With a "Hey, Jimmy!" Reagan, conceivably to the consternation of the Secret Service, scrambled over to shake his former fellow-townsman's hand. "I thought, There's a great politician," Andreas said afterward, omitting any reference to his own role in the reunion.

Andreas's mother, born Lydia Barbara Stoltz, in Sterling, Illinois, in 1882, hoped long but in vain that at least one of her five sons (there was also a daughter) would, like her brother-in-law James Orville Duffey, become a clergyman. "She was a little bit excessively churchy," Andreas said years later. In 1902, she married a farmer, Reuben Peter Andreas, of Milledgeville, a few miles from Sterling, and at their table nobody ever ate a morsel until grace had been properly said. Even when the Andreases moved to Minnesota and out of Mennonite territory, the family life continued to be voluntarily restricted: no newspapers or games on Sundays, no movies, no jewelry, no bright-colored clothes. When Dwayne was four, there was another move—this time to a Lisbon, Iowa, farm where some years later the father and the older brothers took over a bankrupt grain-and-feed business. In due course, they outgrew that and became the proprietors of a feed terminal in Cedar Rapids. Most of the brothers remained partners long afterward. Four Andreases, from two generations, are Archer Daniels Midland directors today. "We don't want to have too many Andreases on the board," Michael Andreas says. "We don't want the rest of 'em to think they're surrounded, even if they are." Dwayne's oldest surviving brother, Albert, stayed on the board till he was seventy-nine, and then became a director emeritus. Albert's son Martin, who at present is an A.D.M. director and vice-president, said not long ago, "We all love the business and are working toward a kind of common goal—making things change and making things grow. I always say, incidentally, that Uncle Dwayne is our Number One salesman, and by 'One' I mean in the whole United States of America." Martin Andreas makes his wife irritable when they go shopping together, he says, because he has an unbreakable and irresistible and time-consuming penchant for scrutinizing the small type on labels of food products to ascertain whether all the products that contain soybeans clearly say they do.

When Dwayne was a boy, the Andreases lived mainly on what they raised and grew. "Some people would say we were poor, but we didn't think so," he says now. "We canned our own vegetables, grew oats for our horses, hay for our cows, corn for our chickens and pigs." While he was attending a consolidated county school in Lisbon, he performed chores for at least two hours beforehand and one hour afterward. It was a conservative, no-nonsense school. Once when he was assigned to submit a book report, he turned one in on "Brave New World." The work was considered so unbecoming that he was suspended for a week. Andreas moves surefootedly in big-business circles nowadays, but the soil of his formative years is never far from his thoughts. "The price of land I calculated the other day between Pittsburgh and Denver has dropped by about six hundred billion dollars in twenty months," he said recently. "If that happened to the New York Stock Exchange, that would be five hundred points off the Dow. People would be jumping out the windows. But that is what has happened in the Midwest."

As a concession to his devout mother, Dwayne matriculated, in 1935, at Wheaton College, in Illinois, which prepared many students for the ministry and a few years later demonstrated its mettle by graduating Billy Graham. Andreas dropped out, though, toward the end of his sophomore year ("I just didn't respond"), and that concluded his formal education. A further reason for quitting school was that he got married. That union produced a daughter but ended in divorce. In 1947, he was remarried, to an Earlham, Iowa, divorcée, Inez Snyder, who had a daughter of her own, and whom he met while she was studying philosophy at the University of Minnesota and he was working for Cargill. Michael Andreas is their son. Inez was the daughter of a farmer and commodities trader. Her father urged her to embrace trading herself, and she was willing to, as a temporary expedient, but her first attempt was initially rebuffed when the head of the commodities firm at which she wanted to open an account turned her down, on the ground that women cry too much. Ever since, she has emphatically demonstrated fiscal shrewdness. Some years ago, she and her husband bought a farm outside Decatur, with twenty acres in experimental soybean plots. They got bored with that, and Inez consulted the Forestry Department of the University of Illinois about what fruitful use could be made of the land. "Black-walnut trees" was the recommendation; their ranks had been sorely depleted, partly because the wood was used for rifle stocks in the First World War. In 1972, she had ten thousand of them planted. About half have survived. When the Andreases sold the house that went with the farm, they kept the twenty acres of black walnuts. She likes to tell her friends that the trees are a legacy to their grandchildren.

In Florida, Inez Andreas has become well known as the chairman of the board of trustees of Barry University, in Miami Shores, where in 1975 she took a master's degree in guidance and counselling (the school also has programs in podiatry, nursing, computer science, and Jewish studies), and where a new business school— mainly because of a three-and-a-half-million-dollar gift from her husband—bears her name. Henry Kissinger spoke at its dedication ceremony. Barry, from which Andreas has an honorary LL.D., is a Catholic institution, and its president, Sister Jeanne O'Laughlin, has become one of the Andreases' close Florida friends. "If you see Inez Andreas coming toward you with dollar signs in her eyes and Sister Jeanne O'Laughlin on her arm, hang on to your wallet," the Miami *Herald* said in 1985. When Sister Jeanne took over, in 1981, Barry had a five-hundred-thousand-dollar deficit. She has since raised thirty-five million dollars and is operating in the black. Sister Jeanne, a high-spirited and unconventional (Adrian Dominican) nun with a Ph.D. in educational administration from the University of Arizona, once received a sporting proposition from Dwayne Andreas. Andreas gave Sister Jeanne a million, and she asked what she could do for him in return. After explaining that she reminded him of Evita Perón, he asked her if she'd sing "Don't Cry for Me, Argentina" in a white silk habit. Nobody has ever pretended that fund-raising is easy. Sister Jeanne spent four agonizing months in prayer and meditation. Meanwhile, another wealthy admirer offered half a million more if when she performed it she did so aboard his yacht. She prayed harder than ever. "I finally decided that if I was going to carry out this mission for God maybe He would send me a sign," she says. On the evening of her scheduled performance, she switched on a radio, and the very first sounds she heard were the strains of "Don't Cry for Me." The money was soon all hers. After Sister Jeanne was spectacularly mugged a couple of years ago, the citizens of Miami were so outraged and contrite that they installed her as the first female member ever of the Orange Bowl Committee.

Andreas's daughter Sandra McMurtrie has, for her part, been a leading supporter of an even more prominent Catholic. (His stepdaughter, Terry Herbert-Burns, is a founder and chairman of the ecologically oriented School for Field Studies.) Mrs. McMurtrie, who had earlier worked on Hubert Humphrey's Vice-Presidential staff, went to India in 1981 under the auspices of the Catholic Relief Services. In Calcutta, she called on Mother Teresa, and became a disciple. Returning to the United States, Mrs. McMurtrie started working in a soup kitchen of Mother Teresa's in Washington, D.C. Sandra's generous father soon began furnishing her with food, on occasion much of it soybean-based. Mrs. McMurtrie, who, thanks to her father, is possessed of means that are indisputably independent, now spends four days a week at Gift of Peace, a home for the indigent dying and for AIDS patients, founded by Mother Teresa, in Washington, D.C.

THE 1986 United States soybean crop amounted to more than two billion bushels. The 1938 total had been a mere sixty-two million. Two years before that, several of the Andreases, the principals being Reuben and his sons Osborne, Albert, Glenn, and Dwayne, had set up agricultural shop, in Cedar Rapids, as the Honeymead Products Company. In 1938, Dwayne was dispatched to Decatur, some two hundred miles away, to buy soybean meal from the venerable A. E. Staley Manufacturing Company. Then a twenty-year-old college dropout, Dwayne was flattered when Augustus Eugene Staley himself invited him to lunch. "It was like being in the presence of God," he said afterward. Staley generously urged his guest to start up his own soybean crushing plant back in Iowa, and when Dwayne said his family didn't have access to the kind of money that that would surely require, Staley advised him to go to the Allis-Chalmers people, in Milwaukee, and borrow it. After returning home and consulting with his kinfolk, Dwayne took off for Wisconsin, where, having donned a hat to look older, he got the necessary loan. In 1985, Archer Daniels Midland, which by then had access to untold sums, took over the operation of five Staley soybean plants worth seventy-four million dollars.

Honeymead prospered during the war. By 1945, with Reuben Andreas getting along in years and two of his sons engaged in other pursuits, Dwayne was pretty much in charge of the company. He had so far been deferred in the draft, but that June he was reclassified 1-A, and in anticipation of being called up he sold the assets of Honeymead to Cargill, which was then, as it is now, the nation's premier exporter of grains. (World-wide, Cargill now has forty-three thousand employees and three hundred

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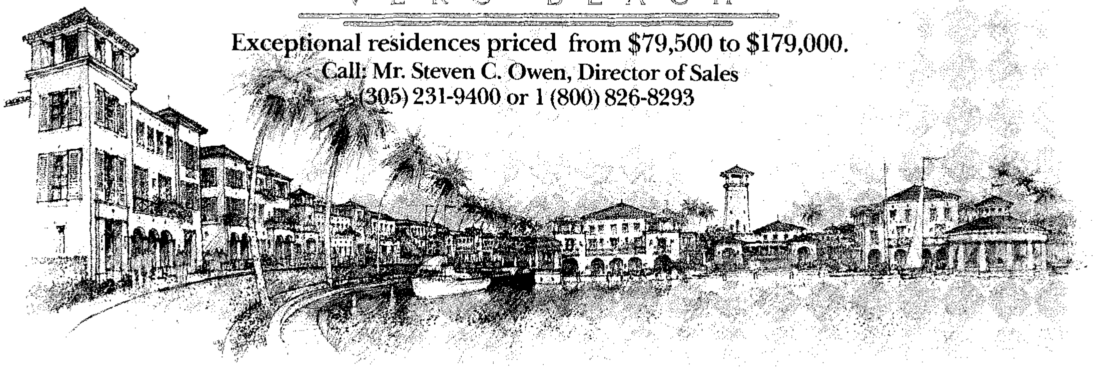

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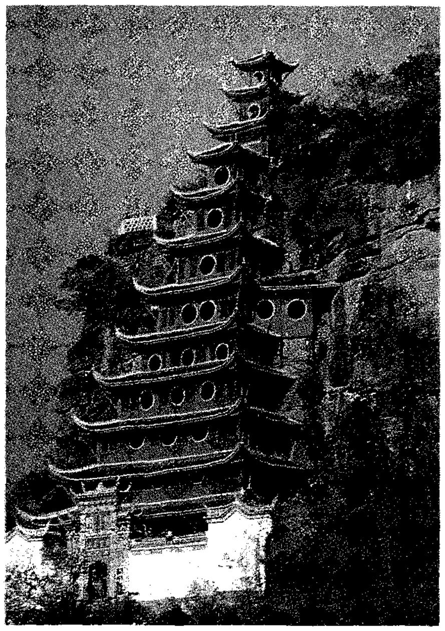
and forty grain elevators, with a total capacity of three hundred and ninety million bushels.) Dwayne's share of the proceeds from the sale came to about a million and a half dollars. He was twenty-seven. Ultimately, he wasn't drafted after all, and the war ended, and Cargill invited him to enlist in its well-remunerated ranks. Reuben Andreas didn't much relish the notion of his son's working outside the family, but Dwayne already had a mind of his own; he went to Cargill and stayed there for seven years, serving as vice-president in charge of oilseed processing. "I don't believe there's a better private company in the world," he says today. When he left, he had to sell back to Cargill a small stock interest he had been granted on joining up; that added four hundred thousand dollars to his till.

While Dwayne was at Cargill, his brother Lowell was running what remained of Honeymead Products. Its principal activity was a soybean-crushing operation at Mankato, Minnesota. In the late nineteen-fifties, the farmers from Minnesota and the Dakotas who sold Honeymead their beans decided, as members of a group called the Grain Terminal Association, that they could make more money from their crops if they processed them themselves. Nearly a decade after Dwayne had left Cargill and returned to the family business, the association began negotiating with Honeymead, and the result was that it bought Honeymead for ten million dollars and hired Dwayne and Lowell Andreas to boot. Dwayne became executive vice-president of the farmers' organization—a piece of casting, Hubert Humphrey was subsequently moved to reflect, as bizarre as if the head of the United Automobile Workers had assumed the executive vice-presidency of General Motors. The Andreases put their ten million into an entity called the First Interoceanic Corporation, which spread out into banking and also acquired a modest soybean-crushing installation at Decatur, where the big old Minnesota firm of Archer Daniels Midland had long had an outpost.

In 1965, Archer Daniels Midland, controlled by two Minneapolis families, was up against uncertain conditions in the processing industry, and the Andreases were asked to come to the rescue, to the extent of paying three million three hundred thousand dollars for a hundred thousand of its shares. Dwayne found the proposition



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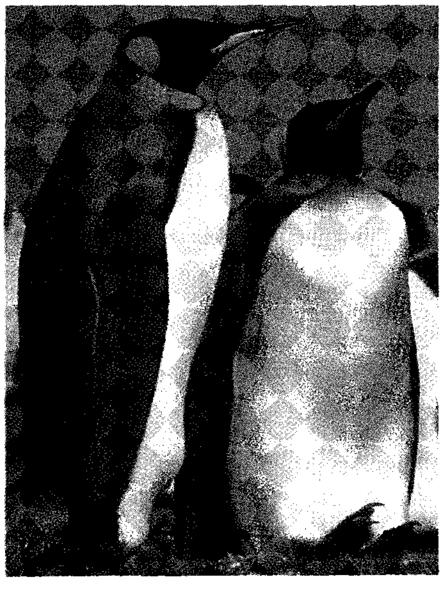

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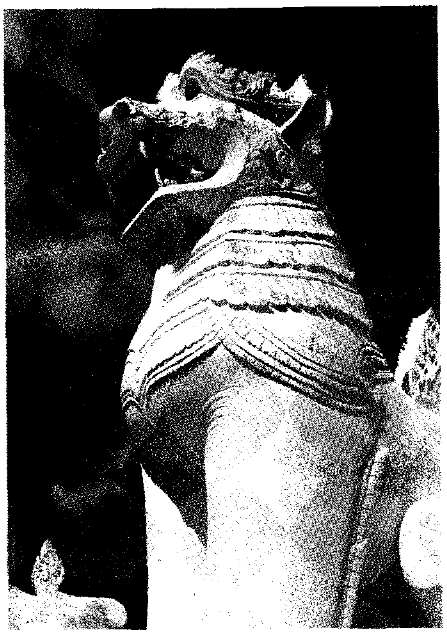
particularly appealing because A.D.M. scientists had developed a soybean derivative, called Textured Vegetable Protein, or T.V.P., which was specifically earmarked as a food for human beings. Little by little, the Andreases increased their holdings and their authority at A.D.M., and in 1971 Dwayne became its chief executive. The Archers and the Danielses—unlike traditional victims of a takeover—were not at all distressed about being nudged aside. Indeed, Shreve M. Archer, Jr., told *Fortune* afterward, "Having been actively involved with Dwayne Andreas has been the most stimulating experience of my life."

Decatur, Illinois, to which Andreas moved A.D.M.'s corporate headquarters from Minneapolis in 1969, lies roughly halfway between Springfield (state capital) and Champaign-Urbana (state university), and sometimes calls itself the Soybean Capital of the World. Its Convention and Visitors Bureau calls it "a comfortably sized Midwestern city full of pleasant surprises." As of 1980, it had a population of ninety-four thousand and eighty-one, and a hundred and twenty-one churches. It also has substantial industries in addition to A.D.M.—Caterpillar, Firestone, Pittsburgh Plate Glass—but the place is never referred to as Caterpillar City or Plate Glass City. Its inhabitants do sometimes dub it Soy City, though, and they tune their radios to WSOY and WSOY-FM. Decatur is the kind of place where from May to September there are free band concerts every Sunday evening in the city square. It is the site of Millikin University, a Presbyterian school with a coeducational enrollment of fifteen hundred, which was founded in 1901, and which today, thanks in part to A.D.M. and to Dwayne and Inez Andreas—she is a trustee—is in robust financial health. Dwayne Andreas gave the commencement address in 1982, and received another honorary degree. He seized the occasion, as he has at other times and places, to inform his listeners that it would be quite possible to alleviate global hunger, if only anybody cared enough, for less than a hundred billion dollars a year, or about one-eighth of the world's annual outlay for armaments.

WILLIAM T. ATKINSON, a retired chemist, who once made automobile parts out of soybeans for Henry Ford and also converted *Glycine max*,



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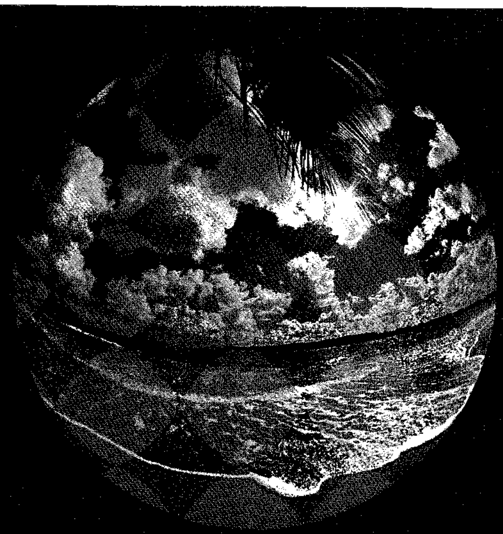

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which is the soybean, into Textured Vegetable Protein, declared a few years ago, long after such synthetics as Orlon had edged soybeans out of the vehicular-upholstery market, "The true destiny of the soybean is in food for human beings." Another time, reflecting on T.V.P., Atkinson said, " 'Textured' is the key word. We were looking for something that could span the chewing spectrum between liver paste and beef jerky. Chewing, after all, ought to be a fun trip. You wouldn't spend eighteen dollars on a filet mignon if the maître d' offered to pulverize it in a Cuisinart and let you drink it through a straw. You've got to have mouth feel."

In the United States, so far, soybeans have for the most part figured in human meals indirectly, when they have figured at all. The Burger King chain, for instance, announced in January, 1986, that thenceforth much of its fried food would be prepared not with animal-based oils but, rather, with a blend—one that Atkinson and Andreas heartily endorsed—of twenty per cent peanut oil and eighty per cent soybean oil. (The word "hamsoyburger" has tried to creep into the English language, to describe a hamburger with an actual soy content, but has been largely, and praiseworthily, rebuffed.) "Cooking oils aside, people forget that the entire poultry industry is based on soybeans," Andreas says. "Assuming that you need chickens, you wouldn't have the kind we have unless they were fed soybeans. You couldn't put that much protein into them with corn."

When it comes to getting soybeans into human beings without intermediary steps, Andreas, God knows, has tried. He persuaded a Decatur breakfast-and-lunch establishment called Just Around the Corner to stay open evenings, and agreed to stock it with T.V.P.-based soybean entrées disguised as chicken à la king or chop suey. The venture was short-lived. Some years ago, on a David Susskind show (it was easy to get booked; Susskind's stepdaughter was married at the time to Andreas's son), Andreas even personally prepared the first all-soy meal—"pepper steak," soybean salad with "bacon" chips, soy-and-corn bread—ever to be eaten on television. Then, there was, under the name of Uncle Archie's, an experimental line of Archer Daniels Midland prepackaged dishes (Uncle Archie's Vegetable Protein Entrée, Pepper Steak Style and also Chicken Almondine Style), but although samples were for a while distributed to food-processing companies, there was never an attempt at bulk distribution, and eventually Uncle Archie's went the way of all nonflesh. "We moved too fast too soon," an A.D.M. executive lamented. "It was like the Chrysler Airflow."

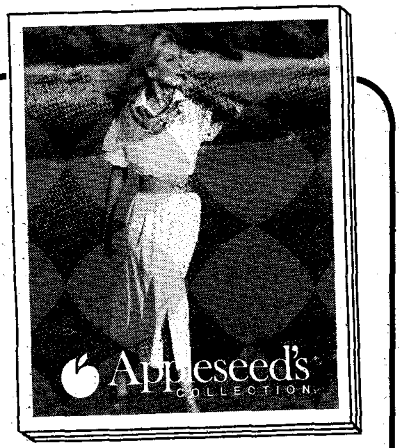
All Western-world promoters of soy foods know how hard it is to change ingrained eating habits. *Soyfoods*, a magazine that was founded by Richard Leviton in 1979 and ran features like "Taking the Soy Venture Seriously," has folded. In places like Japan, of course, eating tofu, which is soybean curd, *is* ingrained. Tokyo alone has close to three thousand tofu factories, a single one of which churns out fifty tons of the stuff a day. Other dependencies have been observed in other foreign climes: Bulgaria has soy mayonnaise, Thailand soy milk fortified with sesame milk, Taiwan instant soymilk powder for infants, California something called Soy Moo. If to much of the world the staple foods are bread, butter, meat, and milk, well, then, soybeans, as vegetarians are fond of emphasizing, can be converted into reasonable and nourishing facsimiles of all of them. But in the United States today vegetarians and other anti-establishment types—"aesthetics," as they are politely called in A.D.M. circles—are not consumer groups whose wish is anyone's command. Andreas himself sometimes seems sorry that they're not more powerful than they are. "Consumers are fixed in their ways, and you have to go through fire and brimstone to change them," he says. "But I'll keep trying as long as I live. If I achieve anything important in my lifetime, getting people onto a soy diet will be it. Probably the best chance is through bread. But you need proper motivation, and the big bakers don't have it. They want to make bread cheaper, not better."

AT present, A.D.M. markets only a thousand tons a day—only!—of ingredients for ready-to-eat soy products. It is one of Andreas's few regrets, in a life otherwise brimful of satisfactions, that this constitutes so little of A.D.M.'s total business—less than one-half of one per cent of sales. The company, which day in and out routinely buys five million bushels of grains and oilseeds, has four principal areas of operation: oilseed processing, which includes the company's soybean, peanut, and cottonseed operations; corn milling; wheat milling; and a catch-all that includes the company's cane-sugar, pasta, barley-malting, and hydroponics business. A.D.M. owns ninety-eight processing plants which, with the company's grain elevators, have a total storage capacity of two hundred million bushels. All told, it has twenty-two subsidiaries and divisions, some of them with multiple installations of their own—five plants, for instance, devoted exclusively to the malting of barley. A Clinton, Iowa, factory produces enzymes that catalytically help convert corn starch into dextrose and fructose, and it functions on so epic a scale that on one occasion A.D.M. could not resist bragging to its shareholders that it had become "the world's largest commercial practitioner of biotechnology."

As far as the general public is concerned, of course, all these activities are anonymous. In Decatur alone, there are nine A.D.M. soybean-oil production lines churning out ten billion pounds a year of twenty-three items under four hundred and thirty-four labels—only a few revealing their source, and all consigned, often in railroad-tank-car lots, to such readily identifiable recipients as Frito-Lay, Wesson, Fleischmann's, and Kentucky Fried Chicken. "We regard ourselves as a place where other big food people buy their groceries," one A.D.M. executive said recently. "It is nearly impossible for a major food company *not* to do business with us." Andreas himself, in reflecting on the global scope of just one of A.D.M.'s activities, has said, "The soybean is a massive economic institution in this world." He once told Hubert Humphrey, in expanding on that theme, "Every dollar's worth of wheat or corn or soybeans not produced and hence not exported results in one dollar's worth of gold leaving the country."

Soybeans are currently grown on some sixty million United States acres—about twenty-five per cent less than the expanse of farmland that is devoted to corn. The 1986 American corn crop amounted to more than eight billion bushels—a figure almost as unfathomable as more than two hundred million metric tons, which is its equivalent. Of all the corn that goes to processing plants, Archer Daniels Midland uses about one-quarter, converting its share into, among other end products, ethanol, or ethyl alcohol, a lead-free octane booster for gasoline, which as recently as 1976 was sometimes known as "Dwayne's folly" but the development of which, according to Purdue University's calculations, has boosted the annual income of American corn growers by a dime a bushel, or nearly nine hundred million dollars. Companies making ethanol—an ingredient of gasohol—received considerable tax benefits under legislation passed by Congress in 1985, and these, Andreas told a legislative conference the following year, were well deserved as "a national-security measure to make the United States independent of Persian Gulf oil." One of the senators who sponsored the tax-break legislation was then Majority Leader and Bal Harbour neighbor Dole, who was quoted by the Washington *Post*, in December of 1985, as saying, although the Doles often spend New Year's Eve with their close friends the Andreases, "I don't know anything about A.D.M." Andreas himself told the *Post* that the real beneficiaries of the special treatment were farmers and the government. "For them, it's significant," he said. "For us, it's just a throughput."

Since 1969, the Western world has been aware of technology, refined in Japan, for converting corn into fructose, a sugar that is now widely used—to the extent of seven billion pounds a year—as a sweetener in soft drinks. As recently as 1974, Archer Daniels Midland paid scarcely any attention to fructose. Today, the company has a hundred-million-dollar plant at Decatur dedicated to its production, and forty corn-sweetener storage terminals scattered across the country, from Clewiston, Florida, to Tacoma, Washington, and from Alameda, California, to East Cambridge, Massachusetts. (Fructose is unlikely ever to displace sugar altogether; it's a liquid, and doesn't sit well on a tea tray alongside a creamer.) The first fructose manufactured in the United States was suitable as a substitute for sugar in baking and canning, but it wasn't



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deemed quite sweet enough for the cola industry. Mainly at the urging of nephew Martin Andreas, a fructose buff from way back (his Decatur office is decorated with framed portraits of children, grandchildren, and cornstalks), A.D.M. initially invested fifteen million dollars in machinery to make the sweeteners acceptable to the taste buds of Coca-Cola and Pepsi-Cola flavor factotums. By 1984, both Coke and Pepsi had succumbed, and Royal Crown and others soon fell in line. A hundred railroad tank cars loaded with fructose were pulling out of Decatur every day, many of them toward the Southeast, and A.D.M., which had become the nation's largest shipper of freight, asked the railroads involved for a more favorable freight rate. The railroads demurred. A.D.M. shrugged and, at a cost of two and a half million dollars, installed huge stainless-steel tanks on a couple of barges and headed them down the Mississippi. It took only one such competitive shipment to persuade the railroads to capitulate. "These are some of the things you have to do," Martin Andreas said afterward.

MANY of Dwayne Andreas's contemporaries have long since retired. When he was asked not long ago whether he contemplated emulating them, thus being able to tee off at a more seemly hour than is his present habit, he replied, "I have too much still to do. A third of all the business in the world is my kind of business, and the longer you're in it the more things you see that need to be done. When you see that they're not done, you get very uneasy, and the next thing you know you're trying to do them yourself. Look—it takes a new flour mill every week somewhere on earth just to feed that week's new mouths. And yet you have the politicians wanting to pay the farmers not to grow! What's more, every port city on every continent is developing chicken farms. Chickens eat, eat, eat. Every night, I go to bed knowing that when I wake up there'll be another few million chickens, eating, eating, eating, and every few weeks another few million people looking for a loaf of bread. If you happen to be in the business, that needles you. Fifty years ago, the idea of feeding grain to animals had merit. People feeding them also fertilized their land with the manure. But today, with other fertilizers, animals are a luxury. If you accept that as a premise, then you come to a number of conclusions, one being that the trend will have to be to make food for human beings out of feed. Anyway, to provide enough meat for everybody alive today, you'd have to have so many animals on the planet you couldn't live on it yourself. Let's say that there are five hundred million people alive who can't live as human beings ought to be able to. If I were in charge, I'd see to it that as the underpinning of their daily food requirement they got a bowl of porridge made of wheat and corn and soybeans. A few greens, and some cassava for starch, and there you'd be—and all for twenty-five cents per capita. And for those lucky enough to have access to bread I'd mandate the inclusion in it of soy protein, which would improve its nutritive value by two hundred per cent. I guess, when you come right down to it, if there's one thing I've learned in all these years it's that if we ever really want to feed the world we can."

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

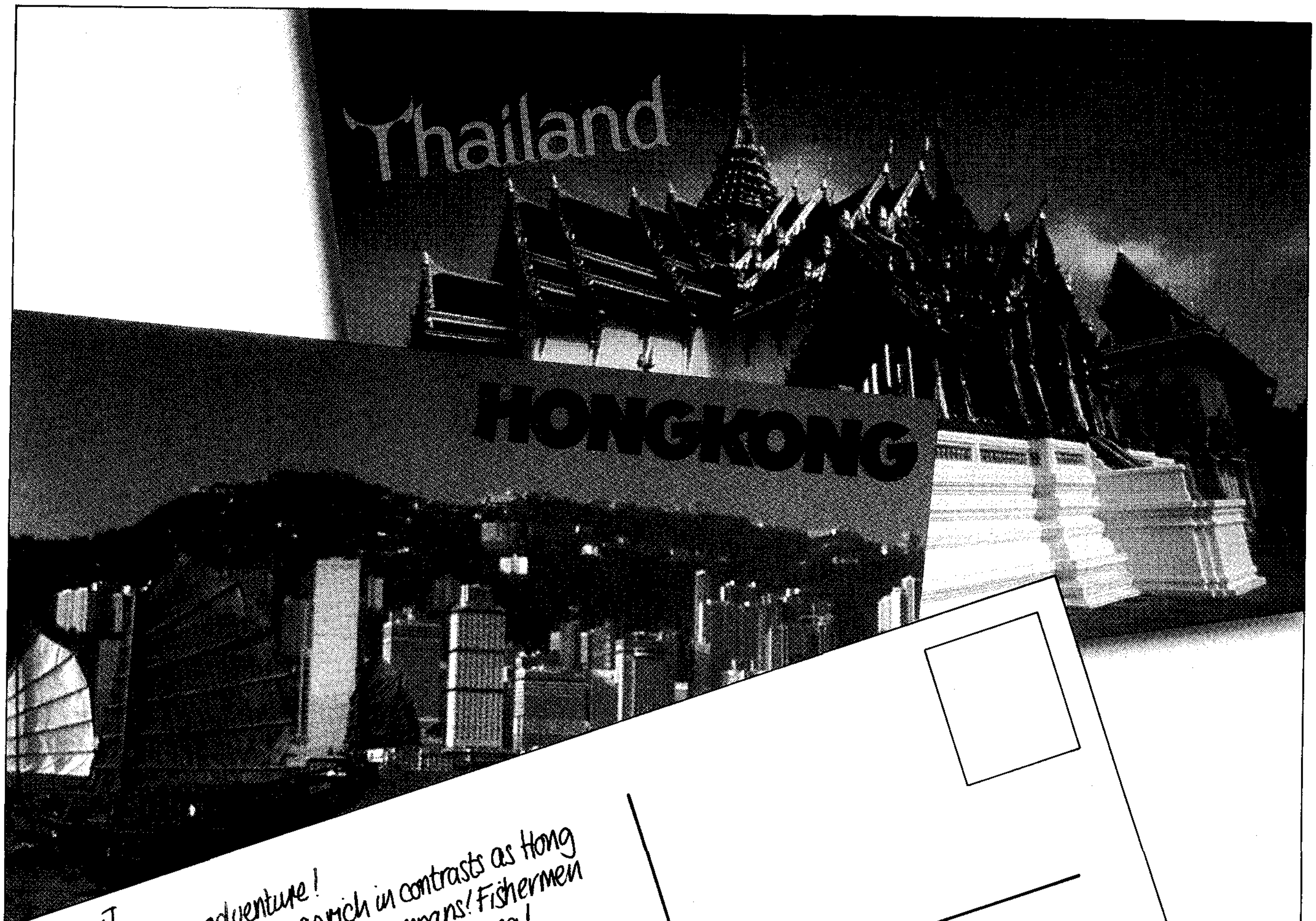
• •

LATE LOVE, A COMIC OPERA

We'll have no litany of our aches and pains,
As some rehearse, and always with tremulous sighs,
As if competing for some grand last prize.
O clap of thunder, O funereal rains!
Nor envy the young, under their counterpanes,
The trying of each other on for size.
"Everything fits!" they cry, in rapt surprise—
As bridles fit, headstall, bit, and reins.

The overture is over. The curtain rises.
Two maids in working black, with fluting voices,
Speak of a couple of a certain age.
"There has been gossip . . . if left to their own devices . . .
It isn't for the likes of us to judge!"
They giggle and arrange the perfect roses.

—HENRI COULETTE



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Next time we'll come out together
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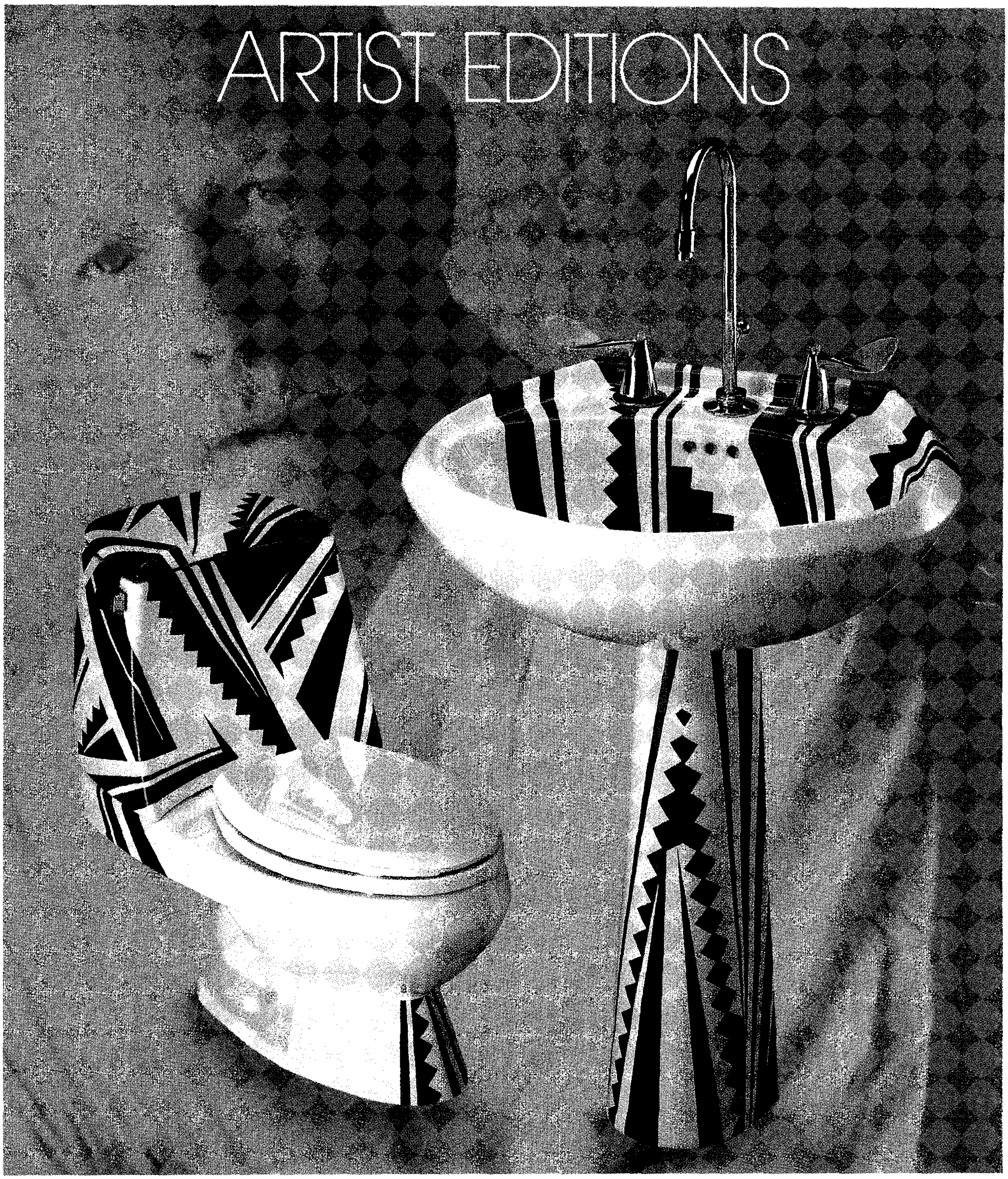

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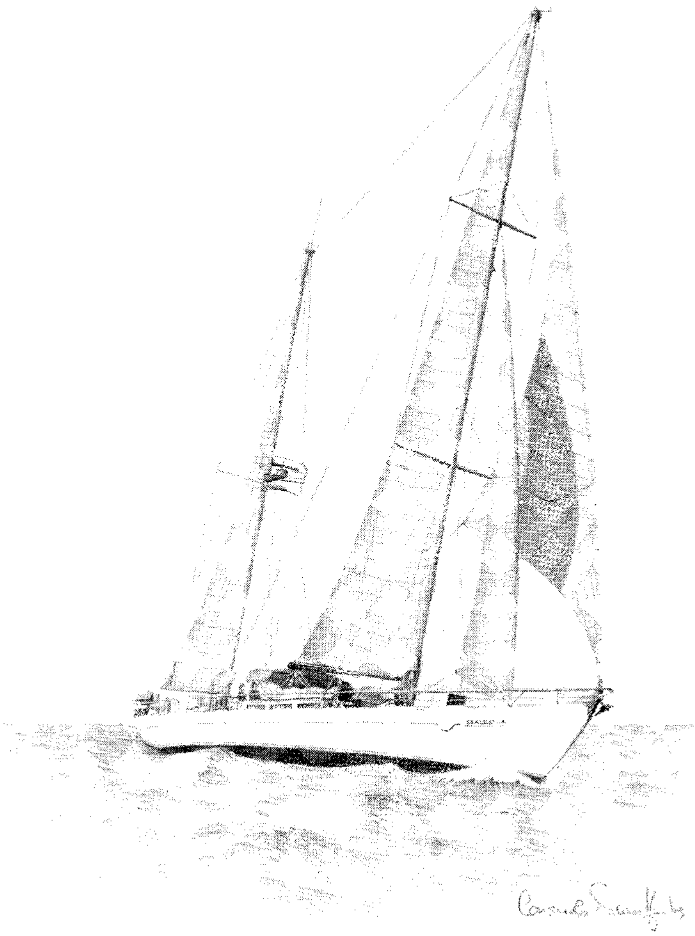
THE SPORTING SCENE

RACING THROUGH PARADISE—II



IN retrospect, the days of our Pacific passage went by quickly. But then in retrospect wars pass quickly. We were headed way out there, to New Britain. We had started in Hawaii and had made a landfall on Johnston Atoll. We were coming close to Majuro, in the Marshall Islands. There were no (articulated) complaints on board. None from the professional crew—from skipper Allan Jouning (he would not have complained at Dunkirk); nor from the quiet, fatalistic mate, Noddy Banfield; the cook, Liz Wheeler (and hardly any complaints from us about her remarkable cooking); nor from our stewardess, Maureen Ormond, with her smile, reborn every hour. No complaints from the Corinthians, either: my son Christopher (Christo), plying away at his journal when not on duty at the wheel; Danny Merritt, suffering from nobody knew quite what, including a back rash; Reggie Stoops, every day finding something that needed fixing; Dick Clurman, standing watch and working on his book manuscript; Christopher Little, fervently engaged in photographing our Pacific passage; Evan (Van) Galbraith, fussing over his own memoirs—he would resign as Ambassador to France soon after we reached Kavieng, in New Ireland, fifteen-plus sailing days ahead of us.

There was always some distraction—the exciting catch of a forty-pound dorado, with the attendant hilarious confusion. Dick, the professional fisherman, bounds up from below on hearing the swish of his line, shouting instructions to Christopher to bring in the second line, at the other end of the transom, so that the two lines won't be confused. Dick manfully struggles with his pole while Christo dutifully brings in the redundant line, only to discover after three or four minutes that *he* is bringing in the fish, while Dick is laboring histrionically with a line that has a piece of driftwood or whatever at the end of it. The huge dorado is gaffed into the after cockpit, and the inevitable bloody business of the kill faces us as the fish flaps ferociously and heavily about. Allan asks Danny to fetch up some vodka. Bottle in hand, Allan reaches over and pours a jigger of it into the fish's gill, and the result is miraculous. The fish is instantly dead. Van said he must remember never to take any vodka into his gill.

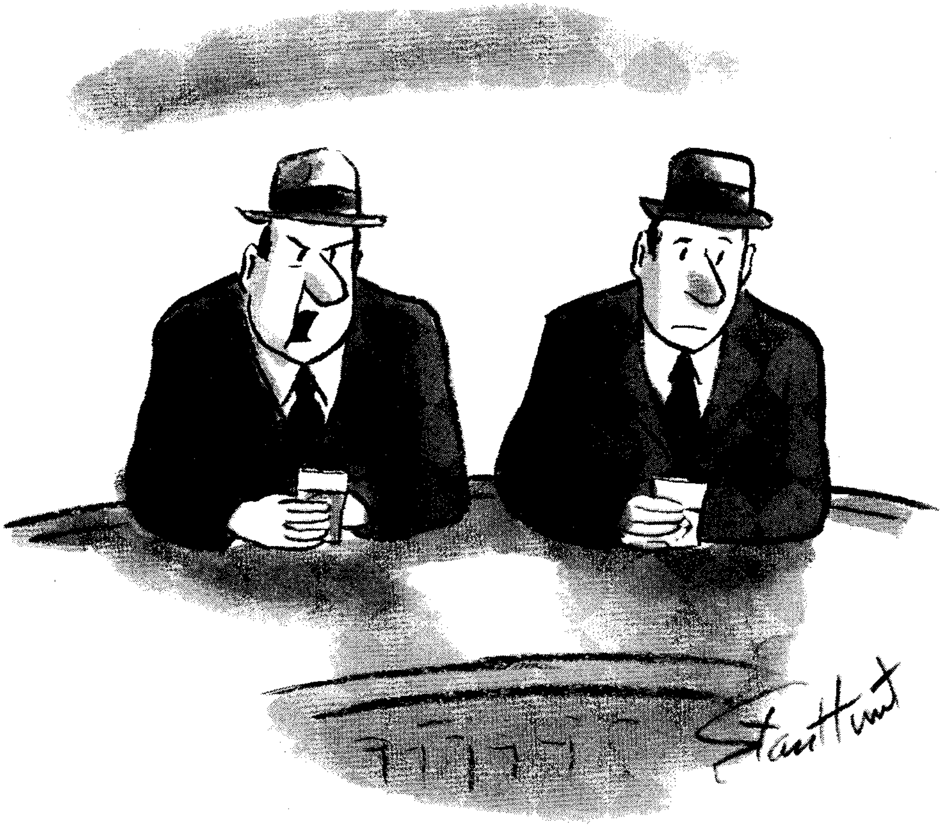
The (first) rain came. Christopher Little recorded:

> Christo and I revelled in the drenching rains, a heavenly relief from the heat. We washed our hair with freshwater shampoo—a real treat—and photographed one another with the two underwater cameras. Soon, of course, it became chilly, and we looked forward to the sunshine, which returned in due course.

We were moving. Indeed, that day we entered the Eastern Hemisphere.

Four days later, while we were watching the movie "My Man Godfrey," Allan hailed us from the wheel. He had spotted a light. Majuro. I hurried up to the cockpit, pleased that it was coming when I said it should. But although we approached what turned out to be an aero beacon, the question of how to find the narrow entrance to the harbor, in the dark, with ambiguous radar sightings, was unresolved: the bearing on the light didn't correspond with the land outlines we were looking for. Moreover, the bearing to the beacon kept changing: 225 degrees, 215 degrees, 180 degrees, 160 degrees, until at 120 degrees it became clear that we had come upon a current that set us westward. I knew now that in order to find the channel we would need to go north for over an hour, then east into the current for over two hours, then duck south and southeast—the last move inadvisable at night. So I said, in bureaucratese, "Let's call it an emergency layover." I decided against heaving to. Instead, we lowered the headsail and killed time with a reefed mainsail, coming about every hour. I gave out two-hour watches, rose at six, put on the engine, and, now that light permitted, followed the coastline. In three hours, we spotted the channel entrance. We had travelled twenty-three hundred statute miles.

Having tried and rejected the Old Port as a docking area (too full of junk and deserted or semi-deserted tankers), we put in at the New Port, a mile and a half down, the District Center of the Marshall Islands. Standing there in the sunshine to greet us was a genial young foreign-service officer—Michael Senko, United States Status Liaison Officer in Majuro. He was dressed in neat shorts and a strawish hat, had been expecting us, and drove Van, Dick, and me off in his jeep while the others went through offloading exertions and waited for customs to clear us. He took us to his



"You know what sticks in my craw, Harry? Never in my life have I ever received the benefit of the doubt."

• •

office, a few cubicles in a building of cubicles that included government offices. We were pretty bleary, but wanted to telephone.

My, but he was obliging. After our telephone calls, he took us back to the vessel, where we ran into a little official consternation. "The Port Authority man," Christopher noted, "is all bent out of shape because half the people are ashore without having been cleared first and, oh—then the Copra Man arrives and fixes things. Smiles, waves—and we're off." The Copra Man was one of those generic presences one comes upon in little satrapies, whose materialization brings on instant mollification. The sun was very bright overhead, we were very hot and hungry and thirsty and dirty, and we were surrounded by an appalling accumulation of bulging plastic laundry bags—twenty of them. Two weeks, eleven people, plus ship's laundry; no wonder. We went to a huge modern shopping center—never mind that it was Sunday and that the Marshallese are very religious—to drop off the laundry and pick up whatever it was we felt was indispensable that we pick up. Oh, of course—newspapers! The *Marshall Island News!* And a *Newsweek* only two weeks old. Plus, of course, flashlights. No sailing man ever passes a store that sells flashlights without buying flashlights, since no one has yet thought to engineer a flashlight that lasts more than a few days aboard an oceangoing sailing boat.

At the diner near the shopping center, an affable, bored Micronesian lady, weighing perhaps two hundred pounds, stood while the two Christophers and I, in one booth, pondered the menu. After about fifteen seconds, she sat down on the vacant part of Christopher Little's bench, as if to say, "Take your time, but don't ask me to stand up through it all." We had hamburgers, I think, and Christopher Little passed about some wine bottles we had brought from the boat. I attempted to brief the Christophers on what Mike Senko had told me about these atolls, though we had read most of it in books we had aboard, and then I passed on his plans for our stay. The following morning would be devoted to official business: we would meet with the President and his Cabinet. Mike would leave us alone this afternoon, after checking us into the Marshall Sun Hotel, where, in anticipation, he had reserved some rooms, and that evening he would take us to a pig roast, if we chose, and we could in the meantime, of course, walk, swim, ride about. (Dick had found, and hired, a car in a matter of minutes after we arrived.) Our first non-Liz meal in a fortnight, and, oh, what a deplorable difference.

We drove off to the hotel. As I was checking in, Christopher pointed to a sign above the air-conditioner:

ATTENTION!
PLEASE DON'T TOUCH THE MACHINE.
IS COMING FREEZE!

Christopher's journal:

> The Marshall Sun Hotel looks a bit like something the U.S. military might have built for the Los Alamos boys who set off "Bravo" and the other H-bombs north of here: strictly cinder block, plywood corridors—you kind of bounce as you walk—neoprene pillows, and air-conditioners with Japanese buttons, requiring some experimentation before providing the promised "freeze." It was all painted in a yellow designed to stir feelings of sun and cheer in the guests, but which, bathed in hot fluorescence, created the atmosphere of a veterinary hospital. The Japanese architects must have had a moment of aesthetic remorse at the last minute; each room had a wood beam, painted chocolate, spanning the ceiling. Nice touch, guys! It was spartan, but it was clean; it was dry and it didn't move. It was beautiful.

We slept that afternoon—oh, how we slept. Each in his own little room. The joys of privacy.

At the pig roast, at about 7 P.M., where we came upon Allan and Noddy and Liz, there were perhaps a hundred Americans, some of them serious Marshallese, most of them semi-transients, here to work on a construction project, or whatever, and gone tomorrow or the day after. They all spoke to us about the islands, about their acknowledged dependence on American capital and welfare. The Marshall Islands are indeed a welfare project of the United States. One construction engineer who had been around for a while said he had no confidence that anyone would ever get around to changing the oil in the generator he had just finished installing. An airline pilot said that the great pity of this cluster of Pacific islands is that people tend to come to Majuro, because it is the administrative capital, but the island is surrounded by beautiful atolls. In fact, just across the lagoon, three miles west along the northern shore, he said, it becomes utterly beautiful—beach, palms, white sand, everything one goes to the Pacific for. But here, he said, for a good while after the war life revolved around the Second World War airstrip, and while there's a lot of commercial activity there isn't any real sense of community.

We didn't eat much pig, because we would eat supper at the hotel, to which we returned in due course. The "South Pacific Handbook," a travel guide, had this under the section "Amenities of Majuro": "There are three cinemas showing American and Kung Fu movies. . . . Single females on Majuro have a reputation for permissiveness, some starting as young as 12 years old. Juvenile-fixated men unfortunately still take advantage of this; a sad situation in D-U-D." That stands for Dalap-Uliga-Darrit, which is the greater metropolitan area of Majuro. Christopher's comment on this observation in the handbook:

> There was no hanky-panky on the part of the crew of Sealestial. It turned out we docked right next to the local bordello, a chicken-wire and shanty affair off the rutted road. The ladies cooed and clucked at us as we drove by. We whistled back but slowed only so we could get a glimpse of the cockfight being held there.

The dinner menu was the same, but literally the same, as that at the diner. And the conversation focussed almost exclusively on the question of whether we should now head for Kosrae, the easternmost of the Caroline Islands, or for Ponape, nearer to the center of the Carolines. The difference is about three hundred nautical miles, but, then, if we head toward Kosrae, a day or two out we'll run into the big easterly countercurrent, a sausage three hundred miles wide and three thousand miles long, squatting just south of us and extending all the way to Indonesia, and we'll have to traverse that sausage to get to New Britain. But if we head due west we can stay in favorable currents until we're ready to dip down into Ponape. I yield to Christopher's recounting:

> Over dinner at the Sun (a not bad cabbage tempura and gristly teriyaki) Pup said, *We gotta make a decision here* about whether to proceed on to Ponape or duck down to Kosrae. Old Van sort of took the floor, as he now does sort of *all* the time (being Ambassador seems to have suited Van), and starts in on this pitch for Kosrae. Sounded like a one-man Chamber of Commerce. All about how it's got great volcanic formations and it's only half the distance, blah blah. As he went on, a procession of gringos stopped by our table to chat. To each one we put the question: Ponape or Kosrae? Like a Greek chorus they all kissed their fingertips, rolled their eyes, and sang a song of Ponape: of waterfalls, mysterious ruins, nightlife, lagoons, the Village Hotel . . . Van meanwhile hunkered down and kept talking about Kosrae. At one point he really covered himself with snake oil, saying that well, hell, *everyone's* heard of Ponape, and we ought to be adventurous enough to go someplace nobody's ever heard of.
>
> "Van," says I, "you're not suggesting anyone back home has *heard* of Ponape, now, are you?"
>
> "Look," he says, pointing at the Continental–Air Micronesia map. "It's on a major air route."
>
> Uh-huh.
>
> Van kept up this palaver for two hours, but W.F.B. finally came down *firmly* on the Ponape side. Next day it occurred to me Van was just up to his trick of trying to rush-rush to Kavieng, so's he can get to his farewell party in Paree.
>
> "You really had me going there," I said to him over pancakes. "You actually sounded sincere about wanting to go to Kosrae."
>
> He twinkled. "Well," he said, "I can sound sincere about a *lot* of things."

I decided to begin the morning by jogging with Van—as it happened, the first time I'd ever jogged, preferring for my aerobics an indoor bicycle opposite a television set. Van's delicate paternalism is touching. I thought I was keeping up with his normal gait, but after about a mile, when I said I thought that was about right for half my ration, instead of turning back with me and jogging alongside until

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we reached the hotel and then going on at his own clip to make his own distance he said he would keep going and return by himself. That way, he would not embarrass me by moving ahead of me while we were headed in the same direction, or inhibit his own, greater speed. Back at the hotel, having breakfast, Christopher, Danny, and Reg professed to be astonished at the sight of me thus engaged, and thereby elicited from me a homily having to do with *mens sana in corpore sano*, and perhaps I even remembered to add that the navigator and captain on this voyage could not afford to be self-indulgent and get sick and fat and weak from indolence and excess.

While Christopher Little, Christo, and Reg went off with a guide to scuba dive off the reefs, Mike, in his jeep, took the rest of us on a tour of Majuro—embarrassingly easy to do. There is nothing there, to speak of, except a tiny museum and lots of shopping centers. I had to discharge my *petite commission*, which was to buy three hundred pounds of block ice. After three fruitless stops, I came finally to what looked like a neglected Confederate mini-plantation house in the middle of the city. I assumed I had yet again a wrong address, but after I knocked on the door a large black woman emerged, heard me out, said nothing, but vaguely beckoned, then shuffled down the staircase from the porch to the ground floor, pulled a key out of her billowing floral dress, inserted it in a wooden door, and opened what turned out to be a huge freezer.

After lunch, we checked everyone out of the Marshall Sun Hotel, to expedite things in general, and called for the laundry. The load must have kept the staff up all night, but out it came—what seemed like truckfuls of the stuff. Dick approached us in astonishment as he pieced his wallet back together: the entire load had been done for twenty dollars. The cost, almost anywhere else we can think of, would have been twenty times that. We got to the boat—no divers. I became anxious. Mike called the weather station to inquire whether there had been any emergencies. Negative. When, at 3 P.M.—two hours after they were expected—they finally showed up, I came as close as I ever did to being censorious; but they were all glowing with such happiness over the beautiful reef they had explored that I satisfied myself with a private word to Christo.

Ponape, I had decreed. But the next swim was only an hour or so off. Sealestial headed out, after we thanked Mike effusively for his kindness, to the spot across the lagoon which the airplane pilot had told us about the night before. (Never neglect, or fail to inquire after, local knowledge.) It was, as he said, ideal. Quiet; indeed, isolated. We swam lazily about in the clear water, using face masks. We read, and listened again to tapes of David Niven as the sun went down, and had one of Liz's wonderful meals. But no movie tonight. It was time to go.

From Dick's taped journal:

Bill, as always, is eager to get moving. So we set out again, reluctant and panting. What does it sound like on deck? What is all this scintillating conversation people on land assume we constantly have? First things come first, and it is often pure business—the business of sailing. So here's how it sounded that typical evening, with the strains of Bach playing in the background:

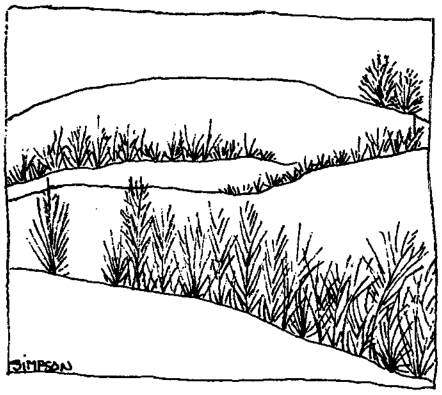
BILL: O.K., we're going to be heading out here with the mainsail—I think maybe we won't bother putting up the Yankee until we get up through the channel and set our regular course. We'll use a little power if necessary to augment. Then, when we get out, we'll sail two-six-zero, which is due west. If the wind is, as I expect, slightly north of east—Maureen, who'd like some Sanka?—we'll be able to carry it. If it happens to be due east, then we'll face the stick [spinnaker pole] problem. That will be sort of at the changing-of-the-shift point. There will be no—I think—point in putting up the Yankee for this six-mile stretch given that, uh— As a matter of fact, what is that—forty-five degrees? Yeah. I think we can put it up, sure we can, because it's a northwest course. Sure, we can put 'em both up. Because when we head up, there isn't anything we can't do with a northeast or east wind that would overtax the Yankee. So when we get out of here we'll put up first the main and then the Yankee. We'll be on a starboard tack.

VAN: With or without the pole?

BILL: Without the pole. We may not use the pole at all. Christo, tell them to put on the compass light.

REG: It [the wind] is about forty degrees.

BILL: Well, that's super. It couldn't be more northeast if it tried. That's absolutely super, forty degrees [magnetic] being, of course, fifty degrees [true]. So we'll go out on both sails. Bring the light down a little more, we need nail polish on it [to avoid glare]. We sure as hell need that.



VAN: We could tape the flashlight on this rail.

BILL: Take Reggie's advice. He's always right on these things. It should be down farther. Let's get it installed right now.

CHRISTO: Is there a little bit of red wine behind you?

BILL: You don't seriously think I would not let you have some red wine?

DICK: You'll find duct tape in my fishing box.

BILL: Who's on duty with me? Skipper, could we confer for a moment? We've got wind coming in at forty degrees, which is nice. We've got [a course] straight west, which is two-sixty, to that flasher where that channel begins; then it's northwest, and we should be able to see two lights at that point plus the channel, but there's no problem if we drift a little bit—i.e., in terms of depth. When we get out of the channel, a course of due west is the thing to take, on a starboard tack with the Yankee up, and the mainsail up but no pole, and then tomorrow we'll [get a fix from the Global Positioning System] to make sure we're not in the countercurrents. If we are in the countercurrents, we'll head up fifteen degrees, and get out of them. So from here due west takes us right to the little flasher. What we want to do when you're ready—what we'll do is pull up the anchor, head down a half mile, put up the mainsail, and then put up the Yankee.

VAN: Does that light show?

BILL: The flasher? No.

DICK: They may have stolen the battery.

Often, that was exactly what happened, the scuba guide had told Reggie and Christopher. It is one reason that night landings are less frequent than they might be. But we didn't absolutely need that flasher—not going out. Pulling out was easily done, marred only by different readings on the radar in which I emphatically disagreed with my son, who after a minute or two I recognized was correct. I apologized.

On our way. We had done half the distance.

I MAKE my entry in the log, at one in the morning: "*We are headed for A-I-L-I-N-G-L-A-P-A-L-A-P Atoll, for no other purpose than to avoid running into it. Its southern shore is 140 miles from NW point of Majuro. At 258 M* [*magnetic*]. *But we can only sail well at 270 deg.*

"*Continue at 270 deg if wind stays as is. Then, tomorrow, we'll make necessary sail changes: probably Yankee to windward. Plenty of time. EP* [*Estimated Position*] *is on plotting sheet.*

"*Winds 20 knots ENE. Barometer*

at 1002. (Please return navigational tools to navigational tray.)"

A couple of reflections here. The unpronounceable atoll becomes entirely negotiable if you simply think mnemonically. Begin by breaking down those Polynesian names, which tend to run on a bit, into one- or two-syllable components. We would soon have that trouble with Kapingamarangi, until it conquered us—so thoroughly that, whatever its name, it was tattooed in the memory. The atoll we needed to watch out for now, eighteen hours' sail down the line, is easily referred to simply as "Ailing." Watch out for Ailing! If you hit Ailing, you will be ailing. Better, in order not to hit it, to take a lap around it, well offshore. A lap, you say? We should lap a lap around Ailing? I'll just contract that: Ailinglapalap.

Nothing to it.

Another thought. The wind was crowding us on our starboard wing-and-wing course, but not enough to justify jibing to a port tack. It made sense to proceed twenty or thirty miles before doing this. We had got awfully spoiled about being able to sail dead on course. And, yes: the housekeeper's little note. Dick has said that I am bad about putting things away, and he is right, but absolutely indispensable things freeze me in an entirely different gear. For the navigator, indispensable things are his dividers, his pencil, his protractor, his parallel rules, his plotting sheet, his watch, his sextant, and his calculator. I really *didn't like it* when I had to scratch around to find any of these. Danny himself is rather informal about where he last put something, but I find he, too, likes to have navigational gear at hand, though last summer, I suddenly remember, it took him half an hour to find the *Tide Tables*.

The following morning, I made an error in judgment. The winds were fractious, there were radio reports of a great doldrum in the Ponape area, the fair current hadn't given us the fifteen-mile lift it was supposed to have done, so I decided to skip Ponape and head southwest for Kosrae. I gave the new heading, and prayed silently that the countercurrent would come at us leniently. It did not. It slowed the vessel to a hundred and forty miles per day, a huge penalty. The next day, Reggie, in his gentle way, drew me a vector diagram of forces, on the basis of which I acknowledged that we'd have been better sticking to the westerly course and dipping down to Ponape at the last minute. But the truth is that I was feeling, at this point, a kind of hour-by-hour anxiety about the bloody schedule. Van would forgive me without a second thought if our late arrival meant that he missed a scheduled meeting with George Bush, the Fourth of July, his wedding anniversary, and Thanksgiving: but it is precisely because he *is* that way with his friends that I was most awfully anxious not to make him miss his deadline, let alone the deadline forty-eight hours later, on which so many others of us depended to meet obligations in San Francisco, New York, London, and Hong Kong. The distances left to go at that point: three hundred and seventy miles to Kosrae, five hundred and fifty to Kapingamarangi, three hundred to Kavieng, a hundred and sixty to Rabaul. A tight schedule.

At lunch, Dick, who likes to speculate, commented on the loneliness we had experienced during the entire time of our sail: not one ship sighted, sail or power; not one airplane spotted. His hypothetical question for that day: "Suppose POTUS wanted Van for some imperatively urgent reason?"

"Who is POTUS?" I asked.

Dick explained that this is the acronym regularly used in the relevant channels for the President of the United States.

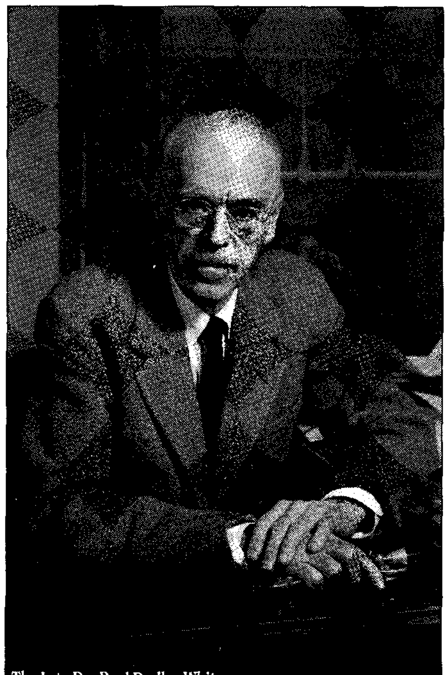
There was speculation on how long it would actually take (a) for a satellite to spot us, our general route being known; (b) then for a seaplane to be dispatched; and (c) to reach us from—where? Guam? Dick would settle for eighteen hours, nothing less, to remove Van from Sealestial. Van volunteered that he would gladly coöperate any time a President needed his advice, which should be "constantly."

From Dick's tapes:

> I am often asked by innocents how I can get along with Bill, the real leader of the conservative movement in America. No problem. Van, however, at times makes Bill seem like a dangerous left-winger. No problem, either. I delight in Van's company, even his confident, if usually off-the-wall, solutions to all the world's problems. But occasionally he stretches not just *me* but even Christo. At lunch, we were talking about Christo's forthcoming *Esquire* piece on the Vietnam Memorial. Van begins to tell how "we could have won the war if we'd done the right thing." I tune out, mostly, after one or two forays that don't make a dent. Finally, Christo says, "Van, you don't know what the hell you're talking about." "O.K.," says Van, with his usual conviviality. "Hey, look at that full moon up there."

That night, we saw "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest," which I found boring, greatly to the disgust of my son, who pronounced it one of the six best movies he had ever seen. (Dick said he did think it had an "anti-establishmentarian bias." I said I just didn't much enjoy movies about cuckoo people.) Christopher and Dick had the Post-Midnight Watch. I had checked the course, left instructions in the log, and, stepping on the sill of Van's bunk, raised myself up for the ten minutes' reading that was all I ever managed in the evening before dropping off to sleep. It must have been a very sound sleep. Not so for the watch captain:

> But I will tell you about last night. Now, last night was something. It was my Dick watch, the 1 to 5 one he and I share once a cycle. The last one was—what?—a week ago, the night we crossed the International Date Line to the accompaniment of "Victory at Sea."
>
> You know, Dick has a bunch of frustrating habits, like resting his hand on the binnacle [the container for the ship's compass, without a clear view of which it is impossible to tell in what direction the ship is headed]—the binnacle!—every five minutes, and blowing smoke in your food, but I have become *fond* of the son of a bitch these last—18?—days. He's a great watch partner, full of a thousand stories about all sorts of movers and shakers. I mean, he's been there—everywhere. Last night he told of Harry Luce's funeral in Moncks Corner, South Carolina, at H.R.L.'s former plantation, the one he had given to the Trappists; about arriving there with Fr. John Courtney Murray, all the monks so excited and kid-like at his visit, as if DiMaggio had dropped in on a summer camp. He told about Harry's fallings-out with the three people who really loved him—John Hersey, Teddy White, and Emmett Hughes—all three for ideological reasons. In two and a half hours we yak-yakked away, about DeLorean, Ted Sorensen, Andrew Kopkind, Clay Felker, Harold Hayes, Billy Graham, the Kennedys, Fulton Sheen, Larry Flynt, the Prince of Liechtenstein, David Halberstam—it was awful good gab, anyway, and I was perfectly happy to keep the wheel and sip beer and listen.
>
> About 3:15 I looked back and saw the horizon had turned black. *Very* black (as David Halberstam would say). I remembered Pup telling me when I was little, one day coming back from an overnight sail in a squall, "When you look out and see a low, dark line stretching around the entire horizon, that's when you start to worry."
>
> I was thinking that if this were my little Patito I'd be reefing the main and dropping the jenny. But Sealestial is so much bigger that a sail-shortening operation at 3 in the morning with just two on watch is



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not a good idea. So I thought, Well, let's just see what happens, but I did wonder if we shouldn't wake up Pup or Allan. Dick and I decided to let them sleep. Dick said, "I bet Allan will be up here any second anyway." Damned if 15 seconds later Allan didn't materialize up through the companionway, a reassuring presence, and seconds later the rain hit.

Heavy, right away. Squall-like: torrential, warm, sweet. You have to decide right away what level of dryness you want. Since my shorts and Harvard T-shirt were basically damp anyway, I didn't bother zipping up the top of my foul-weather jacket. Within two minutes I was soaked through, but it felt good and refreshing.

It was coming down so hard I thought it would pour itself out, but it continued hard until the decks were a blur and it crackled against the foul-weather jackets. You couldn't look up into it.

The wind was now up to 35-40 knots, gusting to 50, and it was a bit tricky keeping her downwind as the gusts were covering an arc of about 100 degrees. It would change from 210 degrees to 320 degrees in less than ten seconds. The only thing to do was hold on to the wheel with both hands, lean back, and keep my eyes on the wind vane atop the mast. It looked eerie with the wind screaming past the shrouds, the rain driving before us at an angle of 45 or more degrees; most spooky of all was the light on the masthead, sliced and refracted by the wind shear, a kind of cubist St. Elmo's fire. (Before I die I would like to see that phenomenon.)

Now we were fizzing through the water, often at 11 knots. The rains had flattened the seas so that our progress was unimpeded by waves. The ship's lights cast a circular aura on the water around us. All was white and hissing.

The rain cut into the eyes, but it was necessary to keep the wind vane in sight at all times. The lightning, which had begun before the rain hit us, was now directly overhead, and regular. At one point I looked up at the masthead from the compass just as a gorgeous crack of lightning stitched across the sky. For two seconds I could not see. It's a curious, Old Testament feeling, being blinded by lightning: a sense of retribution, awful judgment, awful punishment. Well, it wasn't all *that* dramatic, but it kept lighting up the tableau around us, throwing everything into stark, hot, instantaneous relief: a sailboat plowing through a wild-ocean storm as fast as she can go.

I kept the helm last night for four hours, almost two of them spent in the storm. After the first hour I knew that we were in the worst of it and that was a good feeling: a surge of O.K., *now we can have some fun.* And it was fun. The rain slapping into the eyeballs, the birds screeching, the fizz of our wake, the screaming of the wind, hands white, clutched on the helm, a slight ache in the upper arms from the strain, just enough fear to make it interesting. About an hour and a half of it. Allan, crouching nearby, taciturn, professional, reassuring, said, "You're doing a good job with the helm, Christo." And, to Dick, explained, "That is the hardest sort of course to hold, downwind, at night, in a storm." It is awful immodest of me to write down this advertisement for myself, but that made me feel good.

All the next day was wet, and Christopher Little mentioned the effect in his journal:

> The rain is almost constant now and is very debilitating to morale and skin. The cabins get so unbearably hot with the hatches dogged down that it is hard to sleep. Reg, my cabinmate, radiates a stunning amount of body heat. It's like sleeping next to a wood stove on a humid night in August. All the foul-weather gear is soaked through. When you go on watch you start off drenched and get no drier. The cabin floors are covered with soggy shorts and underwear, and the whole boat has a nasty, musty odor. So this is Paradise?

That was the same day that Christopher let loose on Dick, in High Elizabethan. Memorable. I await Dick's reaction when he sees it, especially in the light of the longtime affection between him and the Mauler:

> I relate this dreary anecdote only to acquaint the reader with the type of person Mr. C—— is, and not, I assure, to prejudice said reader against him. But it must be said that Mr. C—— can make of himself a most vexing presence, and it is in this particular that the author is compelled to manifest his grievances against him in the interest of compatibilitie and harmonie, for it is said of company aboard seagoing vessels that " 'tis agreeable to hotbunk with thy mate, but not lay thy dirty underwear upon his face."
>
> He finds pleasant that most noxious habit of tobacco, and doth contrive to pollute the air wheresoever he sits. This very afternoon I was sitting pleasantly at table, composing some descriptions of the inhabitants of Majuro Atoll, when Mr. C—— appeared and without so much as a by-your-leave plunked his person down beside me. It was the work of moments to convert my quiet writing-area into a ghetto-dwelling of computer, computer manuals, ashtray, and the myriad, noisome accoutrements which he doth produce from a blue purse he carries with him at all times; for it is in this purse that he keeps his Benson & Hedges cigarettes, lest he find himself with less than an entire carton.
>
> "You have come," I said to him, "to trouble my quietude. Why doth you not repair to some other corner of the vessel whereth you may contrive an animal-sty or whicheversoever environment you pleaseth?"
>
> He made no answer to my entreaty, but began his tapping upon the computer, shortly followed by great braying and imprecating against the maker of it. So self-absorbed does he become in his conundra with his writing machine that he payeth no mind to where his cigarette ash flieth, to wit, into various of my tender membranes, such as the eyes and mouth. When one asks if he might trouble to cause this detritus to be placed elsewhere, he makes no sign of comprehending, and continueth with his tapping.
>
> It was not long before I found that Mr.

C—— possesseth a genius for causing a bruit without acquainting himself with its results. One day, whilst sitting across from me with his wretched writing machine, he reached across to procure an object relating to his tobacco; in doing so, he brushed against the "volume" control on my Walkman, turning it up to such a level as to make my inner ear ring mightily. I gnashed my teeth and made a great keening to make manifest my pain. Yet he remarked not one iota on my consternation, and merely continued with his tapping. Not five minutes later another disaster befell me thanks to his agency. I had procured a cup of iced tea with a fat slice of orange to ward off the scurvy. This I had placed beside me, buttressed against the sea motion by means of an ingenious use of surgical tubing. It wanted no small amount of ingenuity to consternate my iced tea, but hark, here comes Mr. C——, and mark, soon my painstakingly prepared beverage was a chaos of ice and brown puddles which coursed from one end of the table like the river Lethe, a torrent of tannic acid that staineth and corrodeth everything in its path.

Every man hath his limits, and after a fortnight of enduring these and other affronts which shall go unmentioned, I resolved that to keep murder out of my heart I would mount counter-vexations. Thereupon I seized the opportunity to fill his blue purse with a congeries of loose objects, such as Snickers bars, clothespins, snap hooks, and other loose objects as one doth find lying about the deck. Last evening after the reading (our text was "Bring On the Empty Horses"), whilst Mr. C—— was engaged in earnest conversation—for he *only* engageth in earnest conversation—I detached his flashlight from the snap hook which dangleth from the length of line attached to his belt loop. He noticed not the thievery; I begin to suppose him oblivious to the greater part of that which taketh place around him—indeed, he went on with his conversation. Thus I attached the snap hook to the accursed blue purse; the dark thought looming not distantly in my cerebellum that he might falleth overboard and be dragged down to the Darbies by his blue purse, serving him in the office of an anchor; or like the millstone which those aboriginals of the Old Testament used to sink their undesirables.

Perhaps I rageth out of proportion to the crime. Certainly I do not desire that Mr. C—— be weighted down with snap hooks and drowned. He is in many respects an excellent fellow, and he knoweth a great quantity of celebrities with whom he treats on terms of equality. He has written some pages of a book, which some aboard have read and found pleasing, and it promiseth to make a great noise when published. But if he continueth in his ways, making serpentine progress while at the helm, causing the sails to jibe and folk to be pitched from their bunks like cordwood, and making his copious nuisances upon our company, then I am resolved to put a dead flying fish in his blue purse, leaving him to wonder at the mysterious stink which emanateth from within. I pray, meanwhile, I will not be provoked to such an extremity of retaliation.

While this kind of thing was going on, Dick was writing in his journal:

> So I find myself, aboard Sealestial, the foil for much good-humored derision. Do I mind? Not at all. I would if I were entering the competition, but knowing that I've lost before I start, I go along with the unusual role for me of being the novice among the experts. In a way that makes me an outsider in Bill's sailing entourage. But the cement that binds us is personal rather than professional. So I don't mind being at the bottom of the blue-water sailing class. In recreational games I am non-competitive. But if I can't play them with grace in the company of those who can, then I watch, and lend an obliging hand.

But how very quickly moods change. Suddenly, at about six, the sun came out. Almost immediately, almost on cue, everyone began to stir. Wet clothes were brought up from below and put on clothes hangers along the lifeline. The main saloon was, lightly at first, then with Stakhanovite thoroughness, cleaned and reordered. In a spurt of energy, I wrote on my Kaypro 2000 a piece on white wines commissioned by *Goodlife*. Several of us were scribbling away at journals, and Van was making changes in his manuscript. The spirits soared with the barometer. I am amused that only the day after his lugubrious entry about the life on board Christopher Little was asking that the trip be prolonged. He recorded in his journal:

> We are passing Ailinglapalap Atoll on the starboard beam. I am terribly frustrated by the time constraints which restrict our shore time and prevent us from even stopping here for a swim. We are trying to do too much—I think everyone agrees—by sailing over four thousand miles in thirty days. "Racing Through Paradise," Reggie suggested Bill entitle the book that will grow out of this trip. Already we've had to cut out two stops, Ponape and Nukuoro, to reach Rabaul, New Guinea, in time. It's too bad, but there is nothing to be done about it.

Exactly, exactly. Dick expressed himself similarly:

> We long for the sight and stability of land. At first I thought my longing came from my relative inexperience. But it turns out that all of us and, in fact, all ocean sailors have it. Listen to Melville: "Tossed on the billows of the wide-rolling Pacific—the sky above, the sea around, and nothing else! . . . Oh! for a refreshing glimpse of one blade of grass—for a snuff at the fragrance of a handful of the loamy earth . . . that peculiar prolongation of sound that a sailor loves—'Land ho!' "

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We picked up Kosrae. Twelve miles away: gratifyingly, on the course I had specified, at about the time I had predicted. It was near midnight when we caught a fleeting view of a flashing red. The chart showed that if we could simultaneously spot a Flashing Red 4 Sec and a Quick Flashing Red we were on the right heading: get them so that they are in line and proceed safely into the narrow neck of the harbor. If we had had loran, or if the G.P.S. had at that hour been functioning, it would have been as easy as to travel due west at Latitude 5 degrees 19.75 minutes into the harbor. Come to think of it, I guess I'd have insisted on G.P.S. accuracy for that one: at its narrowest, the channel is only about four hundred feet wide. At both ends, there are submerged coral reefs.

Oh, how we struggled to find access! We never did see both lights, and attempts to line ourselves up in the direction of the single light we occasionally saw, toward which the indicated bearing was 277 degrees, frustrated us time after time, as we would come on course and then lose the light. After two hours, I decided to surrender. It was after three in the morning, and I told the watch to stand down, keeping the island in sight. We brought down the Yankee and sailed with only the main. The log entry reads, "*Christo and Van on duty till 0500. Sunrise at 7:54, Zone 12 Daylight time. W.F.B. to be awakened before channel entrance is undertaken.* Merci."

But I'll let Christo tell it:

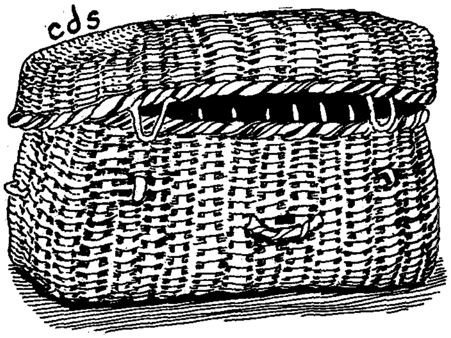
> A squall loomed on the radar like a tumor. The eastern sky was black. Caught between weather and an impenetrable shore, W.F.B. decided to heave to, ride it out until the sunrise.
>
> The squall hit—storm, really; it would last until morning—and I had a strange sense of déjà vu: *I've seen this movie, you know,* driving hard rain, gusts up to 40, strong swell. I kept the engine on to give us headway, was glad for that engine, and understood what terror it must have been for the old sailing ships, hove to off a reefy lee shore, gale blowing them back back back onto the rocks. I kept the helm as long as I could, about an hour and a half, and turned it over to Van.
>
> I went down below to get warm and within minutes was nauseated. The saloon was in its usual state of hove-to swill: wet foul-weather gear strewn about the floor, wet heaps of clothing (O.K., O.K.: mostly mine) on the settee. Worked my way for-

> ward. As I passed the galley I inhaled a hot waft of the most unpleasant aroma: overripe papaya and evaporated milk. Ooooh ... Slamming against the port and starboard bulwarks I passed Reg and Chris's cabin. Now, here was a physical phenomenon: a human thermal layer, heat *radiating* out—body temperature plus. I'd have stayed and marvelled except this, combining with the papaya and evaporated milk, had produced a foreboding in my gullet that sent me packing in the direction of the cockpit: better to be wet and shivering than barfing, I say. It was a slow watch, slowest of the trip. Every five minutes I checked my watch—and found that only two minutes had passed. This was the lowest point of the trip. I wanted my wife, I wanted to be dry, I wanted to be home. Five o'clock finally came. I told W.F.B. and Reg we were four miles offshore and collapsed on the settee next to Liz, who had left the oven of her cabin for the saloon. The wind shifted so that every twenty seconds the sail banged; even so I was asleep in minutes.

A half hour after dawn, we were tied up alongside a rusty old interchannel supply boat. Already, it was hot, in the event that you wonder what the weather is like on June 20th a hundred and sixty-three degrees east of Greenwich and five degrees above the equator, in the easternmost of the Caroline Islands.

THE hours in Kosrae, on the same day when Christopher had designated his watch as his low point of the Pacific passage, were in terms of creature-comfort criteria *my* low point. During those hours, Christopher was enthralled. Throughout our stay in Lele Harbor, we were, from necessity, tied up, as to a Siamese twin, alongside a rusty, oily freighter occupying the single dock space. In the course of the day, I must have walked across it, heel to toe, over the slim wooden plank straddling the hold of that dilapidated workhorse, over its lifeline, onto the dock—oh, fifty times. The first business at hand, as usual, was to telephone home, and four of us got into a taxi and drove through the wet, sleepy little town and up through muggy semi-forests, rising to a clearing in the hills in which lay the administrative complex of the island. We were directed to the Communication Center, an abandoned trailer wired into a satellite dish that would reach out to any telephone system in the world—so the plump brown operator told us in the crowded little room, blissfully air-conditioned. Everything was serene in the Western Hemisphere, we presently discovered, and on leaving the trailer we were accosted by a young, trimly dressed American, who introduced himself as the attorney general of Kosrae. We chatted, and he told us that his wife was a qualified archeologist and would be happy to take us through the "ruins," which lay within walking distance of Sealestial, so we made a date for after lunch. At that point, Reggie arrived in another taxi, to say that Kosrae customs officials were most unhappy about Sealestial. To begin with, there was our booze; they were disposed to seal it until our departure. Second was the problem of our arsenal, the rifle and the skeet shotgun; they wished to seal and remove both until our departure. The attorney general said that it would be tactful to call on the lieutenant governor, the governor being away from the island at the time.

Van is awfully good at that kind of thing. John Kenneth Galbraith, in his memoirs as Ambassador to India, somewhere says that he does not believe in using pull unless it is convenient. Lieutenant Governor Moses Mackwelung was ever so attentive and showed an interest in our journey, and so we passed a few pleasant minutes. Along the way, Ambassador Evan Galbraith mentioned that although he would be giving up his post in government the following month, he had been asked informally whether he would agree to serve as a director of the Overseas Private Investment Corporation. It's a government agency that surveys underdeveloped countries, evaluating their economic climate and judging their suitability for private equity investment—after which, if the country enters into an agreement with the United States, the investor can obtain insurance against certain political risks. If, for example, there is a subsequent confiscation by the foreign government, the investor can cash in his policy. I think it is fair to say that any prospective director of OPIC will be treated well by any country desiring the favorable attention of American capital, and it was a matter of minutes before customs lost all interest in inhibiting our access to our wine or in walking off with our firearms.



The Lieutenant Governor met later in the afternoon alone with Van for a protracted talk about this and that. He presented Van with a canoe paddle, a wooden sword, a straw attaché case, and a cooking mortar. Van records:

> I was further loaded with gifts when his assistant showed up at the boat, shortly after I returned, with four huge stalks of green bananas. The next day, when the Lieutenant Governor's assistant brought us the weather report, at Port Lottin [Kosrae's other harbor, to which we had moved] he also delivered three woven baskets full of lettuce and fresh vegetables. We hung the bananas from the mizzen's spreader and ate them for the rest of the trip, as they turned, gradually, from green to yellow.

Dick asked the Lieutenant Governor if he could recommend a restaurant in Kosrae, and he recommended two, Sterlings and Billy's, and added that Sterlings was even air-conditioned. Since it lay between the administrative complex and the dock, we stopped in to vet it before assembling everyone to go there for lunch. It was a strange and lugubrious sight: so dark, as we entered, as to be difficult to see. But soon we could see: thirty or forty men and women, totally silent, eating off wooden tables, seated on only one side of the tables, because they were all watching black-and-white television, an old movie. Television had come to Kosrae only a month before. We decided to make do with sandwiches on Sealestial.

Back on board, I was approached by David Schatzki, an energetic man of quick wit and inquiring mind. It developed that he had read some of my books, seen some of my television programs, and disagreed with me most emphatically about many things, though his wife did not, he regretted to say, and what did I wish to know about the island? He had been there for a few months, supervising a large construction project that had to do with water storage. He was most frustrated, he said, because the Kosraeans do not have any sense of the regulation of water consumption. The project on which he was engaged was based on American standards. In the States, I learned, we consume an average of four hundred and forty gallons per person per day. Given the laxity of Carolinian water-consumption habits, David and his partners had allowed in their planning for five hundred gallons per day, but had learned that the natives use over a thousand gallons per day. And that figure was only an estimate, because David could not succeed in wresting from the administration the authority to interrupt the water supply for just long enough to measure consumption.

Ah, I said, how glad I was that he had brought up the subject of water, because water was the object of my principal concern: Sealestial most critically needed a mere four hundred gallons of water. Allan had been told he could not have water that day, because "the pipes were closed." That meant we would need to stay right where we were all night, until the next day, a horrible prospect, unless water could be got by some other means. . . .

Of course, David Schatzki said. Leave it to me. He and his assistant, Sean, would deliver four hundred gallons. What seemed like hours—hot, hot, airless hours—later, David reappeared. He said he had got permission from his superior to use the Kosrae fire truck to bring us water, subject to confirmation by *his* superior; then had got permission from the chief of police's superior, subject to confirmation by *his* superior, our dear friend the Lieutenant Governor—who, unaccountably, had said no. Especially strange in Kosrae, I thought, since the only conceivable use of a fire truck, given the wetness of the climate, must be to put out volcanoes. We would not have the use of the fire truck; and this, David said, meant we would need to use an old Army truck, which would soon arrive with a buffalo-hide container bearing the water, never fear. At about four, the truck did arrive, driven by a picture-poster-model American soldier—tall, blond, handsome, brawny, a native of Milwaukee—who with an assistant stretched a hose from the buffalo hide, squatting on top of the Army truck, across the bulky beam of the rusty freighter to the water-intake valve on Sealestial's deck.

"Ready?" the soldier called out to me from the truck.

"Ready," I said, expecting a torrent to flow into our hungry tank.

What came was the most dismaying trickle. The stream was something like a leaky faucet. Dismayed, I looked up at my friend David, and he said, alas, there was no pump suitable for our purpose, lacking, as we were, the facilities of the fire truck. Not to worry, in due course our tanks would fill by the exertion of gravity. "In due course" turned out to be two hours later, during the whole of which the American soldier and his assistant tended the hose, uncomplaining, as I fed them Cokes and anything else they inclined to, while I wondered when last I had spent a more boring, uncomfortable day than in Kosrae, Caroline Islands.

Life on the other side of the tracks, recorded by Christopher:

> Reg and I went ashore. Jagged, high peaks covered with jungle, mists, dark-green lagoon water. We walked through the town. It was clear we were in a remote part of the world. Only one sign in town: the Nissan dealership. Breadfruit hung over main street. We passed frangipani, hibiscus, banyan, crumbly buildings, car wrecks covered in creeping vegetation, [and] the laundromat, a chicken-wire-enclosed area with a sign saying "Do Not Put Pampers in Machines." This was the first indication of the American influence. There was a *lot* more to come. After a while we ran into a spacey-looking lad of gringo features wearing a T-shirt with a hibiscus and the legend "A Nuclear Free Pacific." He turned out to be one of the local Peace Corps guys. We took him back to the boat and fed him the first Americano breakfast he had had in a year: French toast & eggs. He'd been eating a lot of rice and sashimi for breakfast, and he ate hungrily as we pumped him for details.
>
> Vignettes of Our 30-Hour Stay in the Lovely Island of Kosrae.
>
> Walking the trail around Lele Island, watching the surf rip over the channel reef, ask Peace Corps about the local fauna. No snakes. Some wild pigs, monitor lizards, and fruit bats.
>
> —Dating habits. It's not done to talk to a girl in public. It's assumed you're arranging an assignation. Be seen with a girl twice and her father will inform you you're getting married in two months. One young lad found himself in this position, and demurred, said no, he wasn't getting married. Her family persisted. You're getting married in six weeks, they said. Four weeks. Two weeks. The lad kept denying this was the case. Peace Corps ran into him two weeks later. "Well," said the lad, "I'm getting married tomorrow."
>
> —Wanton women are rare (unlike Majuro), but those that are are called "wanteds." Even so, said Peace Corps, "it ain't lovemaking. It's into the bushes, slackalack (meaning Hurry!) and finish!"
>
> Stop at the Sandy Beach Hotel, in thatched cabañas on a beautiful beach. Young American working on the hotel sign strikes up a conversation. Invites us in for a beer. He's the Peace Corps guy for tourism, and he is sitting on top of the heap. He's gone from a job at the Waldorf-Astoria to here. He's got a cabaña on a beach where he can see the sun rise and set, a refridge full of Bud. He's been here 11 months, he's got 13 to go, and he's in *no* hurry to get back home. "Yeah," he says, "I think it'd be hard to adjust after this."
>
> —Local geological feature is the "sleeping woman": four mountains making up a lady lying on her back, negligéed with mist. An apt topographical curiosity on an island half of whose 5,500 inhabitants are under 15.
>
> —Little kids down at the dock fish-

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> ing. A two-year-old chewing on the baitfish the others were tearing bits off of.
>
> Met a Peace Corps girl from "outside Minneapolis." We ducked into her family's hut during one of the 16 rains that day. A bitch was suckling her puppies by the front door. The girl is in charge of the seaweed-farming operation. They're growing the stuff, but there's only one pharmaceutical company in the U.S. that has any use for it, and even so they don't seem to be that hot for it.
>
> —Arrive back from drive to airport to find an Army truck disgorging fresh water into our tanks. W.F.B. in a martyrdom of waiting for the trickle to fill our tanks. Two Spec-fours perch in the cockpit. One said, "What an honor it is to meet the Ambassador."
>
> —Dan and I resolve to persuade W.F.B. we have *got* to plan to make our next landfall during daylight. He agreeable. But Dan and I, despite his protestations that tomorrow will be a "day of rest," bet ourselves we will leave Kosrae by noon.

Finally, it was done. I don't remember when I was more anxious to leave any place than now this dirty heat trap, and I stepped eagerly behind the wheel. The head of the tourist agency volunteered to accompany us on our ten-mile trip to Port Lottin, the other harbor—uncluttered, uncommercial, and highly unnavigable—where I had decided to go to get away from Lele. A good thing he came along, because the channel is extravagantly narrow, and by the time we got there not only was it dark but breakers were obscuring what we'd have relied on to snake in. Unhappily, the poor tourist director had got quite seasick along the way, but he did not lose his aplomb, and, cutting the power down to less than a thousand r.p.m., we eased in between the breakers, and put down the hook in thirty feet of water. A little outboard came over to pick up our pilot and to bring us some more bananas. The pilot promised to return the next morning with weather reports. We all swam in the dark before dinner, a little breeze reached us, and I felt an emancipating touch of cool. The dinner was, as ever, inspired, including coconut custard, fried bananas, slices of pickled pork, and wild rice. The VCR broke down, but Reggie, Danny, and Christopher managed to fix it, so we showed "Risky Business"—followed by another swim, and a restful sleep, the saloon being used as a dormitory, since we had no watch duty to keep, merely one or two anchor checks.

By ship standards, we slept late. The little outboard was back at midmorning while some of the crew were out snorkeling among the reefs. The official told us that Ponape, which had been expecting our arrival, was wild with apprehension, because, far from experiencing the anticipated doldrums, it had had "hurricane-force winds." As for the weather we might expect en route to New Guinea, the winds would be south-southeast, going to southeast, at eighteen knots.

Not so good, that, our course being south.

It was almost noon.

And it was raining. I decided to pull out under power, since there was no wind.

From Christopher's journal:

> The sea is calm, the stars are out, the moon's abed, the winds are light. *This* is sailing: *Not sailing!*
>
> Ah well, Pup, not to fear: we like being uncomfortable. Oh, yes, we do. Not as much as you. . . . All this good weather. These skies! Those stars! *Boring!*
>
> And our first night like it since Hawaii, believe it or not.
>
> Danny has gone to sleep in the furled Yankee on the foredeck.
>
> W.F.B., in one of his restless, post-prandial dispositions, is eying groggily the wind instruments and speaking of raising sail.
>
> "But Pup, there's only 3 knots of wind, and it's on the nose."
>
> This followed by talk of "falling off," intimations of freshening winds.
>
> So it was I said to Dan, Don't be surprised if you wake up being hoisted up the mast.
>
> I have been charged with making sure Pup does *not* raise the Yankee tonight.

Christopher is a bird of paradise, and therefore can't reason through some of the numinous baloney he comes up with. He seemed to be saying (*Did you hear him*? *Just now*?) that power boating is to be preferred over sailing—"*This* is sailing: *Not sailing*." What he meant to say, if he could only write precisely, was that there are moments when the exercises required to hoist sail seem not to be worth it, and in such moments the sound of an engine is transmuted from an intrusive roar to a soothing purr. On the other hand, I remember the shock I felt a few years ago on reading an article by Carleton Mitchell, in *Motor Boating & Sailing*. He was correctly introduced in the article's headline as "America's premier yachtsman," having among other things won the Bermuda race three times. "America's premier yachtsman," the headline said, "tells why he switched to power from sail—and loves it."

Mitchell made a number of points of obvious plausibility, others unusually sophisticated. "Ever since I made my own escape from what I only half facetiously call 'the tyranny of sail,' " he wrote, "I have received such queries. For me, cruising and living aboard a displacement vessel driven by docile slaves under hatches has been very much like cruising the sailing craft I have owned, except there is more room, less dependence on others, and a new-found leisure making it possible to enjoy more of what I think of as the fringe benefits of cruising: scuba diving, poking into gunkholes, ham radio, reading, listening to music, lolling in the sun, whomping up meals in a spacious galley, or simply taking it easy, even underway, while the autopilot does the work and the soporific hum of the engines brings into focus thoughts which never seem to take form ashore. Thus, as I have tried to say reassuringly to others, the transition can be considered a way of life, instead of only a time of life." Mitchell spoke of his gradually crystallized "yearning for space." And, finally, he came to the Great Watershed: "I found I could charter a 36-foot Grand Banks [motor yacht] based on St. Thomas, and two weeks of lazy meandering through the British Virgins had me hooked. *The simple fact of being afloat seemed more important than the kind of vessel I was aboard*." My italics.

That is the raw, the numbing question. Christopher knows the sensations uniquely attaching to a boat under sail. No one who has ever been airborne in a glider would compare that sensation to travelling in an airplane, though travel by air is, of course, the great polarizer. One does not really "travel" by glider; one merely experiences gliding, though I suppose that the day after tomorrow Malcolm Forbes will travel in a glider from Tierra del Fuego to Point Baker, Alaska, nonstop. A cruising sailboat will take you (as we were at this very moment in the process of reëstablishing) across the Pacific—indeed, around the world, as is routinely done nowadays. Well, perhaps not quite routinely. What Christopher was saying, really, was that the ordeal associated with sailing—the work required to raise sails, to fine-tune them, and to maintain them in proper position—is at the margin not worth it, the margin being when the price is exhaustion or interrupted lassitude. I think he is wrong, and though I doubt whether I would ever buy a powerboat (unless, for whatever reason, I could no longer handle a sailboat), I feel about this less strongly than I once did. Certain kinds of experiences at sea would seem to me to be entirely eliminated by powerboats—for instance, my Friday-night cruises on our little sloop Patito. Others wouldn't be, one supposes. Quite the opposite: more frequent visits to the St. John River; weekend cruises to Nantucket.

I ROUSED myself from my power-versus-sail reverie; it was time to do some housekeeping duties. I went below to the chart table and pulled out my calculator. Kosrae: 5 16′ North, 162 58′ East. Kapinga: 1 5′ N, 154 45′ E. Distance: 552 nautical miles. Direction: 243 True, 236 Magnetic.

For two or three days, we were without substantial winds, though we were able to sail beginning on the second day out of Kosrae. The pilot chart shows prevailing easterlies and northeasterlies, but less emphatically directional than when one is more securely in the trades. I was experiencing difficulties with navigation which absorbed and frustrated me. Kapingamarangi is a very small, low-lying atoll, and it would not do—would not do at all—to glide by it. I would not know the principal source of my difficulties until the post-dinner conversation the following January in Baltimore with Hugh Kenner, during which he asked whether I had correctly triggered the minus sign on my Hewlett-Packard calculator. I had not. (On the Hewlett-Packard, one doesn't use the minus sign but the CHS key, and not before the latitude and longitude are given; so I had been driven to calisthenics with almanacs and tables which, while they refreshed my rudimentary skills, dampened my spirits. I worked out the star sights on the calculator, with irregular success.)

Though the weather did not inspirit, the mood was good; in fact, it was always good, the weltschmerz being confined, in general, to the journals. And added to the disagreeable weather was the temperature in the saloon. On top of the regular heat factor in the saloon we had a new problem. The fan in the galley, necessary to make it possible to breathe in there, broke. There was no alternative: I took the fan from the saloon and handed it to Liz. This left us, when crowded in the saloon for dinner or for the movie, without ventilation of any sort. It was quite creepy-crawly awful, and Reg promised to devote the very next day to attempting to fix it. Allan, taking a cursory look inside the motor, said it surely needed a new spring, and Reg said, well, if necessary, he would attempt to fashion a new one.

Dick let out a howl before dinner. He had inadvertently closed the lid on his Kaypro 2000 without committing to the computer's memory a long passage he had written. There is nothing quite like the sense of utter irretrievability one experiences on losing out in the running *mano a mano*, adversary relationship with a computer. I tell him with some condescension that the Epson PX 80, which Christopher Little was using (until the disk drive stopped working), automatically saves if you go ten minutes without using the machine.

The nightly movies, I note, have a greater hold on us when the day's workload is lighter: more people stay; and more of those who stay, stay awake. My original idea of running the movie a second time, for the crew, was a splendid example of *fausse idée claire*. Isn't it a fine idea, I thought while making up the watch roster in my study in Stamford, Connecticut, to run the movie a second time for Liz, Maureen, Noddy, and Allan? That way, Liz and Maureen could finish cleaning up after dinner, and Allan and Noddy would be through with their one watch. But by ten-thirty Noddy and Allan were ready to turn in, and Liz and Maureen had finished quickly with the dishes, and that part of the movie they hadn't seen directly during cleanup they could easily hear in the galley, and then for two-thirds of the movie they were in the saloon watching. Abstract planning, welfare-state style, crashes one more time.

Christopher, in his journal, reverts from time to time to the Elizabethan mode when writing about the delinquencies of his roommate, Richard Clurman, whom he now regularly refers to only as "Mr. C——." As in "Concerning certain recent incidents involving Mr. C——: At lunch today he dripped tahini on my plate, and, following the dinner hour, his cigarette was observed, lying lit, beside him on the floor. He is possessed of remarkable ability of stepping on you on the *top* bunk. He doth make a powerful nuisance of himself. Crew wroth; preparing hot pitch and feathers."

Dick has his own complaints, which lead to great feats of fortitude:

> My friend Bill is oblivious to physical disorder. His clothes and his stuff (lots of stuff) lie in disarray around him, wherever he happens to drop them. His shipmates unconsciously follow his lead. So I pretty much give up and except for rare moments when it's too much for everybody, we live in the clutter that belies the notion "on a boat, everything has its place." With Bill, nothing has its place—only essential emergency and sailing equipment. All the rest is where he last dropped it. He has other virtues, and everybody knows that "neatness doesn't count," even though its converse drives me crazy, unless I ignore it. So I do.

And, I now note, Dick had one or two bouts of melancholy, which were never visible to any of us, so reliable was his good humor:

> I'm feeling a little sea-weary so I ask myself, without the challenge and game of navigation, which is played all day and half the night, what's really the point of round-the-clock sailing on one course for days and days, eating extraordinarily, watching movies, reading, being banged around, and never seeing anything off the boat but the same sea all the time? Silly question. My momentary downer is broken by Maureen coming on deck and announcing lunch below. Bill, even more ebullient than usual because his gadgets are working, says, "But it's only 1:01. I asked for lunch at 1:05."

On June 24th, after sight time, I wrote in my journal, "Should arrive tomorrow between 10 and 11."

June 26th, from ship's log:

> 0500 DR plotted. 30 miles to go.
> Sunrise at 6-34
> Stars at 5-45
> 0600 Stars plotted
> (Altair
> Achernar
> Venus
> Jupiter)
> 1deg-18
> 155deg-17
>
> Changed course to 236 deg
> Distance 34m
> 0800 EP distance 22m
> 0920 Sighted K [Kapinga] on radar
> 1015 "Sighted K" visually
> 1230 Entered Channel, with aid of pilot.

As we neared the atoll, we could see a dinghy. It seemed to be circling. It *was* circling, waiting for us. Allan had radioed for a pilot boat, and it was here. Four men, two of whom boarded Sealestial—Harry and Salter. Salter sat behind me, dictating stiff, British-style instructions: “Left five degrees.” “Steady as she goes.” “Right ten degrees.” “Steady as she goes.”

It took a lot of these, at reduced r.p.m., to wiggle our way through the channel. There’d have been no way to do it without Salter, though with the sun overhead, a dinghy forward, one man driving, and the second looking we might have got through by following the darker waters this way and that. A hairy business, however, because there are currents, and currents tend to prevent the behemoth behind from following an absolutely straight course while pursuing the dinghy doing fugleman’s duty at a cautious two or three knots. But it’s what I’d have done if I had been Magellan. I wonder if Christo ever gave thought to how these things were done. . . . He had written in his journal (presumably an exchange he had had with Danny):

> “No *way* we could have come in here without the pilot.”
> “Just be thankful Himself didn’t try.”
> “Oh I am, I am.”

The pilot and his friend Harry were not too busy giving me instructions to suggest that any food and drink we might have for them would be welcome. Accordingly, we gave them beer and oranges, to begin with. This brought on an imperishable exercise of Dick’s maladroitness, celebrated by the entire company as Clurman’s *ne plus ultra*. The islanders’ twelve-foot dinghy, propelled by its twenty-four-horsepower outboard motor, was following us abeam, eight or ten yards out, one native at the helm, the other standing, holding the dinghy’s painter for balance. They were making gestures I finally interpreted as their desire to share in the refreshments, so we got word to Liz, and she handed up four oranges to Dick. His cigarette in his mouth, he took all four oranges in his cupped hands, approached the lifeline, and threw them at the natives’ boat. All four oranges landed in the water. It was beautiful.

We were coming in now to the three principal little islands of the atoll, which were connected by tiny walkways. The atoll is about six miles by six miles, and all the islands that sit up above the water are on the arc between one o’clock and five o’clock, measured as on the face of a watch with twelve at north. The circle is completed by submerged reefs, save for the windy entrance, at six o’clock. There are reefs, submerged and visible, freckled about the lagoon, so piloting had to be done with caution. But we were led right up to an anchorage we selected, a few hundred feet from the principal island, where, we were told, the Chief was waiting to meet the Ambassador. Ponape had done its hospitable work of advising the island of our probable call.

So we disembarked, leaving the others to bask in the startling beauty of our surroundings. (Christo: “We drop our usual four hernias’ worth of anchor chain in 20 feet of water off the village. Murmurs of appreciation on deck. Rampant coconut palm, thatched huts, a hundred children giggling at the end of the dock, nestled in the green a tiny white church steeple, tourmaline water, not so much as a telephone pole to locate the century we were living in—just the Evinrude outboard.”) Van, Christopher Little, and I went off in Salter’s dinghy.

Everyone made plans. Van intended to investigate the little islands and also to jog. Danny and Christopher, too, planned to visit the islands, and they scheduled some snorkeling as well. Dick and Reg would rest, swim, and sightsee; I would do a little of everything, including nap. We sat down for lunch. All of Liz’s repasts were memorable, but this one was extraordinary even by her standards. I wish Van or Christopher or Reggie or Dick had recorded the fare, because, as with flowers, I stare at edible delicacies and don’t quite know what to call them. But I did scratch down that these included meat, salad, sandwiches, Mexican salad with corn, corn bread, dates, cheeses, and a freshly baked chestnut pie.

In the afternoon, we came again on an American who that morning had greeted us along with the islanders—a retiring scientist in his late thirties, Ted Murphy, who had told us that if he could help in any way we could find him in a little thatched shelter catercornered from the Chief’s, and that he was on the atoll doing research for an oceanographic institute. I asked him to join us for dinner, and he gleefully accepted. He arrived at about six, an hour or so before sundown, and was carrying, astonishingly, a copy of my book “Airborne.” He told us that he was at Kapinga for a fortnight to conduct some researches, and that he had brought the book with him and had finished reading it the day before, and was—well, surprised when the following morning he came upon its author. You can’t get smaller-world stuff than that, I tell you, at Kapingamarangi, if you please, one degree above the equa-

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tor, twenty-six degrees west of the International Date Line.

It was, really, a splendid evening. Sealestial looked quite beautiful, her huge, all-encompassing yellow awning up for the first time since Hawaii, shielding us from sun all the way aft, covering the two cockpits, and, like visors on a car's window, shielding us from the sun until its angle came down to innocent eye level. The sun's evening rays shone on the green little islands and their yellowing beaches; and the blues of the water kept changing hue. We listened, as ever, to David Niven—we were coming very close to the end of the four hours of tape we had embarked with. We went below for dinner, and I proposed a modest toast to M.I.T., because Reggie had fixed the delinquent fan. The temperature was ninety-one degrees, but the fan made life bearable again. Allan, trying the radio, was surprised to get a clear connection with Oakland, California, so I called Frances Bronson, of my office—with much compunction, since it was 4 A.M. in New York, but I didn't know when next the radio might chance to work. She had no news in particular, save to say that the package I had airmailed to her of tapes and correspondence had arrived only the day before. Fifteen days from Johnston Atoll to New York! "It figures," Van commented, and there was unanimity: "They probably played your tapes to check for security."

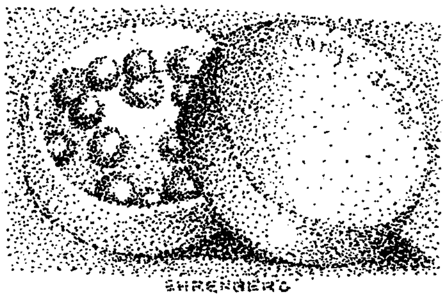
And soon we were watching "Lolita," utterly relaxed in the knowledge that there were no sails to be maneuvered, no navigational work to be done. We swam again, and sat about in the cockpit talking and drinking cold beer. At that moment, we got a squall. Allan and I conferred. To guard against the possibility of dragging, it made sense to move the ship a hundred yards farther away from shore. Ah, but this meant pulling up that anchor chain by hand, because our windlass had stopped working in Majuro. So out we trundled, I at the wheel, six men pulling together on the chain, in rhythm. But the anchor was truly stuck. Van recorded, "The anchor was firmly wedged into a large chunk of coral, it turned out. Danny went down with an air tank and a flashlight and unscrewed the anchor shackle and replaced the chain with the line. He loosed the anchor as much as he could. We all then pulled in on the chain, Bill powered up over the anchor, and we broke it loose and hauled it in. During this operation, Dick kept dropping the chain on my feet, much to the amusement of Danny."

After *that*, we slept.

From Christopher's journal:

> Next day Dan, C.L., and I are in the Zodiac [dinghy] scouring the shallows for the U.S. plane shot down by the Japanese. I drag Danny, with the snorkel, behind. The Zodiac has a hole in it the size of a golf ball, so I bail as I troll. We hail an outrigger canoe and ask directions. Ten minutes later we're diving on the plane.
>
> It's in about 30 feet of water, in four big, shiny pieces. The propeller is bent from the impact of the crash, its red paint thickened and gooey from 40 years under water. Just below the engine cowling I spot the holes made by the anti-aircraft guns: size of a quarter. Little blue fish dart in and out of the twisted wreckage: a sword, beaten into a reef. We offer a watery prayer for the crew and ascend toward the light.
>
> Three hundred yards north is a sunken Japanese ship in 50 feet of water. We let ourselves sink down into her. She's on her side, and because her hull was perfectly intact we supposed she'd been sunk by a hit on her other side or scuttled. One curious detail was a projectile I found—lying on top of her side, near the waterline. How did *that* get there? I rolled it on the side and it fell with several thumps to the floor, near where an enormous crayfish had defiantly stared us down.
>
> Dan found a large bottle, a jeroboam maybe, which I tried repeatedly to smash against the prow in a posthumous christening ceremony, but repeated blows produced only a hollow, glassy *thwack*. Then Danny found the anti-aircraft guns, all encrusted with iron oxide. We moved by the hatches to her holds and, exchanging "After you, Gaston"s, decided not to enter those darkened spaces for fear of disturbing some creature's slumber. Our air was now running out and we reluctantly bubbled our way back up to the Zodiac.

I walked, with Van and Reggie. A circumnavigation of the village, including all three islands, required only about twenty minutes. Every forty or fifty yards, to seaward, there were walkways—narrow elevated docks, they looked like—held up on wooden pylons, leading out to tiny thatched enclosures above the water, twenty feet below. Inside each hut was a round hole, toilet-size. These were Kapinga's toilets. I tried to forget that they were on the windward side of the island. Still, the swimming was all in the lagoon, as far as we could see. Christopher Little, back from his dive, joined us. The morning's gifts to greater Kapinga included two fifty-five-gallon drums we'd have no further use for. "And," Christopher Little noted, "in a particularly inspired moment Christo and Danny brought the Ping-Pong table ashore." It was immediately set up in the village square adjacent to the Men's Hut, Kapinga's version of the Century club, and was a major hit. We left considerable loot in Kapinga. A partial list was compiled from memory:



> Two cases of beer
> Seven bottles of shampoo
> One Ping-Pong table (including thirty orange Ping-Pong balls)
> One jumping rope
> At least a dozen Sealestial T-shirts
> Cash "for gas" (i.e., for the pilots)
> Twenty-four Milky Way bars
> Twenty-four chocolate-covered Granola bars
> Thirty mint sweets
> Assorted bottles of wine (red and white)
> Assorted bottles of booze
> Matches

And, finally, Christo added:

> 1 carton of Dick's Benson & Hedges (sequestered without the owner's knowledge). In fact, the suggestion was made that *all* of Dick's cigarettes be given to the good people of Kapinga, but this was vetoed on the grounds it would constitute cruel and unusual punishment. It was then counter-suggested that Dick be given to the islanders. This was vetoed on the grounds that it would constitute cruel and unusual punishment.

Christopher Little wrote:

> Everyone was uniformly friendly, although in the distance I could see the women cover their breasts as we approached. In brash photographer/ugly American fashion I smiled my way into countless homes and photographed the friendliest strangers I've ever met. From little babies in hammocks being lulled by their mothers to old men tending their okra fires. We visited the school, the dispensary, and the Kapingamarangi Co-op (its nearly empty shelves bearing cans of condensed milk and soup, a few jars of instant coffee, and eleven packages of Winston cigarettes). Our young guide explained that the copra boat wasn't due in for another two weeks.

The big adventure for Sealestial would be an offshore lunch, a picnic on the beach, by the passage between two of the islands.

From Christopher's journal:

> Lunch was the long-postponed "cookout." Roasted chicken wings, green bean salad, chips, the inevitable and now very dreaded Swedish crackers ("Our hard tack," observed one embittered compan-

> ion) [I found this animadversion on the Swedish crackers I had scoured two continents to get for my palate-dead philistines intolerable], wine, and beer. When Dan, C.L., and I arrived on the island, the rest of our company was arrayed on the yellow tarp in the shade. Several drinking coconuts were laid on the tarp, with some of the yellowish stuff poured incongruously into our Italianate plastic wine glasses. Nearby huddled a company of Kapingamarangese, looking on.
>
> After gnawing the meat off several chicken wings and draining a few beers, we decided to go sit in the shallows. This we did, and exceedingly pleasant it was, though the water temperature, as one observer observed, was the temperature of urine.
>
> Within no time we found ourselves surrounded by the children, who seemed to find us curious specimens, and a source of amusement, and didn't mind sharing the picnic. They crowded in around us, pointing out our oddities among themselves, giggling, submerging. The ship was off in the distance; the smoke from their pig roast wafted over the little channel; the sun, bright and declining, shone above a distant squall line. Dan brought over more beers, and we sat there experiencing a contentment rarely felt by mortal souls.
>
> "Tell my mother I'm staying," said Noddy when a boat was sent ashore in an attempt to induce us to return, for our departure from that uncharted isle was not far off. "Tell her I love her."

Danny had scooted off to the artisan who was completing the wooden shark we had secretly commissioned as a gift for Liz. It was huge, skillfully fashioned, and lifelike, its hungry teeth open and ready to eat man or beast. Danny had thought to buy a turtle shell as a gift for me from the crew, but Christopher had discouraged him, predicting that Pat, my wife, would not permit it on the premises. Danny and Noddy came on the Zodiac to pick Christopher, Reg, and Christopher Little up from their beloved shallows by the beach.

Christopher wrote:

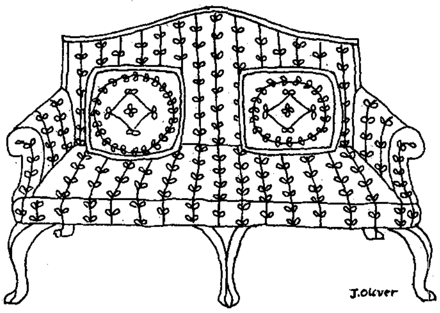
> Now the launch had returned, and we with heavy hearts pulled ourselves aboard. The children swarmed around our craft with a profusion of "bye-bye!"s. One little girl lunged for the transom, but soon she and Kapingamarangi were astern, and our course set for the wilder shores of New Guinea. It was sad to consider that probably none of us would ever return here, but alas, such is the nature of paradise, that all our earthly exertions be thither directed in hopes of making it our final harbor.

Kapinga to Kavieng was our shortest leg, a mere three hundred and twelve miles (one becomes blasé)—but three hundred and twelve miles is a hundred and twenty-one nautical miles farther than from New York to Washington. Two days, two nights, I projected. Of course, it was not to be. We had dead-on head winds for the first time, and the most obstinate and eccentric foul currents I've ever experienced. We were under special psychological pressure, because Van's professional/personal life was coming to shreds before Arcturus's very eyes. As, by the way, did the clew of the Yankee, the first night out, leaving us with our last set of headsails, a jib topsail and a staysail. It became obvious that Van would not catch the connection that would permit him to entertain the Vice-President. It was problematical whether he would be in Paris in time to be the guest of honor at the farewell party the following day. And we reached a point where I even wondered whether he would be there at the Embassy's obligatory Fourth of July party. I have no doubt that finally he was brooding on whether he would still have a wife on July 5th. The rest of us, who were not scheduled to fly out of New Guinea until two days later, were made a little tense by Van's quite uncharacteristic tension. Once, he came to me and asked whether we wouldn't be better off powering into the wind, on our course rather than tacking. I drew a sketch demonstrating that if Sealestial split a hundred degrees at eight and a half knots, which was what we were doing tacking under sail, compared with doing five knots dead into the wind under power, it would take us twenty-seven hours under power to do what we could under sail in twenty-four hours. For a very few hours it irritated.

Christopher wrote:

> Van has gotten obsessive about getting to Kavieng. Every time I lower the r.p.m.s by one or two hundred, he sits up and demands to know what I am thinking of. Or if I fall off the wind by as much as two degrees—*two* degrees!—I am treated to ten minutes of complaining. It is . . . slightly vexing. While I understand Van's anxiety, it has introduced an unfortunate element to the end of our trip. We've been running hard, Lord knows, very little R & R. As they might say in the foreign service, I'm not sure Van realizes his obsessiveness is *impacting* on us.

But that was a spastic reaction: Van hadn't really changed, never would. And in the end he greeted our reversals, one after another, with jocular stoicism. Each of us appeased his own impatience in different ways. Christo slept, or tried to, more than usual. Dick, one day after lunch, rather extraordinarily asked for some chocolates. (He is anti-sweet.) M & M's were served up. He took a handful, paused, and extracted from the lot of us the pledge *never* to reveal what he had done ("It would ruin me for life"), and ate them. Danny, Reggie, and Christopher Little occupied themselves with this and that. I turned obsessively to my own opiate: celestial navigation in the electronic age.



On the second day, the wind picked up, and although we needed to continue tacking, we had fine weather—scattered clouds but almost always bright sun. We were, however briefly, sailing at over eight knots, though the log would show, when I did my next sights, that we were making good, over the ground, less than six knots. Danny and I thought, during our watch, to make up a list of what Sealestial had suffered from during the trip, combined with what she suffered from even before we set out, twenty-nine days ago.

Memo on Sealestial's Condition

—Baggywrinkle was needed for sail chafing.

—The genoa, shredded almost immediately, was of no use throughout the passage.

—The Yankee's clew detached, rendering it inoperative.

—The mainsail's seams needed mending.

—The starboard upper spreader support was broken, probably causing much of the damage to the main.

—Spinnaker poles are corroding, dangerous to use.

—Genoa sheet track pulled out: the bolts were corroded.

—The sheets were frayed.

—The main-halyard-reel winch was broken, also the anchor windlass.

—Insufficient stitching tools on board.

—Digital Brookes & Gatehouse log not working [that is the instrument that records distance traversed through the water].

—The lighting is out on all cockpit instruments [a heavy handicap at night].

—The Zodiac has numerous leaks.

—The cockpit table is loose.

—Port running light not working.

—Satellite-navigation system never worked.

—Galley fan not working.

—Weatherfax not working.

—Video camera not working.

—Deck shower head missing.

—Main-companionway glass panel won't stay down.

—Water-maker not functioning.

—Autopilot was not working; fixed by Reggie.
—Pump for Zodiac missing.
—Auto bilge pump not working.
—Main blower fan in engine room not working.
—Spare-part inventory apparently nonexistent.
—Generator cut-off switch for fan not working.

We felt better, having put together a comprehensive list. The G.A.O., with its obsession for cataloguing governmental shortcomings, would have been pleased.

OCCASIONALLY, the fish at sea continued to tease us.

From Christopher's journal:

Made tea at 0600. Put out fishing line which hadn't been out 20 seconds before line started paying out like mad. The fish took the lure and most of the leader in under a minute. These waters showed talent, so I put on another lure and dropped that in and went off to make another pot of tea. Came up three minutes later. Van was at the wheel. He asked if I wanted to read his book. I said I did, he said he'd fetch it. I took the helm, and chanced to look back. The rod was bent almost double. I hollered for Van to come back up—how had he not heard the line pay out?—and scrambled back. *All* the line had gone out. I started to reel in. This fish was strong. I put the butt of the rod between my legs for leverage and quickly regretted it. I got maybe 20 yards of line in when the fish broke water 100 yards astern, a huge, fantastic white froth of ocean. I knew then I'd never get it aboard. A moment later he sounded, almost pulling the rod out of my hands. Suddenly there was that depressing tell-tale spring in the line, then the slack. Damn!

Christopher's preoccupation with the fish did not mean that he neglected his chronicle of Dick's disposition to fiasco.

Dick appeared on deck, smelling of shaving cream. (This is his fragrant time of day—before his first cigarette.) I told him about my adventure with the creature of the deep, whereupon he delivered a lecture on the landing of fish.

"Let's put up the bimini," I said. In the attempt, Dick thrust the bar so it banged sharply into my knee, also knocking off my eyeglasses.

"Don't feel bad," I said. "It's probably only a fracture."

They were, they are the best of friends. Dick wrote, in those closing days:

The more I know the closer I feel to this remarkable younger man, full of wit, talent, irreverent intelligence, insight, and internal storms rarely reflected in his external charm. He is a thoroughly modern young man with a spacious capacity for all kinds of other people. Tonight on the Midnight Watch we are talking, not fooling around. "Reg really wanted to stop at Ailinglapalap," says Christo. I say we all did. "We're really pressing on," he mentions, aware that whenever we stop, Bill wants to get on with it so we can stay on schedule. "It's sort of the way Pup lives," he says. He knows Bill as well as, or better than, anyone. After my own son Michael, I think I probably now feel attached to this lad more than to any young man I know of his generation. He may be a chip off the old Buckley block, but from that chip his own new spreading tree has grown—disciplined, but slightly wild, traditional in formal manners and religion, but effervescing with his own variations.

The star sights on the second day finally and absolutely establish that only Estimated Positions, not convenient Assumed Positions, will get any juice at all out of the WhatStar. I gave out the dismaying news: we had averaged 5.6 knots in forty hours. It was now officially out of the question for Van to catch the first of his connections. We would need to play for the second and, finally, the third, depending on how it went that evening. Dinner was, as usual, superb, though there was what Christopher designated as a "Kosraean vegetable purée," which Liz was urged not to stock up on next time she was in Kosrae.

The saloon lights dimmed for the movie, lighting the tobacco smoke. From Christopher's journal:

Our movie supply is down to those we've not showed because no one wanted to see them. Dan ate four Oreos before lunch, two with, and four following. Having mashed two into his mouth simultaneously, he then poured in a mouthful of rosé. I expressed revulsion at this and asked if he might eat atop the mast so as to spare us the grievous spectacle. But asking people aboard to eschew their less endearing mealtime habits is a lost cause. Dick lights up his cigarette between courses, during courses: my favorite moment came when, the night Liz served curry, he reached over and ashed into the raisin dish, just as I was reaching for a handful.

But here Dick is not the only offender. No matter how nauseating the action of the seas, each night after dinner out come the cigars, and soon the saloon is rendered foul with smoke. On top of this, W.F.B. has introduced a most piquant quirk. Saying he cannot enjoy his cigar unless "I can see the smoke come out," he ordered the hatch shut, depriving us of the only source of fresh air. When I demurred, rather heavily, he replied that he could not sit "in a wind tunnel"! Perceiving this to be another lost cause, I went out to take my customary movie seat, at the top of the companionway, where a stray whiff of oxygen might reach my beleaguered lungs.

After star-tending, I stayed up and went forward to chat with Allan, who was sitting by the mainmast, on the

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forward end of the cabin top, a can of beer in one hand, looking out to the sea. He spoke of the long summer on White Eagle, a previous command, owned, as it turned out, by a classmate of Van's and mine with a passion to dive: all summer in the Central Pacific, finding this place and the other place to dive. But—Daphne had been with Allan. And now they were married and had a child. It wasn't like Allan, so it sent a shaft of pleasurable electricity through me when he said that this year had been "very good" for him. I said something about how I hoped the current trip hadn't interrupted that stretch of good fortune. He smiled, and said nothing. I told him I'd go back and see how Christo, who appeared to be alone in the cockpit, was doing.

Christo was, for an hour or so, alone—I didn't wake up his watch companion. We talked discursively and privately. "Odd," Christopher wrote in his journal, "that this should have been our first time alone; mostly due to my promotion to watch captain, he and I haven't had any watches together." We talked about the guillotine finishes of our passages, where everyone lands and immediately disappears, risking a Procrustean ending to the entire operation, like actors hurrying off in different directions after the curtain goes down. He agreed, though he reminded me that after he had landed in Spain on the B.O. (we still so refer to our first transatlantic passage, the Big One) he and Danny had gone off to Morocco, and I had flown back directly, as all of us would now do. He wrote in his journal, "You find out on a trip like this who you can absolutely depend on. And really the answer is, Pup and I agreed, that the person who is *absolutely* dependable in every situation is Reggie." We didn't mean that anyone on board had ever broken the inflexible rule of interpersonal courtesy, merely that Reg is a critical mass of intelligence, good nature, and composure. He has never complained, about anything. Yes, Christo and I concluded, there had been some disappointments in the passage, though most of them had been imposed on us: the tight schedule, the bad ventilation, the heat, the squalls, the rain, the crowding in the forward cabin. Christopher wrote directly to me in that particular journal entry: "It was good having the talk, Pup. Just hope I haven't been one of the disappointments." And, a little later: "As the end draws nearer, I'm weighing my hankering for my wife, a warm, unmoving bed, and a hot shower against the knowledge that we'll never do this again. Never will Van, Reg, Dick, Chris, Pup, Dan, and I sail all together again. Sad to think so. Can't believe I'm getting sentimental about it. Must be the malaria pills."

We had one more squall to go through. Christopher wrote:

> Not long after Pup had gone down to sleep some spray started reaching me in the cockpit. The moon was high above, throwing light down on the seas. The winds were up to 25, 30. Reg and Dick came on watch, Dick taking the helm, in these seas an interesting proposition.
>
> I remember concentrating on the wind indicator (with some misgiving as the gusts built up to 40), looking up and seeing Dick, helm white-knuckled in both hands, look of (understandable) terror on his face as the ship's nose reared up and then plunged into the troughs. On either side of him the bimini had come loose and was flapping madly.
>
> "What can we do about this?" he said with a motion toward the disarray surrounding and disconcerting him.
>
> I said I'd get it and climbed up behind him to throw some line around the canvas. From my perch above him I had a too good view of the sea. Just then we reached the crest of a sizable wave. I thought, "I'm up here, we're about to crash, Dick's down there at the helm. . . . I don't want to watch this." So I turned back to the line and went on uncleating it. This was a pure ostrich reaction. Sure enough, seconds later I felt the water disappear from under the bow, the surge of speed as we began the plunge, then the shudder as the next sea crashed against the bow. A great sheet of water flew up over the deck and trajectoried down on top of us. The next morning Danny, who had been asleep in the after cockpit, would say, "You wouldn't believe this wave we took. Dumped 15 gallons on me." To which I was able to say, "The reason it wasn't 25 gallons is that I intercepted the difference."
>
> Gotta say, Dick didn't do bad at all. The wind was doing a lot of screaming by now, and that can unnerve you a bit. Reg took the helm, and I went below, glad to leave it all up on deck—the moon, wind, and seas—'cause I had the feeling this could be the last (real) night of our trip, even though I could be reasonably sure Pup will order the bow lines cast off in Kavieng as soon as we get the Worried Ambassador off.

And Dick was writing, reflectively:

> I begin to realize that for much of the time none of us enjoy, in the conventional sense, what we are committed to doing. The surest sign is that we all long for land. I'm reminded that most tourists do not enjoy travelling in itself. They enjoy having done it rather than the experience of doing it. Not I. But this trip seems to be edging toward that kind of perverse pleasure in inducing pain to enjoy its absence. I mention this to Bill on watch one night and to my utter surprise he agrees. Of course, *no one* enjoys the mountain climb, he says. It's getting there that matters. Too simple. Parts of the trip were ecstasy—much of it an adventuresome agony. The balance was not enough to make me change my mind that having done something is still incomparable to doing it. Including crossing the wide Pacific, with all its downers.

I am amused to discover that the very last entry in the ship's logbook ends at 0600 on the morning of June 30th—eleven hours before our arrival at Kavieng. That has happened before, I recall: when a trip is thought psychologically to be over, the logbook degenerates into something of a formality and, its utilitarian function over, is ignored. The final log readings, given what happened, are provocative to read. And what happened was anticipated by that last reading, in Danny's handwriting: *"D.T.M. and Van take over. Reg says we are 60 miles away. Disagree—I think we are less than 30 miles. We'll soon know."* Dan would more accurately have written, "We'll eventually know."

At dawn, we spotted the coast of New Ireland. Christopher wrote:

> There she is—the coast of New Guinea! [I had been using "New Guinea" to refer to the whole Solomon Sea archipelago, including New Britain and New Ireland, which is actually a hundred and eighty miles north of New Guinea.] I miss the old Land-ho-ho, but our landfalls have tended to be night ones. You sort of feel like you're sneaking up on the land when you fetch it up at night. Give me sparkling bright seas, gusts on the rigging and two hours of peeled retina, Cabo San Vicente finally appearing between the wave tops, a gobbled lungful, heart-quickening Laaaand-ho!!

Christo was referring to the southwestern coast of Portugal when we spotted it on the B.O., exactly (to the day) ten years before.

We had been heading west since spotting Tabar on the radar, and the thirty-mile estimate was reasonable. We moved in toward land slowly—the cursed current again—and now the wind failed, so we were under power. Christopher Little tape-recorded the heroically exasperating effort by Allan to get through to the American Embassy in Port Moresby, via Rabaul Radio, to reinstate the air charter that Van would now need if he was to be in Paris on July 4th:

> "Rabaul Radio, this is Mike Charlie Bravo Zulu Three. Do you read me? Rabaul Radio, this is Mike Charlie Bravo Zulu Three. Do you read me? Rabaul Radio, this is Mike Charlie Bravo Zulu Three. Do you read me? Over."
>
> This continued for twenty minutes. Finally:
>
> "Mike Charlie Bravo Zulu Three, this is Rabaul Radio. I read you. Please stand by."
>
> Ten minutes pass.
>
> "Mike Charlie Bravo Zulu Three, come in, please. Over."
>
> "Yes, Rabaul Radio, this is Mike Charlie Bravo Zulu Three. This is the yacht Sealestial. That's Sierra-Echo-Alpha-Lima-Echo-Sierra-Tango-India-Alpha-Lima. We'd like to place a telephone call to the American Embassy in Port Moresby. Over."
>
> "I do not read you, Mike Charlie Bravo Zulu Three. Please repeat. Over."
>
> We repeat.
>
> "Still do not read you. Over."
>
> Finally, Rabaul heaves in and even contributes the telephone number of the Embassy.
>
> "Ah, Mike Charlie Bravo Zulu Three, how do you wish to pay for the call? Over."
>
> "Can we use a U.S. telephone-credit-card number?"
>
> "Negative. Over."
>
> "Can we give you a billing address? Over."
>
> "Negative."
>
> "Well, how do *you* suggest we pay for the call? Over." (Mustn't sound too exasperated at this point. We need them more than they need us.)
>
> "Sealestial, you can only pay for this call by calling collect. Over." *(Well, why didn't you say so in the first place!)*
>
> "Thank you, Rabaul. This is a collect call from Ambassador Evan Galbraith to Ambassador Paul Gardner. Over."
>
> "What?"
>
> You can imagine how long it took to straighten that out.

But finally Van got through, the Duty Officer made and confirmed the flight arrangements (it would cost Van nineteen hundred dollars to fly from Kavieng to Port Moresby; he would leave the following day and arrive in time to catch the flight to Manila-Zurich-Paris; and all would be well). Sealestial needed only to be in Kavieng by dawn tomorrow, and I expected to be there not long after noon today. By twelve-thirty, by common agreement, we had gulped down our lunch, expecting to round North Cape into Kavieng within the hour. Allan had pointed to a promontory a few miles up and said, "Gotta be just around that point."

I have gradually learned a lesson about the responsibility for navigation, punctuated as recently as last Christmas, when Sealestial's sister ship (not under my command) ran into coral off Anguilla. It is this: The navigator, whoever he is, should assume *sole* responsibility for navigating. *Never* share his duties. If others wish to do their own platonic navigating or piloting calculations, fine. But what tends to happen—or does so in my case—is that when a qualified companion begins to get into the act, however informally, he osmotically absorbs responsibility; that is what happened only just now. Within sight of New Ireland, I acceded psychologically to that person's navigational conclusions. When Allan said Kavieng had to be around that bend, and since I knew that it had been only fifty-five miles away at three in the morning, when we passed Tabar, twelve miles off the port beam, it did not occur to me to question Allan's judgment. By the same token, my instant acquiescence in his projection had a reciprocal effect on Allan; so it happened that what was, after all, only the loosest conjecture became ratified by its implicit confirmation in my own calculations. It is a situation in which the sum of the parts is equal to much less than the whole. If I had seriously explored Allan's guess, I'd have soon figured out just how far away we actually were, for every now and again, between the squalls, the sun was briefly out.

We were sailing only a mile or two off New Ireland, which stretches northwestward. After the point toward which Allan had motioned, we soon found that there was another point. Well, that had to be the one. After that, there was a third. Well, that one, certainly. And so for the fourth, fifth, and sixth. Christopher Little examined the chart and said plainspokenly that as long as we were able to see any land at all beyond the next point it could not be North Cape, because there is no land beyond North Cape. (Actually, there is a stretch of islands, but they begin twenty miles beyond North Cape.) That cold rational shower, added to the warm shower from another little squall, gave us fatalistic stamina, and we stopped expecting Kavieng within the next five minutes.

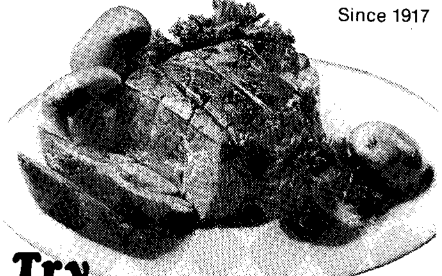
As ever, Christopher was amused when, finally, I was persuaded, damn it, to try to find out exactly where we were—but only after the sun had permanently receded:

> After several hours of this asymptotic frustration, Pup and Reggie went on deck to do some divination. They called for a hand-held compass (Pup couldn't understand why I hadn't interpreted his demand for a "protractor" as meaning that he wanted a hand-held compass) [Amusing. I had meant to ask for a pelorus], and he and Reg, masters of Global Positioning System, H.O. 249, myriad computer star-finding programs, calmly went about in the rain trying to analyze our situation by means of good old-fashioned 4-point-8-point. [A little solecism here. A four-point-eight-point fix will tell you how far away you are from land by timing the interval between when an object bears four points, or forty-five degrees, off your vessel and when it bears eight points, or ninety degrees. If you are travelling at eight knots and it takes a half hour for the ship's bearing to traverse those forty-five degrees, why, you are four miles away from land, by the simple geometrical law of the right triangle. But we knew how far from land we were: the radar tells you that. Reg and I were attempting to match chart and land contours.] In due course they satisfied themselves that we were making a speed of six knots. At this point the rest of us began to speculate that the land we were coasting by was not New Ireland but Australia. (My own hypothesis was that it was the northeast coast of Mindanao, in the Philippines; but W.F.B. would brook no serious discussion on that point.)

Eventually—at about six, or five hours after we expected it, and fifteen hours after nailing the island of Tabar, a mere fifty-five miles away, to give us a speed over the ground of less than four knots—we ran out of the northern coast of New Ireland, rounded the Cape, and there it was: Kavieng. I intended to let Van disembark after dinner to stay at a hotel until his charter-flight time tomorrow, and to be off for our final destination, a hundred and sixty miles southeast, at Rabaul. But the charter pilot, who had flown in from Port Moresby over Rabaul and was waiting to board Sealestial—a happy Australian overflowing with good cheer—was full of weather information.

Christopher wrote:

> Dick came to me. "You know what his plan is?"
>
> "No," I said warily.
>
> Oh boy. W.F.B. was already itching to go. He really is allergic to stationary vessels. The "plan" was to leave at 7 in the morning and run straight through the night for Rabaul, getting in just in time to pack and catch the flight to Port Moresby.
>
> Sighs. But *resigned* sighs.
>
> But help was present. Van's charter pi-



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lot, a trim Aussie who accepted (several) Scotches, told Pup he'd just flown over the stretch from Rabaul to Kavieng, and said there were 30 knot head winds and "a lot of whitecaps." This sounded distinctly unlovely, and though I hated to see Pup's crestfallen look, I knew then that we had come to the end of our line, the last leg of our last big trip.

"Well," said Pup, "our trip is over."

Dinner would be late. Van packed while Danny, Reggie, and the two Christophers sightsaw along the quay. They ran into Dick, who had already befriended, and learned all the secrets of, the neighboring Japanese fishing boat. He offered to introduce his shipmates to the Japanese captain, but first he ducked into Sealestial and came out with a bottle. Christopher wrote:

> I had put on the clean shirt I'd been saving since Majuro and we ran into Dick. He told us about the Jap fishing boat, and came up with a bottle of Bordeaux, which seems an incongruous thing to give a fishing captain, but that's what he's going to do, in that ineffable way of his, Cortés among the savages.
>
> "Uhhh," he says to the captain, "would you be good enough to take my friends aboard your lovely vessel and give them a tour?"
>
> The skipper, a squat fellow missing most of the fingers on his right hand, speaks no English at all, except for "thanka you," but kindly obliges after trying to refuse the Château Gloria or whatever.
>
> We end up in the galley where he produces a tray of—to my mind—singularly unappetizing-looking raw fish. While the others are urged to plunge in, I wander off to stare at the piston heads clack-clack-clacking. At length I am induced to partake, and of all the scores of sushi dinners I have had, none has been better. A huge bottle of Okinawa *sake* was brought out. I went back to Sealestial and brought over two bottles of Johnnie Walker Black for the skipper, who, remarking on our appreciation of the sashimi, promptly dispatched one of his men in a launch to the mother ship to bring us back a skipjack tuna. This done, he proceeded, with no small flourish, to fillet the thing himself. It was a scene of utter, non-lingual bonhomie; ironic to reflect that had we met here forty years ago it would have been as enemies. By now the 30-proof *sake* had taken its toll, so I left him and Reg and the others to their continued libations and went back to Sealestial.

Our final meal together aboard, and Liz was, as ever, unstinting. Van had already packed, and after dinner we ourselves would pack the fourteen bags he would take along in his plane to Port Moresby, to reduce the luggage we'd be bringing with us later, on the commercial flight. Dick Wellstood was playing jazz piano on the tape, and there was general animation, though the quality of it, after a landfall, after so long a passage, is in my experience strangely non-hysterical. It demands to incorporate some of the sobriety that attaches to the sensation of a quite large endeavor, undertaken and consummated by amateurs: we had sailed a boat approximately the distance between Chicago and Honolulu.

After dinner, Dick Clurman made an exuberant, tender toast. And turned to Christopher.

From Christopher's journal:

> Dick said in front of all, "I think you ought to say a few words." I started to feel that clutch I always experience on being told I have to make a toast; but it passed in nanoseconds. The *sake*, beer, and rum had done noble work toward beating back the inhibitions, and I was, after all, sitting down at table not with an audience but with my shipmates. *Shipmates.*
>
> "Haven't we, together and upon the immortal sea, wrung out a meaning from our sinful lives?" Conrad said.... After a month on that sea, sleeping in each other's bunks amongst the dirty laundry, we had few secrets. How could I have been nervous. Yet in those seconds I had to think about what to say, reaching my seat by stepping over Dick, behind Danny. I wanted so terribly to say something to make Pup know the joy—there is no other word for post-landfall elation—that he had given us.
>
> So I raised my glass and said (I remember maybe half of this), "Here's to the man who shot the sun, who shot the stars, but who, most of all, shot the moon."
>
> To which all I could add—despite the two dozen times during the last month, blasted by seas, drenched by storms, hove-to in airless cabins smelling decomposing eggplant, when I kept saying to myself *never again*—was, "And all I could ask is that this not be the last time we happy few sail together." With that Pup and I exchanged a furtive squeeze and moments later, at our last meal aboard the ship that had gotten us from West to East, Dick asked Pup what, conceivably, might be the itinerary of another trip. He said, with that offhandedness that drives Mum so up the wall, "Rio–St. Helena–Cape Town."

I had checked into the hotel during Sealestial's invasion of Japan, leaving in the room everything I needed for the night, and so now I thought to walk there, slowly adapting to the dislocating stability of land. But Christo said no, he would drive me to the hotel in the car that Dick had rented; he insisted on it. We elected to drive without headlights—they weren't really necessary, along that faintly luminous quiet road, the solemn deadwood trees on either side, the air so still and fragrant. It was a short drive, and Christopher saw me silently to the door, where we embraced.

—WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

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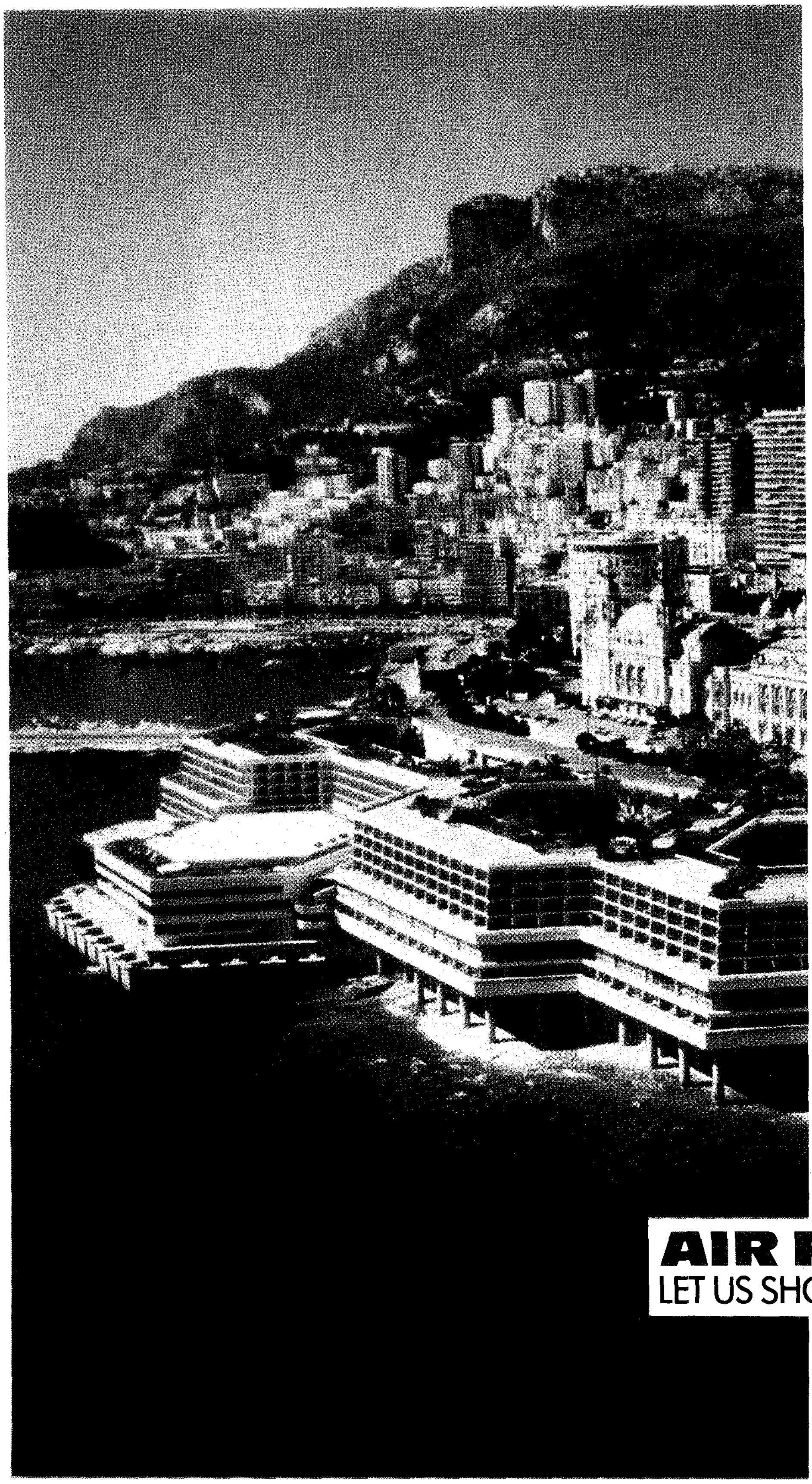

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THE THEATRE

Radicals Redux

STEVE TESICH'S very funny farce, "Division Street," which should have been a hit on Broadway seven years ago and wasn't, has been revived by the Second Stage, and if the performance were only a match for the script (now revised) it would be a hit Off Broadway. Mr. Tesich's hero is a man in his late thirties called Chris, who was a radical leader in Chicago in the sixties. He has now reformed; fed up with causes, he has turned private citizen, and is back in town to look for a job with an insurance company. He eats a bad stuffed cabbage in a Serbian restaurant and becomes violently sick in the street, where he is recognized and photographed by a passing newsman. The picture appears on the front page of a tabloid, and all hope of private citizenship goes. When we first meet Chris, he is alone in his room. Still in poor shape, he is trying, between sips of flat Alka-Seltzer, to write his prospective employers a letter of explanation (and renunciation) of his clamorous past. Too late. He has been recognized, and the evening, as Brendan Gill pointed out in his review of the Broadway production, becomes a veritable anthology of our farcical past, starting with "a handful of Greek and Roman comic playwrights" and winding up, "breathing hard," with Mel Brooks, Oscar Wilde, George S. Kaufman, and Laurel and Hardy. Sight gags abound. Among the characters on hand are Chris's estranged wife, a vacant-headed waifish type, who seems to speak entirely in popular-song lyrics, and, also from his past (and mysteriously disguised in a white wig), a former companion-at-arms called Roger, who when he is not grovelling at the feet of an annoyed Chris is delivering roll calls of sixties radicals, a tedious litany of names—"Willie Kunstler, Tommy Hayden, Abbie Hoffman," and on and on, and over and over. These leftovers are but two of a number of startling characters.

The performance as a whole is a disappointment—no match, I gather, for the splendid original, which, I'm sorry to say, I missed (it wasn't around long)—but there are at least a couple of exceptions. Olek Krupa displays exactly the right comic spirit as the proprietor of the Serbian restaurant, going around with a loaded revolver but longing only for a happy family life—or, more exactly, family wife, to share his water bed. Kathleen Wilhoite is fine, too, as his wayward eighteen-year-old daughter, now between pimps, who insists that she is not a whore but a slut. I also enjoyed Novella Nelson (but mostly for the mischief in her eyes), as Chris's black landlady, named Mrs. Bruchinski and sporting a Polish accent. Even so, the show rarely takes off, so what we are left with is the play. Fortunately, it's a beaut. Mr. Tesich, born in Yugoslavia, writes English with an acute and tricky ear and displays a relish for the language in every jokey, pun-filled line. Many of the best of these lines, by the way, are delivered by the admirable Mr. Krupa. That should be more than enough for an evening's delight.

—EDITH OLIVER

• •

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I walk the city, my eyes on her so she
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grayish, chambered. I hardly see the
unlit column like a grandfather clock that
holds the great orb up but
only the silvery even craters
bathed in cold light. Unpeopled,
brilliant, afloat—I look for her
wherever I am, and when she rises late I
walk to see her rise. Not good,
not bad, with no dark side, she
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but mostly for the pleasure of swimming,
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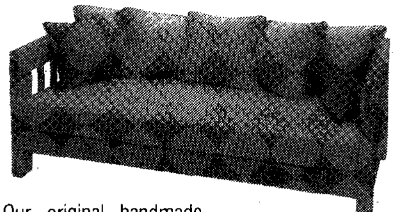

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MUSICAL EVENTS

A Rich Possession

JANUARY 31ST was Schubert's hundred-and-ninetieth birthday. At Symphony Space, from eleven in the morning to eleven at night, his music was played. There were songs from Dawn Upshaw, accompanied by Robert Merfeld, with Charles Neidich's clarinet joining for "The Shepherd on the Rock." There was chamber music from the Alexander String Quartet ("Death and the Maiden"), the Mendelssohn String Quartet (the G-Minor Quartet), and assemblies of eminent, loving players (the E-Flat Piano Trio, the "Trout" with Gilbert Kalish as pianist, the C-Major Quintet). There were piano solos: Impromptus from Mr. Merfeld, the A-Major Sonata, D. 664, from Ruth Laredo, the B-Flat Sonata from Claude Frank, the "Wanderer" Fantasy from André-Michel Schub. Twelve hours—they began with the Octet, played by the Bronx Arts Ensemble, and ended with the C-Major Quintet—could provide no more than a sampling of the riches Schubert left. His many operas, Masses and motets, and part-songs were unrepresented. From more than seven hundred songs, just six songs and a great song cycle were culled. Orchestral music—which includes ten symphonies—was represented only by the "Rosamunde" Overture, conducted by Allan Miller, and the "Unfinished" Symphony, conducted by Jorge Mester, played by the Mannes College Orchestra and any other instrumentalists who wanted to join in. Admission to the Schubertiad was free. Most of it was broadcast, live, by WNYC, and the last three hours were carried nationwide by American Public Radio. I heard the first four hours of it. The level of execution was high, and consistently lovable. There was no sense of any artist's striving to present himself before the public (as an artist may aim to do at a solo public recital). Polished professionals joined the neighborhood audience and the radio listeners as *amatores* of Schubert.

I was moved most by the "Winterreise," sung by Richard Frisch and played by Glenn Jacobson. "Opera on Record"—three fascinating and valuable books, edited by Alan Blyth—is being followed by "Song on Record" (Cambridge), and the first volume, devoted to lieder, has appeared. (Amid much that is good, Will Crutchfield's chapters on Loewe and Liszt are outstanding.) In a "Winterreise" chapter, thirty-nine complete recordings of the cycle are considered. Several of the singers there have voices more beautiful and resourceful than Mr. Frisch's. His performance was remarkable for its long emotional line, sustained through the abrupt changes of mood and scene, leading as if inevitably to the blasphemous outcry of "Mut," lapsing for the first time into tender self-pity in "Die Nebensonnen," stilled and chilled at last in "Der Leiermann." From both singer and pianist it was an urgent, virile performance—often a little faster than customary, and unsentimental (except in that penultimate song, which became even more affecting than usual). Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, in his "Schubert's Songs," raises the question "Should one perform 'Die Winterreise' in public at all? Should one offer such an intimate diary of a human soul to an audience whose interests are so varied?" Hans Gal, in his "Franz Schubert and the Essence of Melody" (Crescendo/Taplinger), almost answers no: "To a sensitive listener a public exhibition of such personal feelings appears almost like a profanation. Strictly speaking, this work, with all it implies, will be experienced in its fullest sense only by someone who sings and plays it for himself in lonely seclusion, or who can gain the illusion of such a perfect identification with it through an ideal rendering." (I listened to Mr. Frisch's performance at home, following in a facsimile of Schubert's autograph—much of it his fair copy, but some pages eloquent with the reworkings needed to achieve such precision of statement.)

One may feel that much of Schubert's intimate, personal music is profaned if performed scaled up in volume and put across to a big crowd. The modern, commercial age has brought big halls, supercharged instruments, and fame for the big-voiced, well-publicized singers who draw the crowds. But it has also brought records and radio, which return chamber music to the chamber. A great interpreter can now perform to an audience of thousands, hundreds of thousands, without broadening his art; instruments that in a big hall would sound puny become vivid again. In David Wilson-Johnson and David Owen Norris's recording of "Winterreise" (Hyperion) the piano is an instrument of Schubert's day: an 1824 square Broadwood—not a Viennese piano, but closer in sound to what Schubert would have heard than is the modern Steinway. Moreover, the poems are sung in the order in which the poet, Wilhelm Müller, arranged them. This is a brisk, controversial, but arresting performance. There is much to be said for Müller's order. He first published twelve poems, which Schubert set when he came across them. Later, Müller doubled their number. He inserted "Die Post" early in the cycle, a cluster of eight poems (from "Der Greise Kopf" to "Das Wirtshaus") before "Irrlicht," and "Die Nebensonnen" before "Frühlingstraum;" he added "Mut" and "Der Leiermann" at the close, after "Einsamkeit." When Schubert came across the complete sequence, he set the twelve new poems, heading them "Continuation of Winter Journey;" his first twelve songs, it seems likely, were already with the printer. So the two winter journeys, Müller's and Schubert's, follow different paths. In Schubert's, "Die Post" arrives late, and "Frühlingstraum" and "Einsamkeit" are too early. But how to order the cycle is not a matter on which there can, or need, be agreement.

A good performance of "Winterreise" leaves its listeners silent, shaken, but not depressed. Much of Schubert's music—not only among works of his last years—reconciles listeners to transitoriness and removes the pain from death's gentle welcome to not only the old and tired but also the young, unfulfilled, and initially protesting. Yet Schubert is the poet of spring, young love, bubbling high spirits—the composer who sings of, and gives, joy more freshly than any other. There is a paradox here. An early Viennese critic of "Winterreise," after the publication of its first part, in 1828, wrestled to explain it:

> Schubert's spirit soars so boldly that he carries along all who approach him, and we are borne through the immeasurable depths of the human heart into worlds

> beyond, where the promise of the infinite opens up longingly in the radiance of the setting sun, but where at the same time the gentle confining hand of the present joins with the shuddering bliss of an inexpressible premonition to define the boundaries of human existence.

It was urgent, the critic said, that the beautiful and noble work should become widely known, in an age so largely concerned with trivial music and “material impressions.” Contemporary reviews of Schubert’s music do not treat him as an inspired, fluent chatterer, pouring out his wonderful melodies, merry or sad, with linnet lightness. That view came later. It was in 1893 that Bernard Shaw wrote, “Schubert’s symphonies seem mere debauches of exquisitely musical thoughtlessness”—compared, that is, with the Symphony of Hermann Goetz, who “has the charm of Schubert without his brainlessness.”

Schubert’s thoughtfulness, his formal ambition—his inventiveness and struggles with forms—are not unappreciated today. I’ve been reading “Schubert: Critical and Analytical Studies” (Nebraska), edited by Walter Frisch, which contains five new essays by younger American scholars, four essays translated for the first time from the German, and three (by Joseph Kerman, Edward Cone, and David Lewin) culled from American musicological journals. Carl Dahlhaus, in “Sonata Form in Schubert,” leads off with, in effect, a warning that analytical approaches determined by Beethoven study may prove to be crooked paths toward an understanding of Schubert’s forms. Three of the essays deal in detail with two “Winterreise” songs: “Im Dorfe” and “Auf dem Flusse.” That 1828 critic I quoted declared that in a “union of external and internal harmonies lies the main achievement of both the poet who speaks and the poet who sings,” and continued, “Since this paper [the *Theaterzeitung*] is not concerned with theory, this is not the place to discuss the technical beauties.” The union of external and internal harmonies, the technical beauties of simultaneous poetic and musical structures, are scrutinized and discussed in these essays.

Hans Gal began his Schubert study with an apology for applying intellect and analysis to “things that should be felt directly and intuitively.” The “Winterreise” essays in Walter Frisch’s volume set one asking, “Do these scholarly perceptions affect my responses to the songs? Will they affect a performer’s interpretation?” Or, more bluntly, “When some passage already stirs me, does it matter whether or not I understand the technical mechanisms that make it work?” Such questions underlie all writing about music. Answers are likely to be personal and to depend, of course, in large part on the nature of the perceptions and explanations offered. In his preface, Mr. Frisch quotes a sentence by Mr. Cone that might hang above every critic’s and musicologist’s desk: “The critic seeks to impart to others something of his own vivid experience of the concrete musical values he finds in the works that interest him.” By and large, the writers here work in that spirit. In the case of “Im Dorfe,” I find that Arnold Feil’s observation about the unexpected placing of the vocal entry does sharpen my hearing of the song. His long discussion of the rhythmic displacements toward the end, where Schubert sets “linger” to a long note, and the reason for them, seems to me to make heavy weather of a point evident—even if only on an intuitive level—to every singer of and every listener to the song. Mr. Lewin and Anthony Newcomb present alternative, and largely opposed, analyses of “Auf dem Flusse.” Being endowed with a White Queen-like ability to believe as many as six impossible things before breakfast, I nod approvingly to both of them, then reread Gerald Moore’s technical observations on the song—in “The Schubert Song Cycles,” a book based on decades of actually playing the piece with many great interpreters—and move to the piano. Time spent with Schubert is time well spent.

The new book lies agreeably in the hand. The music examples are beautifully drawn, by Helen Jenner. But what should be footnotes are hidden away at the end of the chapters, and the word “SCHUBERT” printed at the head of every left-hand page seems needlessly insistent; naming the author of the essay would be more useful.

18C
18E
P. Steiner

“Could we talk Girl Scout cookies?”

THE “Wanderer” Fantasy was the second piece of David Buechner’s piano recital in Alice Tully Hall the day after the Symphony Space Schubertiad. He played it

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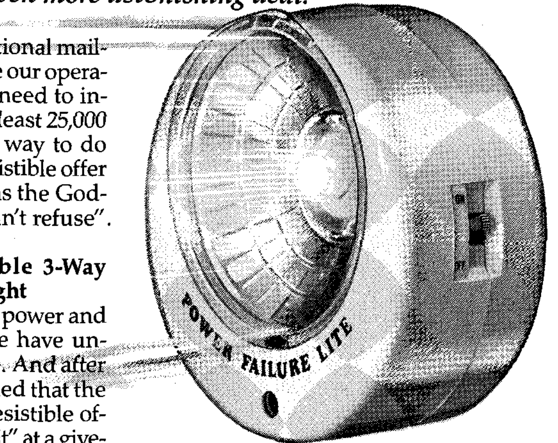

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as a virtuoso, exulting in the technical challenges, buoyantly, brilliantly. The Fantasy, precursor of Liszt tone poems, takes a Viennese fortepiano to its limits and tests the "orchestral" capacity of a modern instrument. Mr. Buechner used a Baldwin concert grand, which is perhaps a less assertive, more "Schubertian" instrument than a Steinway concert grand. But it was giving pedal trouble. A technician had appeared after the first piece on the program, the "Moonlight" Sonata, to work on the mechanism. An unexpected plainness in Mr. Buechner's treatment of the sonata's first movement—built largely on pedal effects—was probably due to wariness lest the instrument let him down. Mr. Buechner is not a plain pianist. He unites technical aplomb with a generous, winning temperament and well-formed interpretative ideas. The recital came to a climax with Stravinsky's Three Movements from "Petrushka"—not a transcription, the composer insisted, but in every way a piece written specially for the piano, intended to give virtuosos a chance to spread their wings in something contemporary. In a program note Mr. Buechner recalled student days when, "like so many hungry Juilliardites, [I] attempted to prove my technical mettle with 'Petrushka' (there was a lot of hot talk as to whether Pollini or Brendel missed more notes)." His mature performance (Mr. Buechner is twenty-seven), besides being exhilarating in its technical prowess, was filled with subtle colors, telling gestures, and fine rhythmic shading. In the middle movement, Petrushka's desperation was keenly and poignantly evoked. Before the Stravinsky, Mr. Buechner played Josef Suk's Suite (1900) and Richard Danielpour's Psalms for Piano (1985). The suite is a charming example of Suk's early style; Psalms applies elaborate Ravel and Prokofiev piano manners to, I thought, fairly commonplace musical invention. Encores were Ravel's Pavane (limpid, graceful) and Gershwin's "Oh, Lady Be Good" (artfully casual). But the action of the soft pedal added soft moans or squeaks to the quietest passages.

—ANDREW PORTER

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The media—like most other institution—is certainly imperfect and make their share of mistakes.—*Editorial in the Ontario (Calif.) Daily Report.*

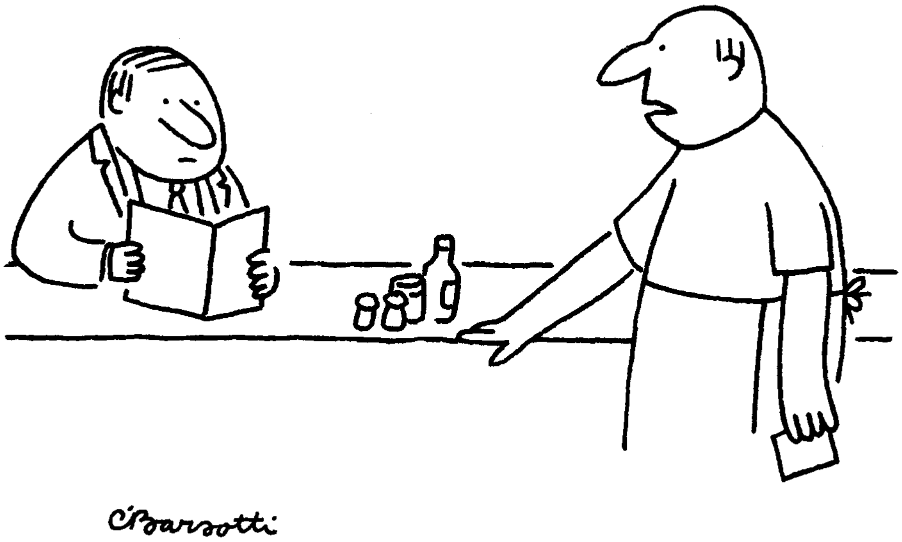
Noted.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

FEBRUARY 8

THE Reagan Administration is in terrible shape—a fact that people here are increasingly, if reluctantly, and somewhat worriedly, coming to grips with. Of late, it has seemed almost clinically dysfunctional. This does not mean that it cannot take action; in fact, one concern here is that it might take some foreign action for action's sake—to make itself feel better and to change the subject. In recent days, the Administration has been engaged in an internal dispute over whether to take military action against, among other possible targets, Iran—whether in relation to Iran's encouraging terrorism and the continuing taking of hostages, or its success in the war with Iraq. Obviously, it isn't very consistent to sell Iran arms and then consider bombing it, but consistency is not a hallmark of the Reagan Administration. Though it was officially neutral in the Iran-Iraq war, it actually favored Iraq and gave it some help. And the Administration's self-demolished worldwide effort to keep arms from reaching Iran ("Operation Staunch") was designed to help Iraq. At this point, American warships are still steaming around the Eastern Mediterranean and in and around the Persian Gulf (though on a reduced basis as of now), but, I'm told, they were dispatched as a contingency that got out of hand, seeming to be a bigger deal than it was supposed to, and frightened our increasingly nervous Allies. If any hostages are killed, we might take action—but, as usual, there's no agreement yet on what. Also, the mere dispatching of ships appears to make some officials feel better. Unlike before, I'm told, Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger now favors taking military action against a nation engaged in terrorism and the taking of hostages, and specifically Iran—thus putting him in a rare agreement with Secretary of State George Shultz. Some people within the Administration think that Weinberger's new militance is based on annoyance that Shultz is getting all the credit for having opposed the arms-for-hostages policy, but that could be unfair. Also, both men, and perhaps others, seemed to want to take action against Iran because it had humiliated us. Those who have been arguing against an attack on Iran are saying that striking at Libya was simple by comparison: Libya had fewer resources and was less likely to be able to lash back with terrorist acts throughout the Middle East and Europe, and if Iran did lash back—then what? And the Administration's troubles do not mean that it cannot have some accomplishments over the next two years—maybe even an arms-control agreement of some sort. Decisions that could affect that are being debated now—as they have been throughout Reagan's Presidency.

But what we have at the moment is a collection of top officials who, as the report of the Senate Intelligence Committee on the Iran-Contra affair, released the week before last, shows, have been lying not only to the country but also to each other—and, it would appear, are still doing so. We have a President who, it is clear, still doesn't understand what was wrong with his policy of selling arms to Iran (and all that flowed therefrom)—and who therefore is unlikely ever to understand it. We also have a President who, the record increasingly shows, makes decisions—when he does—by a strange method, which does not necessarily, or often, entail his being informed about the matter at hand. The Iran-Contra affair appears to be another example—along with the Strategic Defense Initiative (S.D.I.) and the whopping budget deficit as a result of Reagan's refusal to raise taxes—of an obsession on the part of the President which his aides could not deflect, or even encouraged. And we have a President who was never much for managing his Administration now surrounded by people who, to say the least, aren't much help. One result now is a kind of free-for-all among his top officials—not simply less discipline than there ever was (which was very little) but virtually no discipline at all. One official said to me, "There's never been any discipline or rewards from higher up, no matter what you do. I've never heard 'Good job,' or been chewed out. That's one thing when an Administration is on the rise, but when the tide starts to go out, people start to scramble." The other day, I asked a foreign-policy official how goes our government, and he replied, "It's terrible. You have no President and you have feudal barons, and it's very bad." Moreover, the President is facing a heap of trouble—not only on the Iran arms sales–Contra front (which his aides, mistakenly, keep thinking will go away) but on others as well: a Democratic Congress; the possible indictment of former close associates; even the forthcoming publication of an angry book by his (and Jane Wyman's) adopted son, Michael. The First Lady is described by friends as nearly at her wit's end with worry. The President, still recovering from prostate surgery, is even more protected and reclusive than usual. While it cannot be ruled out that Reagan will once again perform a Houdini-like escape from his troubles, it is clear—from his State of the Union address, among other things—that his old tricks have grown stale. The polls show that even though Reagan still has a strong place in the public's affection—he is a hard man to dislike—because of the Iran-Contra affair something has gone seriously, and perhaps irremediably, wrong in his rela-



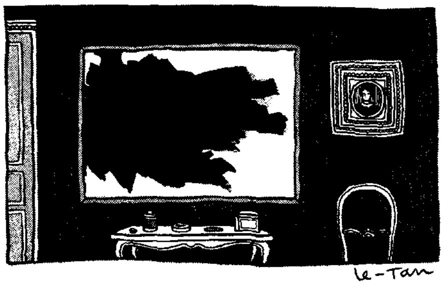
"Take your time. Breakfast is the most important meal of the day."

tionship with the public, which had always been his source of political strength.

THE way the President and his aides have handled the Iran-Contra mess has hardly been helpful to the President's fortunes. The President's pledges to "get to the bottom of things" have all along seemed half-hearted at best—statements he had been advised he had to make, not statements that he meant. Of late, White House aides have given this and that reason to explain why the President could not tell us more about what happened—a chronology was still being prepared, investigations by an independent counsel and congressional committees are under way. In this particular instance, they may in fact be showing some understanding of reality: that they have on their hands a President who not only doesn't understand what happened but who also, on those few occasions when he did talk to us about what happened, only got himself in more trouble—that they dare not turn him loose. One of the things that pain Reagan associates outside the White House is that there now exist television clips of those earlier appearances—which are inevitably reshown whenever something new breaks that is at odds with what the President told us in the days after the story broke last November. This has happened frequently. Partly it is a result of the President's being very badly briefed by his own advisers; partly it is a result of the fact that the President simply doesn't get it.

One of the mysteries in the whole affair—a mystery that applies to other events as well—has been how the President's mind works. In this case, the question is whether the President really believes—as he keeps asserting—that he did not trade arms for hostages, and, if so, how this can be. On the basis of what people who know him well say, and years of observing him, it does seem possible, if not reassuring (there is no good answer), that this is really what he believes. People who have met with him at the White House come back—shaking their heads—saying that this does in fact seem to be the case. That is why several Republicans who wish him well—and are frightened for the future of the Party—have been so frustrated, even panicked, and have called for such an unlikely thing as that the President "apologize" for his policy. That is why Reagan the actor who usually persuades by speaking with such conviction is unconvincing on those few occasions when he does essay some indignation over what happened. In any event, the furthest he has gone is to say, in the passive voice, that "mistakes were made" in the implementation of his policy; in his State of the Union address he went so far as to say that "serious mistakes were made." But, thus far, he has given not an inch on the point that the policy itself may have been flawed. Vice-President George Bush, who has his own problems as a result of the Iran-Contra affair, and may have more, said in a speech not long ago, "The President is certain to this very day that he did not authorize arms for hostages." There is reason to believe that Bush was speaking the literal truth.

Recently, one longtime Reagan associate gave me what seemed a persuasive explanation of how Reagan's mind works: how it could be the case that Reagan actually is not, in his own mind, lying when he says that he did not swap arms for hostages—that he actually believes it. This person said, "Ronald Reagan retreats to something he is comfortable with." He went on, "As things happen, he sees them through his own eyes. He's a raconteur: he tells stories and he makes his stories sell, and he's President because of that. He's able to make things clear and understandable. But he starts with himself: he massages the facts to fit what he thinks; it's not deliberate—he honestly and truly believes that that's how it is. It's not so much a retreat as an insistence on his reality. He's not devious, he doesn't deliberately alter things. Things go into his mind and whirl around and come out how he likes it; he's not lying—he just assimilates information and it comes out as he likes it." This person also suggested that Reagan's habit of thinking and speaking goes way back. He said, "It may go all the way back to when he was on the General Electric circuit. He went around to all their plants and talked about free enterprise, and he developed the images that fit what he was saying. Here's a guy whose life has been the creation of images. It may go back to his childhood. He likes to tell stories." Reagan's first job, of course, was as a radio sportscaster relating descriptions of plays which existed only in his mind. This person continued, "He created images on the movie screen and then he had a job of creating a vision for G.E.—of having people see things as he sees them. He's had years and years of experience of creating visions—of seeing things in his own mind and putting them out there in a way that conveys what he sees in his own mind." There have been several examples of Reagan's drawing on movie scenes to make a point, and when he has done so he has seemed utterly convinced that he was talking about reality. Watching old Reagan movies is instructive, because so many of his poses and facial expressions are so recognizable. The longtime Reagan associate also pointed out that to this day Reagan takes each speech very seriously as a performance. Even in a political campaign, he said, when Reagan was giving the same speech for the fourteenth time he would go over his note cards very carefully—tuning out all else. "He works at it and makes it whole and he makes it flow; he makes himself ready to project the vision that is in his mind." All of this may be why Reagan is reported by intimates as bewildered and hurt by the fact that, after so many years of successfully persuading, all of a sudden the public does not believe him.

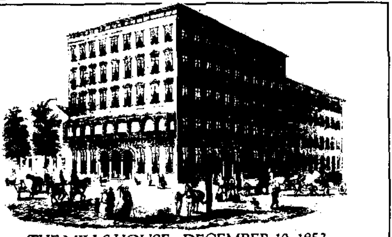


One thing that Reagan's current troubles have done is give rise to more speculation about Reagan's mental wherewithal. There has been a rash of stories about people going to see him about this only to have him tell anecdotes about that. Some members of Congress went to see him about the subject of catastrophic health insurance, it was reported, and the President told anecdotes about welfare. But there is nothing new in this—such stories began early in his Presidency. It's just that the President's troubles give them more traction, and make talk about whether he's "out of it" more respectable. But one recent example was somewhat more disconcerting: the columnists Rowland Evans and Robert Novak wrote that when David Abshire, who was recently brought into the White House as special counsellor to handle the White House's handling of the Iran-Contra affair, met with the President to talk about the matter, Reagan showed little interest in it and told stories about his movie days. Reagan loves to tell such stories, and can do so for hours—but this instance apparently shook even some of his true believers. Over the years, a number of people talked—very quietly—about their surprise at the strange way that Reagan "conducted" meetings. One official told me at one point that he was surprised at first by the way that Reagan does business. This person said, "I was used to people who dealt with the matter at hand, as opposed to personalizing everything, dealing with matters by way of anecdotes." For years, reporters have pointed out Reagan's "misstatements," his penchant for anecdotes, and even his odd way of looking at things. But these aspects of Reagan's Presidency didn't seem to matter much to the public as long as things seemed to be going well, and the "senility question" was kept pretty much under wraps. Now raising questions about Reagan's mental capacity has become more respectable. But for the most part people who observe Reagan closely say that they don't think he has changed. One or two, however, do suggest that Reagan has "slipped a notch," and some said even before all this happened that he was "slowing down." Reagan has never been—appearances notwithstanding—an exceptionally vigorous man; resilient, yes (at least until now), but not vigorous. But until his second term as President, Reagan had had around him people who were aware of his deficiencies and largely protected him from them—and undoubtedly kept a great deal from public view.

What we may be seeing now is the gradual cracking of the Reagan myth. A lifetime of charming and shrugging his way out of corners, of dealing in make-believe, of masking his ignorance, has caught up with him. His old tricks no longer work—because, on top of a number of other things, he sold arms to the Ayatollah—and he seems confused and at a loss as to what to do. Reagan clearly was totally unprepared for anything like this. The reservoir of the public's good will toward him still exists, though it is much depleted. He has a lot more going for him than, say, Richard Nixon did when he got into trouble. The problem that even some of Reagan's staunchest backers face is that there is no good explanation for his behavior—whether he did or did not know very much about what was going on. Disillusionment is a dangerous force—one that several of Reagan's longtime associates fear. One said to me not long ago something that some of us had had in mind. He said, "This runs the risk of the Wizard of Oz."

THE President's White House advisers have made so many blunders in handling the Iran affair as to raise alarm about their handling anything. Aside from the blunder of allowing the whole thing to happen in the first place, the advisers almost seemed intent on digging him into a deeper and deeper hole. Obviously, they and the President have made no real effort to "get the story out." From the outset, they and the President (who said that the first reports of arms-for-hostages deals had "no foundation") have tried to dissuade the press from reporting on the subject—they used, among other things, moral intimidation, saying that press accounts might jeopardize getting the hostages back—and they are still trying to get the press to back off. A recent White House tactic has been to spread the word that the public was getting tired of the subject—also to intimidate Congress and the press. But whether or not the public is "getting tired" of the issue—these things come and go—of course it will and must be pursued. Among other things, a number of laws may have been broken, and there was a breakdown in how our system of government is supposed to work. The President was sent forth with misinformation, and the catalogue of the things we were told, as opposed to what happened, keeps growing. Tactically, the White House has got itself in the worst possible position: reacting to events, having new facts come out day by day—drip by drip. This was a Watergate mistake, the lesson of which should have been learned by now. It is possible, of course, that the people around the President felt that they had no choice—that they dared not let the full story come out. But that is a losing situation. We don't yet know whether the Administration, having learned nothing, ventured a coverup, but the possibility cannot be dismissed.

Even on smaller tactical decisions, the performance of the President's aides has been baffling. One beaut was the decision, early this year, to release a memorandum, submitted to the President in January, 1986, by former national-security adviser Vice Admiral John Poindexter, and prepared by Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North. The memo stated the arguments for



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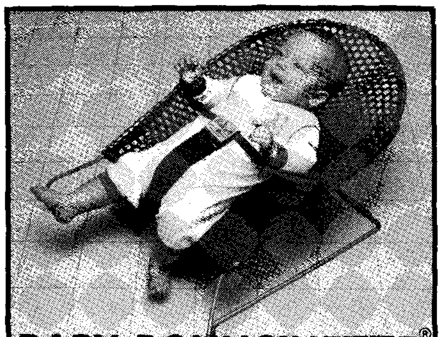

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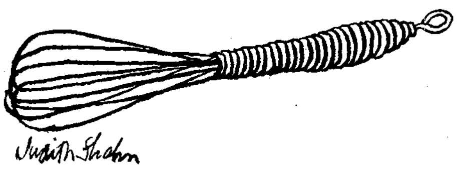
the President's formal approval, through a signed "finding," of American arms sales to Iran. (Up till then, the transactions had been done through Israel—a matter that raises its own legal questions.) The White House also released the finding, signed by Reagan on January 17, 1986, authorizing the shipment of arms to Iran and ordering the Central Intelligence Agency not to inform Congress of the covert operation. (Earlier press reports told us that the finding was prepared by the C.I.A.) Both documents had been classified secret, and a finding had never before been made public. The documents' release was baffling, because it didn't do the President any good at all. The thinking, such as it was, seems to have been that the Poindexter memo stated rationales for the arms sales other than the release of hostages—the now familiar geopolitical argument, and the argument that the sales would help "moderates" in Iran—but it also said, point blank, that the arms sales "may well be our only way to achieve the release of the Americans held in Beirut." This, of course, became the focus of the news accounts.

Another thing that struck several people here was the memorandum's appalling quality. A number of people here who serve or have served in foreign-policy positions say that it was a memo that should have been rejected by the national-security adviser as unfit for being brought to the President's attention: it made muddled assertions, without documentation, and conveyed no serious analysis; it offered the President only one option, instead of several; it was internally inconsistent; it simply stated that Shultz and Weinberger opposed the idea, without giving their arguments. The President didn't even initial his O.K.: his initials are there "per JP" (Poindexter). And then there was the eerie handwritten notation, with Poindexter's initials, at the bottom of the memorandum, saying "President was briefed verbally from this paper." What did that mean? That even reading a two-and-a-half-page memorandum on a very sensitive subject was too burdensome for the President? If the quality of the memorandum was so poor, how good could the oral briefing have been? Is this how the Administration made policy in a number of areas? Was the memo just a formality to cover a decision that had already been made? Whatever, neither the memorandum nor the decision to release it was reassuring.

The biggest mistake, in the eyes of a number of Reagan loyalists, that the White House staff keeps making is that it keeps assuming some action or other will "get the issue behind them." But firing North and having Poindexter "resign" didn't do it; nor did the appointment of a special commission, headed by John Tower, a former Republican senator from Texas, to study how the National Security Council should function (the answer to that is essentially known, though it was not followed by the Reagan people, but the commission's report may be a surprise); the request for an independent counsel; the release of the Poindexter memo; and so on. One longtime Reagan adviser said to me recently, "Even if they had done all of those things on the same day, it wouldn't have helped." There is in fact a great deal of discontent, and even anger, among people still serving in the Reagan Administration over how the matter is being handled.

The anger of the critics has been aimed mainly at White House Chief of Staff Donald Regan—and the fairly undistinguished group around him, who are now widely referred to as "the mice." But the criticism of Regan began well before the Iran story broke: because of his lack of political feel and his insistence on imposing on the White House a corporate structure (of which he officiously sits at the top), and his not having a clue about how to make up for Reagan's deficiencies, how to protect him against himself, or how to translate his visions into reality—to deal with the nitty-gritty of politics. Many Reagan advisers think that there is no way the President, and his Presidency, can avoid being overtaken by the Iran-Contra affair as long as Regan is in charge of the White House. For one thing, Regan is himself involved in the issue, since he was Chief of Staff when the events took place; therefore, he is not in a good position to put it to one side and help the President get on with other things—even if he knew how to do that.

The bringing in of Abshire to handle the White House's response to the issue was not very consoling to Reagan supporters: Abshire, a former State Department official and former U.S. Ambassador to NATO, is considered a nice, capable man but not a person of sufficient strength to order Regan or the others around—or the President. Moreover, as one Administration official said to me recently, the fact that Abshire has been brought in doesn't mean that other White House officials are no longer distracted by the Iran-Contra affair. One important official, referring to the White House, said to me recently, "I do believe they are disoriented over there." Also, Reagan supporters were disheartened to see that Abshire was given an office on the fourth floor of the Executive Office Building, across a driveway from the White House, and not exactly at the center of things. The well-advertised effort on the part of Mrs. Reagan and a number of the President's advisers to get Regan out of the White House subsided shortly before Christmas, when it was clear that the President was "dug in" on the matter, and that pushing him on it only made him more stubborn about it. One problem, a Reagan adviser told me recently, is that on the Iran-Contra matter the President sees Regan as having simply carried out his policy. That Regan allowed the President to get into having such a policy has made him a special target. (That the President himself did such a dumb thing is taken as simply one of the dangers of not handling him carefully.) Of late, Regan has been lying low—he didn't even venture out to brief reporters on the State of the Union address. And the Senate Intelligence Committee's investigation suggests that Regan was more involved in the Iran-Contra affair than had been previously understood. It indicates that Poindexter and former C.I.A. Director William Casey misled Shultz when he asked them about reports that arms were being sold to Iran (press accounts of Shultz's testimony to the House Foreign Affairs Committee said that Regan also misled him); and it also turned up more evidence of Regan's not only helping to cut Shultz and Weinberger out of the deliberations but also his collaborating with North in getting questionable figures in to see the President. One oddity in the whole story is that all sorts of outside figures were entrusted with secrets that were kept from Cabinet officers and key members of Congress. Though the efforts by others to get Regan out have gone quiet of late, one senses some underground tremors that suggest that the subject has been given new, and



perhaps more serious, life. Some of Regan's aides, along with a number of others, are now leaving the White House, and there is renewed speculation that Regan—either acting or appearing to be acting on his own volition—will not be far behind them.

THE effect of the Senate Intelligence Committee report was to add fresh details and give a more dramatic reality to many things that we already knew: that the Administration had made decisions about Iran in a frighteningly haphazard way; that officials at various levels of the government who knew something about Iran, and could have made effective arguments against getting into weapons deals with it, were cut out—as were Shultz and Weinberger; that some Administration officials, stymied by opposition from within the government, contracted the policy out, putting it in the hands of some dubious people; that the checks and balances within the government and between the Administration and Capitol Hill were circumvented in pursuit of a policy that, had the checks and balances been observed, probably would not have happened. It also underscores the painful fact that some of our highest officials were continually snookered by the Iranians. A number of members of the House and Senate Intelligence Committees have said that if the Administration had informed them about the policy, as the law requires, they probably would have headed it off. Even if they hadn't, the Administration would at least have others to share the blame.

The report also takes us in some interesting directions: it indicates that North, who implemented, if he didn't hatch, the plot to siphon profits from the arms sales to Iran into military assistance to the Contras, during a time when "direct or indirect" military assistance had been prohibited by Congress, spent quite a bit of time with the President, and also that the President and other White House officials knew at least about efforts by North and others to get other countries to contribute arms to the Contras. This, along with a number of other items in the report, gets to, obviously, the question of whether the President knew about the diversion of funds, which may have been an illegality. Though there has been much focus on this question, and there is no good answer to it—if he didn't know, he should have—it is far from the only important question. But if it should come to light that the President did know, he could be in serious trouble.

David Boren, Democrat of Oklahoma, who is not only chairman of the Senate Intelligence Committee but also will serve on the new select committee, said to me in a recent conversation words I had not yet heard a public figure use publicly: if Reagan knew about the diversion of funds, Boren said, "since that would be a violation of the law, it's the only aspect of this that would be a potentially impeachable offense." Boren continued, "The White House people are willing to admit all sorts of other things, but it's the one thing they keep coming back to—they grab any evidence that they think would show that the President didn't know about the diversion—and I think that's the reason." He went on to say that he believed that this is why the White House had been so eager to get an earlier draft of the committee's report made public. That draft, a portion of which was leaked to the New York *Times* in mid-January (a portion of a different draft had been leaked to NBC), said that the committee had obtained "no specific evidence" that suggests that "any officials" other than North and Poindexter knew about the plan to divert funds—before October, 1986. (The diversion was not made public until late November, weeks after the Administration had warnings that some discontented financiers might blow the story open.) But the earlier draft also did not say that the President did not know about the diversion.

The official report draws no conclusions on any of the points at issue; it lays out the sequence of events as told to the committee by various witnesses—and the effect is staggering. The White House made a big fuss about the committee's refusal to release the earlier draft (it'll take whatever ammunition it can find), but there were real reasons for the committee's not doing so: the testimony of several witnesses had not even been transcribed, much less taken into account; all sorts of Administration officials had been given a chance to excise material from the account, and apparently did so rather liberally, whether or not the material had anything to do with national security. The earlier, leaked reports were drafts (actually there were three versions that the committee rejected) written at the direction of the committee's then-Republican leadership before the committee changed

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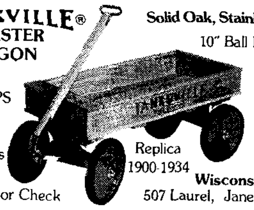

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management, and the decision not to release the one the White House called for was along party lines (several senators said that they were asked to vote on releasing it before they had been given an opportunity to read it). The official report was approved by a bipartisan vote of fourteen to one. Another big difference between the leaked draft that the White House liked and the official report is that the draft accepted the assertions of witnesses as facts. The new one, which started from scratch, lays out the various versions of what the committee was told. The picture we get from it is of important Administration figures lying to each other (and perhaps to the committee), of a long train of contradictions, of convenient memory lapses, and of sheer confusion within the Administration. The report, which Boren stressed was "preliminary," is a document of sixty-five single-spaced pages, densely packed with information and pieces of the puzzle, which leaves one tantalized—and certain that there are more revelations to come.

The Intelligence Committee's investigation, which lasted eighteen days, at the end of last year, wasn't actually a proper investigation at all. It was a hurried set of hearings by a committee that was acting partly out of embarrassment (some big ones had got by it), and some of its Republican members appeared to be motivated at least in part by a desire to help the White House. Senator Sam Nunn, Democrat of Georgia and a member of both the Intelligence Committee and the new Senate select committee that will investigate the Iran-Contra affair, told me in early January that the committee's inquiry, though useful, suffered from a number of limitations—which the covering letter on the new report points out: that the investigation was "top-down," starting with the highest officials, and there was little questioning of people who had worked under them; and there was almost no time for preparation before the hearings—no line of inquiry established—and almost no follow-up questioning of people who had testified and whose testimony had been contradicted. Nunn also pointed out that the committee did not have lawyers working for it, or anyone experienced in criminal investigations, and said that therefore the inquiry and the draft reports were not "judicious." Also, of course, the committee did not have the testimony of some of the key figures—such as North and Poindexter, who, along with three others, took the Fifth Amendment. In some ways, the most devastating part of the committee's report is the list of fourteen questions it says are still unresolved.

Among the questions the Intelligence Committee had been unable to get the answer to, beyond whether the President knew about the diversion of funds, was where the money went: the whole setup of working through arms dealers, of large amounts of money floating around, was almost tailor-made for siphoning off funds. The questions are not just about money from the arms sales but also about the Sultan of Brunei, who was shaken down for ten million dollars by State Department officials, for "humanitarian" assistance. Elliott Abrams, the Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, told the committee he had neglected to mention this at an earlier hearing on the Contras program because, the committee report says, "he did not feel he had been asked a direct question and did not realize until shown the transcript that his statements clearly left a misleading impression." Abrams, now more informative, also told the committee that he had asked North on several occasions whether the money had been deposited in the designated Swiss account, and was told that it had "not reached the account." The committee says that this matter was turned over to the F.B.I. in November. (According to news accounts, Administration officials solicited help for the Contras from a number of other countries as well.)

It is not yet clear what can be concluded about the committee's finding that North met with the President seventeen times, though never alone; yet some people wonder whether North, no matter how many people were there, could have resisted bragging to the President that he had got the Iranians to pay for arms for the Contras. And certain interesting documents turned up in North's safe. An undated North memo discussing the diversion of money from the arms sales to the Contras—which was clipped to the instructions ("terms of reference") for former national-security adviser Robert McFarlane's trip to Iran—has drawn some notice on Capitol Hill.

And there is one meeting with the President, on April 23, 1986, that has aroused the suspicion of some key senators. North attended it, along with—though he is not specifically identified in the report—the then C.I.A. station chief in Costa Rica (who was later recalled for getting too involved with "private" military assistance to the Contras), a security official of Costa Rica (though the country wasn't named) and his wife, and Regan and Poindexter. The Secretary of State wasn't there. Both Boren and Nunn pointed the meeting out to me. Nunn said, "That meeting will cause us to ask a lot of questions." Boren also pointed out the report's suggesting that two events occurred on the same day, May 15, 1986: a meeting at which the instructions for McFarlane's trip to Iran were discussed and a meeting at which, in the report's words, "Poindexter gave the President a status report on the Nicaraguan resistance" and pointed out that the Contras were running out of money. Some senators wonder if it is just a coincidence that the memos about the two subjects were clipped together and the two subjects were discussed in meetings with the President on the same day.

One problem in coming to any conclusions about the President's role is the odd way that he does business. It is known here that Reagan is often only dimly aware of who many of the people he meets with are—even if they work for him. Also, Reagan, in the words of one person who has worked closely with him, "isn't into organization or who's in a meeting or who ought to be in a given meeting." There is even the problem of participants in meetings with him not knowing what he has decided, or whether he has decided anything: the report is full of examples of different people drawing different conclusions (or saying that they did) from what Reagan said at key meetings. Some of this may be attributed to lying—but some of it may be attributed to Reagan's opaque style of governing.

The committee report did point to something that a number of people here have been somewhere between surmising and knowing for some time: that William Casey played a large, and perhaps central, role in the whole affair. The evidence for this supposition has been mounting, and it is reinforced by the knowledge that Casey was both keen on gung-ho activities and not exceedingly meticulous about how they were carried out, or about keeping Congress informed; it is also buttressed by the fact that many of the things that North did (such as setting up Swiss bank accounts and transferring weapons) needed outside help of the sort that the agency could provide. One official said to me recently, "Casey and North were extremely close—they thought alike and were both cowboys. I think Casey's role has been underplayed and Poindexter's and North's overplayed. Poindexter and North think alike, and Casey thinks like them—so they'd go to Casey." People here have also focussed on the fact that Casey had a one-to-one, peer relationship with the President and was in a position to both know the kinds of things the President might want to see happen and see to it that they did happen. In an almost Shakespearean touch to the story, Casey was hospitalized the day before he was to testify before the Senate Intelligence Committee (he had appeared earlier, before the diversion of funds had been revealed, and was not under oath or, as usual, especially forthcoming) and underwent surgery for a brain tumor. Therefore, there may be many things we will never know, because only Casey knew them.

Robert Gates, a career intelligence officer who has been selected to be Casey's successor and has been the deputy director of the agency—last year, he replaced someone who used to differ with Casey on a number of things—is said by some Administration officials not to have been inclined to raise questions about some of Casey's more controversial activities. Gates is also said to be more professional, and less ideological, than Casey. The Intelligence Committee report indicates that, while Gates was aware of some of the things that were going on (some agency officials clearly knew about the money diversion for some time before Meese made it public

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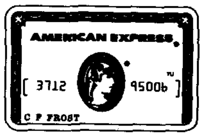

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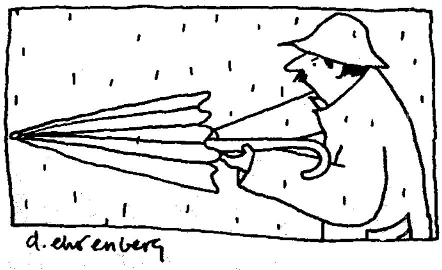
—and before Casey has said that he knew), his main concern seemed to be for keeping the agency's skirts clean. But the committee report suggests that Gates was either less than zealous in trying to find out what was going on or less than completely candid before the committee.

Some of the evidence the committee turned up would be hilarious if we didn't have to remember that these were activities carried out by some of the highest officials in the country. Some of them are just bizarre. Among the more curious are ones having to do with Manucher Ghorbanifar, the mysterious Iranian arms dealer the Administration got mixed up with. Ghorbanifar, it turns out, flunked a C.I.A. lie-detector test early in 1986—the report says that, according to the evidence it received, "the polygraph indicated deception by Ghorbanifar on virtually all questions, including whether he was under control of the Iranian government." He had taken the test because even Casey was suspicious of him and warned the White House about him. Nevertheless, for a time Ghorbanifar was a key intermediary in the arms sales—and later last year, at a moment when the Administration was desperately trying to get all the hostages released before the elections, Casey recommended continuing to use him. (According to a story in the Washington *Post*, Ghorbanifar was the originator of the rumor—which turned out to be fanciful but was taken quite seriously by some officials at the time, and was made much of publicly—in 1981 that a Libyan "hit squad" had been dispatched to assassinate the President and his top aides.) According to the report, the C.I.A. was so mistrustful of Ghorbanifar that in August, 1984, it instructed all its "components" to have nothing to do with him, and issued a warning to "other government agencies." Nevertheless, in the following year Ghorbanifar became the Administration's major conduit to Iran. After the report came out, McFarlane complained to the *Times* that when he recommended to the President that Ghorbanifar be used to set up contacts to Iran the C.I.A. did not warn him that Ghorbanifar was unreliable. This is not reassuring.

The report also indicates that the Administration was, despite its protestations, less than zealous about getting out the stories of the arms-for-hostages deals and the diversion of funds to the Contras. In fact, Attorney General Edwin Meese's "investigation" of the affair just before he made the diversion story public has an Inspector Clouseau quality to it—that is, if all the failures to pursue leads, to realize that criminal violations might be involved, to secure relevant documents, as well as other suspicious goings on during that period, were unintentional. Also, the report indicates that in the course of at least the Iran dealings Meese gave the Administration some questionable legal advice.

The investigation to be conducted by the Senate Select Committee on Secret Military Assistance to Iran and the Nicaraguan Opposition—and a counterpart House committee (House members were not content to leave the potential fame and glory to senators)—could well give the Iran-Contra affair new dimensions and new drama. They and the independent counsel, Lawrence Walsh, will have time and methods heretofore unavailable for getting at the truth. There will undoubtedly be tension between the congressional committees and the independent counsel over when North, Poindexter, and the others should be given some immunity from prosecution in exchange for testifying—the independent counsel wants time to obtain evidence against these people before the immunity is granted and the committees will want to get on with the investigations, and need their testimony. At least, they think they do: no one knows what North and Poindexter might say—or whether they will tell the truth. The hearings could have an effect that nothing else as yet has had—a reality effect. It is one thing to read about the Sultan of Brunei's being shaken down, but it will be something else to see him testify about it (the Senate committee plans to call him); it is one thing to read about Swiss bank accounts and shadowy people like Ghorbanifar, but it will be something else to see them explained and watch them testify on television.

THE Intelligence Committee report, in its quiet but devastating way, shows the extent to which Regan and Shultz and McFarlane, among others, contradict each other—in a throat-cutting way. Their disputes are not over minor matters. Big things are involved—reputations, possible violations of laws, and even the potential for charges of perjury. McFarlane's role in the whole thing has been particularly puzzling: there still is no plausible explanation for how he got himself in the position of travelling to Tehran, with all the dangers inherent in that, and without prior agreement on what would happen when he got there. (And North went with him.) No hostages were released before he landed—though this had been expected—or as a result of his trip. He did not meet with high Iranian officials—though that had been expected. We now have confirmation that the travelling party to Iran did indeed carry a cake to Tehran (chocolate, in the shape of a key, baked in Israel), as the Speaker of the Iranian Parliament, Hashemi Rafsanjani, had said when the story of McFarlane's trip first broke. The Bible, inscribed by Reagan, that Rafsanjani had referred to turns out to have been sent along from a meeting in Germany at a later date—in October, when the Administration was trying to get the hostages out before the election. Rafsanjani, said by knowledgeable government officials to be a very smart and clever man, has been making fools of some of our most important officials all along, it seems. Recently, he displayed the Bible and its inscription to reporters in Tehran—and we saw it vividly on our television screens—and he also displayed a copy of the Irish passport that he had said McFarlane had used. We also saw the passport copy on television—McFarlane appears to have travelled under the name Sean Devlin.



One thing that is striking about the President's and other officials' gestures—the cake and the Bible—aside from the fact that they are ludicrous, is that they convey a naïveté, and even mushiness, that is supposed to be the exclusive province of liberals. The fact that these things did happen seemed altogether possible shortly after the story broke, on the basis of the porous denials by McFarlane and others at that time. McFarlane has been doing a great deal of public and private talking about the whole episode, sometimes changing his story. One of his biggest efforts has been to try to establish that the President gave oral prior approval to an arms sale to Iran by Israel in 1985, for which the United States re-

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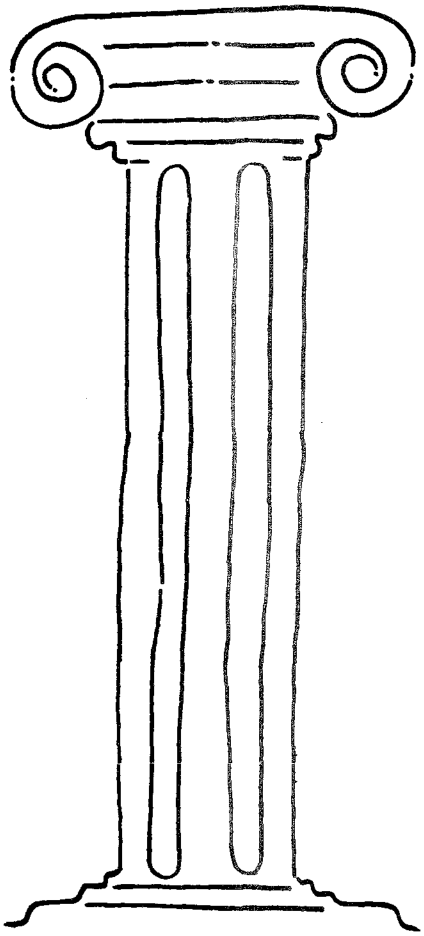

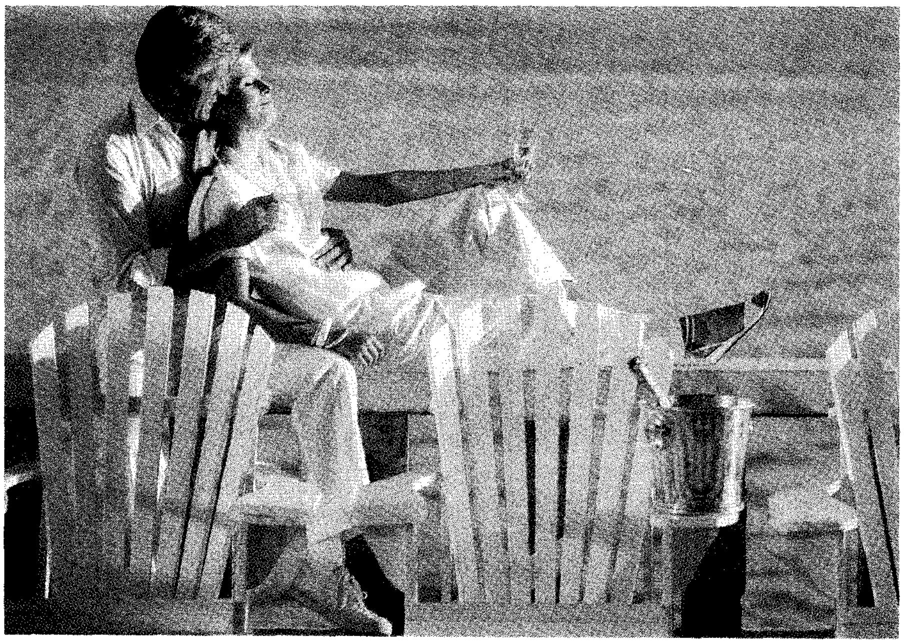

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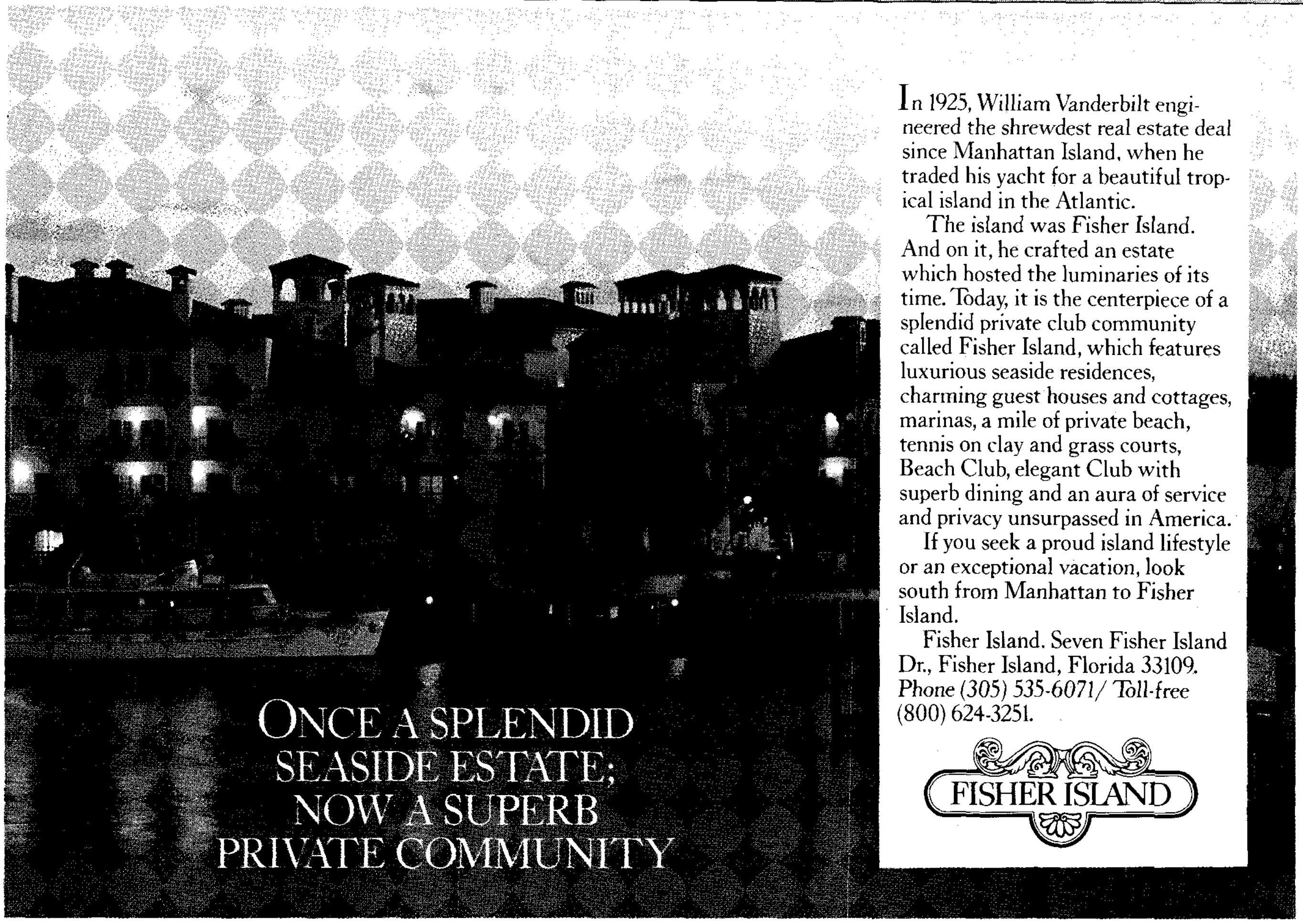
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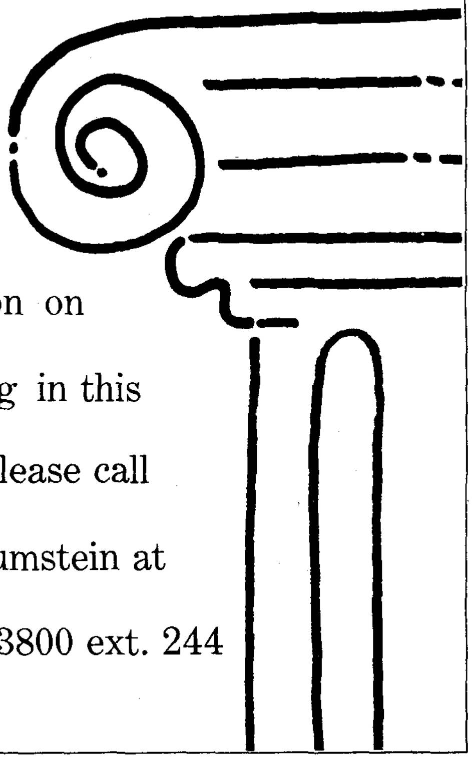

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plenished Israel's stock. If the President didn't give prior approval, there is at least the problem that McFarlane could be seen as having been acting on his own in a very big matter, and there could be a legal problem: without the President's approval—and perhaps with only his oral approval, as opposed to a written "finding"—the U.S. involvement in the transfer of arms to Iran, via a third country, could have been illegal. But if the President did approve the sale he should have, under the law, reported it to Congress. Regan at first said that the President did approve the sale, and later said that he didn't. Some people here explain McFarlane's behavior by suggesting that this man of sombre mien and sober speech had a penchant for derring-do, and that he has something of a Kissinger fixation. McFarlane once worked for Henry Kissinger—at one remove. "Bud is Kissinger without the substance," one State Department official said to me. McFarlane is given to lengthy, and ponderous, geopolitical dissertations—and has publicly likened his trip to Iran to Kissinger's secret trip to China. Of course, there is no similarity between the two ventures: among other things, Kissinger had established the agenda before he went and knew whom he would meet with and was not trying to somehow sneak in and meet opponents of the regime—like McFarlane's elusive "moderates;" nor, of course, was he bearing arms.

As for Shultz, he continues to separate himself from what happened, and there is no end of conversations here about what he should have done and when he should have done it—people are very inclined to set moral standards for others. One official estimates that sixteen people in the State Department knew that we were trading arms for hostages, and therefore Shultz could not have been in the dark. Shultz's critics say that he should have fought harder, or resigned. His supporters say that he did raise questions about the matter from time to time and was told that the project was off—and there is absolute evidence that steps were taken to cut Shultz out; they also say that while the issue seems very large now it was only one of many big ones that Shultz was dealing with at the time. Moreover, Shultz has been publicly critical of his own handling of the matter. But we now have a very odd situation—with the Secretary of State, to this day, being critical of his own government. Recently, he said that the continued taking of American hostages in Lebanon may have been encouraged by the arms sales to Iran.

Whatever does or doesn't happen militarily, the story of the Administration's policy in Lebanon has come to a sorry end: with the Administration having to concede that it can no longer protect Americans there and ordering all who remain there to leave. We had, after all, sent troops there in 1982 in order to try to bring stability to the place. And the lives of nearly two hundred and seventy Americans were lost in Lebanon—through the bombing of the marine barracks and also the bombings of our Embassy. The Administration's admission that it could no longer protect Americans in Lebanon, while realistic, was also a sorry end to its hostage policy—which, as so often stated, had been to do nothing, make no concessions, that might encourage further hostage-taking. Since the arms-for-hostages dealings began, three American hostages were returned and seven more were taken. The Lebanon story is also a far cry from one of Reagan's favorite slogans—"America is back, and standing tall." And it is a far cry from how he used to talk before he became President. I remember watching him, in Florida, during his 1980 Presidential campaign, referring to the American hostages then being held in Iran, telling an audience—in what struck me then as cinematic terms—that he remembered "a United States that even where an American was on business, or on vacation, or wherever, and got caught in some little country that was having a revolution, or got caught in a war, all that the American had to do was pin to his lapel a little American flag and he could walk right through that war and nobody would lay a finger on him." And, to cheers, Reagan said, "Well, I want to see that United States back in the world again."

THE hearings on the Iran-Contra affair will take some time to get going. Both the chairman of the Senate committee, Daniel Inouye, Democrat of Hawaii, and of the House committee, Lee Hamilton, Democrat of Indiana, have told me that they need time: to gather staffs and have them receive security clearances; to sift through the evidence and interview a number of participants and potential witnesses—so as to have the hearings be carefully prepared and on target. Both Inouye and Hamilton are serious men who are highly respected by their colleagues. Both men are aware that the subject is very complex and doesn't get any simpler as the days go by. Hamilton told me, "Almost every day, we learn new aspects of the arms sale, and the list of witnesses keeps growing." Both men realize that they will come under political pressure—that the Democrats will be charged with "dragging out" the hearing for partisan advantage, and with deliberately enfeebling the President. But both men, at least for now, seem prepared for this. (They are discussing with each other the possibility of holding hearings on alternate weeks, and taking other steps to avoid duplication, and some thought is being given to joint hearings.) One member of the Senate committee hypothesizes that people will put up with the hearings as long as the stock market is doing well. Inouye said to me, "We hope to present to the public at least a semblance of an organized, dignified proceeding." When I asked Hamilton how he was prepared to respond to the inevitable calls to "get off the President's back," he replied, "I believe we have had a very serious problem here. Usually in this country when there are big mistakes we review them to see what mistakes were made and what, if anything, should be done. I realize that there are political ramifications, but there are other ramifications as well."

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Meanwhile, Frank Carlucci, the President's new (and fifth) national-security adviser, is trying to bring some order to the Administration's foreign-policy-making machinery. He has his work cut out for him. Carlucci does start with some advantages: he is one of the very few people who can work with both Shultz and Weinberger; he takes office at a time when Regan, who insisted on insinuating himself between the President and his national-security advisers, is in a weakened position; he has held high positions in the Defense Department and the C.I.A. and served as an Ambassador—so he knows his way around. Also, Carlucci is well regarded on Capitol Hill, and he is widely presumed to be a sensible man. But Carlucci has to work within certain political realities. Meese (curiously) and the right-wing Heritage Foundation were kept informed as Carlucci made his personnel decisions. Some members of his staff were specifically chosen to, among other things, give him political protection—a stratagem that has already been not completely successful. Just after Carlucci said, at his first staff meeting, that he thought that the Contras' military situation should be given an objective review since there will be a stiff fight between Reagan and Congress over giving them more military assistance, it was leaked to the press that Carlucci was out to do in the Contras. A number of people here are waiting to see if Carlucci can impose any coherence on the Administration's arms-control policy.

Internally, the Administration is still fighting the battle of Reykjavik—arguing over whether some of the proposals the President put on the table there (such as eliminating all ballistic missiles within ten years) should still be on the table. Also, Weinberger has been free-lancing recently on the subject of S.D.I., arguing publicly that a decision should be made to deploy a system soon. Such a move could destroy the anti-ballistic-missile (A.B.M.) treaty and possibly rupture the arms-control talks in Geneva—both of which are what many people suspect that Weinberger and some of his aides, as well as several right-wing politicians, are seeking. The move to get a decision to deploy an S.D.I. system—any system—is believed by some here to have gathered steam after Reykjavik, which led some S.D.I. supporters to worry that Reagan might indeed strike a bargain that might cripple the system. A major goal of some Administration officials, as well as of some conservative members of Congress, is to "consolidate" S.D.I. before Reagan leaves office. The version of a defensive system that Weinberger has been pushing lately is a much less fancy one than the one that had been envisioned before (no lasers, particle beams, and all that), and presumably one that could be deployed earlier. Critics say that the system is too rudimentary to make any sense, is far too expensive, and far from proven. At a White House meeting last week, key foreign-policy officials fell to arguing once again—this time over deployment of Weinberger's S.D.I. system. No decision was made. But we do have new sets of initials to confront: the new

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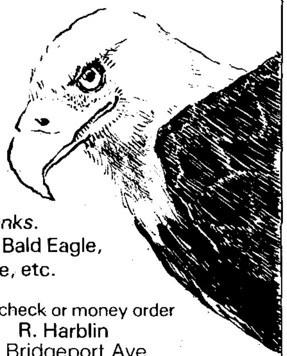

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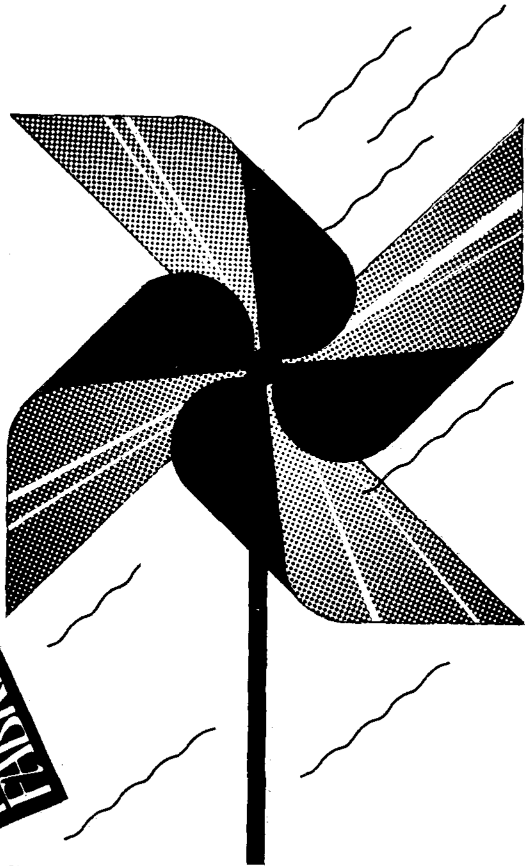
defensive thing that Weinberger and others are pushing is called Space Based Kinetic Kill Vehicle, or S.B.K.K.V. Another raging argument going on within the Administration, and between the Administration and Congress, is over the legally correct interpretation—or L.C.I.—of the A.B.M. treaty. (Shultz may have caved again.) Carlucci may find himself as boxed in by warring Administration officials as his predecessors have been. One of his associates says that it is too soon for Carlucci to try to take hold of arms-control policy—that he needs to establish further his relationships with Shultz, with Weinberger, with Regan, and with the President, and needs more time to study the issue. But the Administration is running short of time to get any sort of arms-control agreement.

THE President's State of the Union address was so disappointing to a number of people within his own Administration that by the next day they were criticizing it (not for attribution, of course) to reporters. Reagan looked terrific—despite his troubles and despite his recent surgery—and that was in itself a victory of sorts. But it wasn't enough. There was something sad about the President's performance—his excessive reliance on old rhetorical tricks that have by now worn thin, and are more appropriate to a Fourth of July speech than to a State of the Union address. (White House officials told reporters that the reason Reagan did not follow his usual custom of having "heroes" in the gallery, to whom he paid tribute—or exploited—was that Reagan had called North "a national hero" shortly after North was fired, so the term was a bit sensitive.) The criticism of the speech that came from within his own Administration—and seemed directed at Regan—was that it was essentially substanceless (except for some old bromides, such as a constitutional amendment requiring a balanced budget). According to press accounts, Regan blames *Mrs. Reagan* for the speech, saying that it was her choice. (Among other things, this does not sound like someone who is planning on sticking around.) Reagan's preparation for the speech was accompanied by the usual—but, it seemed, this time more intense—squabbling among his advisers over what he should say. This leaves the question, which is becoming increasingly familiar, Where was the President?

—ELIZABETH DREW



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BOOKS

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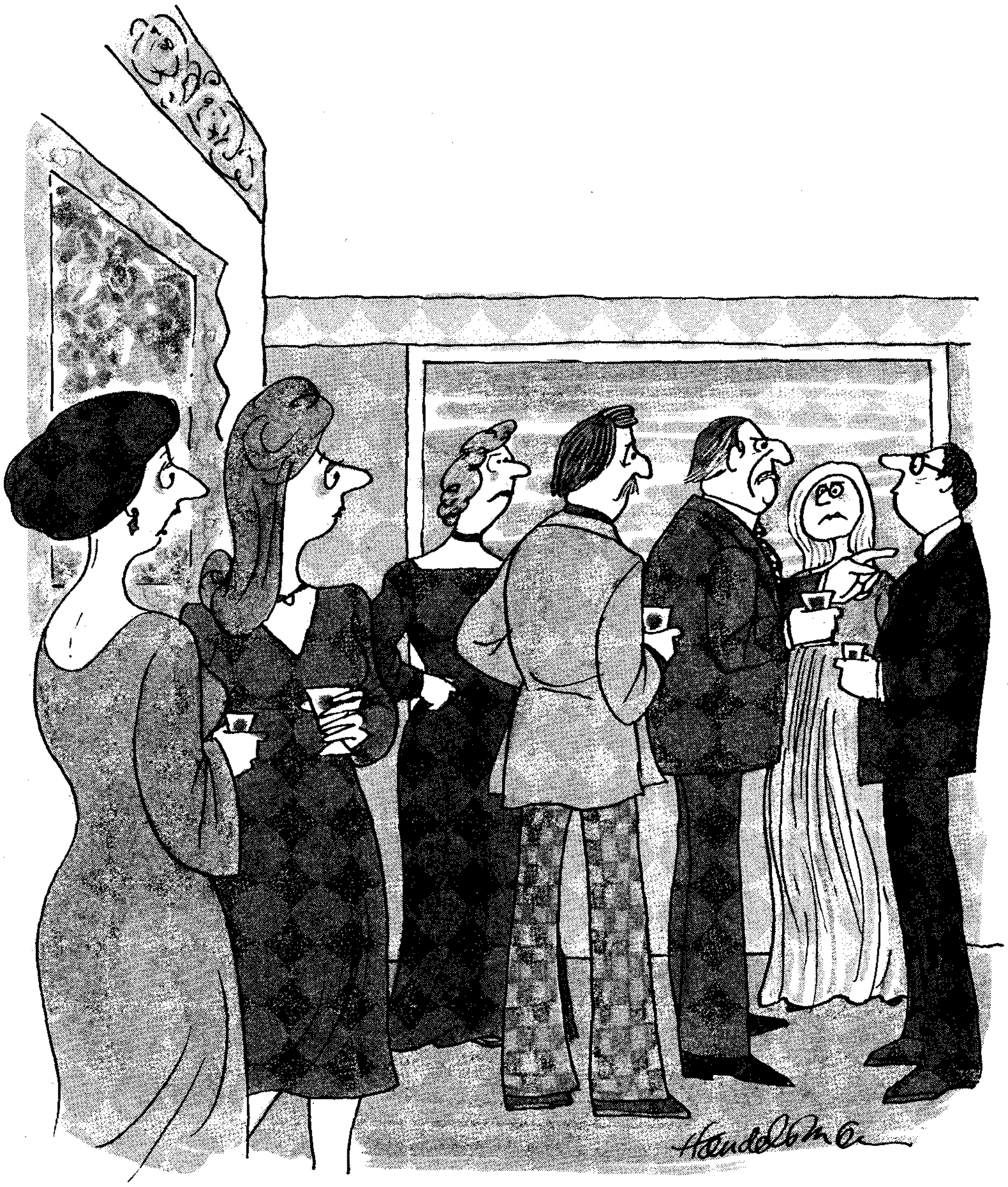
A NEW novel takes getting used to, even when the reader and the writer have met before. With a novelist like Paul Theroux, whose subject is being a stranger, each new venture involves a change of scene and point of view, and the reader needs time to adjust to the new guise of a familiar psyche. The opening line of Theroux's latest novel, "O-Zone" (Putnam; $19.95), sums up the difficulty: "The first thing these people always asked, whenever they went out, was where were 'they'?" Where is Theroux, this time out? "O-Zone" sounds like science fiction, beginning with a flurry of futuristic lingo—aliens, jet-rotors, ground-screens, nose cones, Red Zone, O-Zone—and featuring people in coveralls and masks. The setting is the U.S.A., where the indefinite future reflects the nineteen-eighties, not to mention the recent and remote past. Technology has advanced at the expense of social life—economics and natural disasters have divided the population into scattered tribes, and the country is a maze of frontiers. The particulars ring a bell: poverty and conspicuous consumption, computers, mail-order shopping via cable TV, graffiti, pollution, impersonal sex, vigilantes, fear of Brooklyn. "*Fifty years ago* was simply a loose expression," Theroux writes. It doesn't take long to realize that this future is really a form of the present, "with dust on it, and cracks, and hiding aliens," and that the aliens—"they"—are just other people, like the Greeks' barbarians. "These people" are Manhattanites, wealthy sightseers armed and armored against danger, seeking a little excitement. Their destination is O-Zone, a supposed no man's land created by the escape of nuclear waste from storage caves in the Midwest. Manhattan resembles Johannesburg or an enclave of Trump Towers, with helicopters instead of limousines, passes for workers, security guards and police defending against strays.

Theroux has specialized in travel facts and dreams for twenty years, and the props, the costumes, and the rhetoric of science fiction are just devices for reworking ideas about safety and risk which he has dealt with in straight accounts of his own journeys, like "The Great Railway Bazaar," and in novels from "Waldo" and "Girls at Play" to "Half Moon Street," which came out in 1984. One of the tourists in O-Zone extolls the place in terms that recall previous Theroux characters who fantasized that Africa was sexy, that Guatemala was a jungle:

> "There's a lot of romance associated with this place," Hardy said. "The wilderness, the secret transferral of the nuclear waste, the fact that it was all in caves—big, strange toothy limestone caves, boy. And then the leaks and the contamination, and half the state evacuated and closed off. Amazing! And it was kept closed, like a secret garden, and given a perimeter and a new name. So the most dangerous, empty, and primitive part of the world was right here in the United States."

The lecturing voice of a father is an echo from "The Mosquito Coast," Theroux's 1982 novel about a crusading patriarch: "Father talking the whole way about savages and the awfulness of America—how it got turned into a dope-taking, door-locking, ulcerated danger zone of rabid scavengers and criminal millionaires and moral sneaks." In "O-Zone," genetic engineering makes fatherhood passé, and the principal explorer is a bumptious fifteen-year-old named Fisher, or Fizzy, who rediscovers America without having to love it or leave it. Adjacent story lines center on sex and family life, aspects of the unknown covered in the novels "Pic-



"Wilbur is consistently unpleasant—a sort of Dr. Hyde and Mr. Hyde."

ture Palace," "The Black House," and "The Family Arsenal," among others.

Five hundred and twenty-seven pages is a lot of paper, however, and, despite the apparent abundance of plot and the flexible metaphors, "O-Zone" bulges with paraphrase and repetition. Familiar Therouxvian syntax ("Murdick's gabbling fear made him giddy," "Their isolation . . . had given her a glimpse of the past and made her truthful") too often encountered ("Desire made him solitary," "Inexperience made him dumb," "Fear made him quarrelsome") loses its charm. The word "strange" is put in play more frequently than it should be, and the same goes for "wild," "dangerous," "secret," and "dark." Chapter 1, Part I, contains such a solid account of the literal and figurative features of the setting that the recurrence of words and phrases in subsequent chapters and Parts leaves a reader ill-disposed to confront, on page 378, the proposition that O-Zone is "a byword for everything unknown and unfathomable and empty and strange." Like a man under a strange and unfathomable spell, Theroux elaborates, further asserting that O-Zone "was associated in the American mind with such strange imagery," and making it perfectly clear that "saying the word was less like mentioning a part of the United States than a distant island or another planet." How do I gloss thee, O-Zone? Let me count the ways. Whether he is writing a detached third-person narration, as in "O-Zone," or a close first, as in "Saint Jack," Theroux is inclined to pontificate. He likes to nail his points down with pithy observations and asides rather than let meanings dangle. In "O-Zone," as if doubtful of the force of his invention or of the reader's ability to decipher it, he tackles the story at every turn to comment, until his own adventure in exegesis becomes the main event.

The tendentious manner and a feeling for the drama in life make Theroux a throwback to the nineteenth century. Closer temperamentally to Poe than to Thackeray, he is not a social critic, except in passing. The redundancy of "O-Zone" is laced with striking passages of ominous description ("The heavy black sky had slipped down against the orange bar of sunset and narrowed it to a red line and squeezed it into the far-off hills") and bursts of perverse wit ("I lack inexperience"). The irony of familiar future/mysterious past leads nicely through the concept of this world as a richer version of outer space into the notion of space travel as a vulgar fad: "What a bore he was, waiting his turn for the rocket." Romantic and cynical impulses combine to produce Theroux's distinctive thorny style, and even this overwrought novel is worth exploring for its surprises.

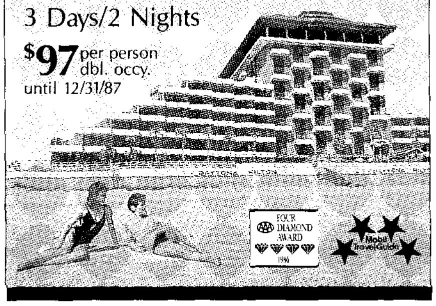
—Susan Lardner

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Beach House 7, by Paul Roadarmel (St. Martin's; $17.95). A taut, grim adventure story set in Bangkok in 1977 and involving a flotsam of Americans left over from the retreat from Vietnam. They are a military computer expert; his shell-shocked giant of a brother; a former C.I.A. bush pilot; an alcoholic journalist; the pilot's sometime girlfriend, who is doing devoted duty in a refugee camp. There is also a Korean black marketeer in tricky cahoots with the computer expert; a playboy Thai prince; and a Thai bar girl in love with the computer expert. The computer expert stands at the center here, and the action revolves around his obsession with entering a computer terminal—Beach House 7—in Saigon and withdrawing some millions in Vietnamese funds. Mr. Roadarmel is almost too intent on kicking up action, and his characters tend to trip over each other's intentions, but one could hardly ask for more color or more vigor of place and time; and the ending is explosive.

Sea Changes, by Robert Kotlowitz (North Point; $17.95). On his first morning in Baltimore, in the fall of 1935, fifteen-year-old Manfred Vogel asks his foster father, Max Gordon, about an ad in the Sunday paper for "M. Gordon & Son, Jewelry." " 'It is you?' Manfred asked. 'It is *us*,' Max answered." Manfred changed his first name (he thought Manfred sounded more American than Leopold) even before boarding the ship that carried him, along with several other German-Jewish schoolboys, from Bremen to New York. Now he starts parting his hair on the left, hides his beret, studies the not so funny funnies, and makes sure to tear his knickers in a game of touch football. By the end of the school year, though, he is back to thinking



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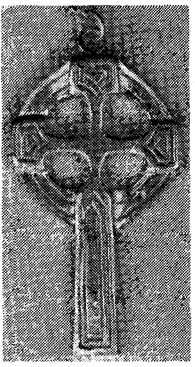

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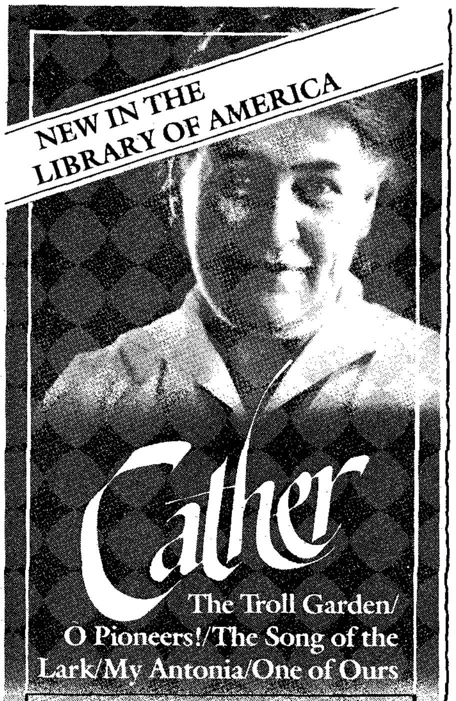
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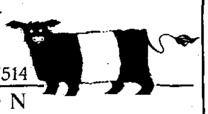

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in German, and he has never stopped loving Vogels, and Vogels alone. An increasingly sombre novel, about an increasingly competent and lonely American. "Somewhere Else," Robert Kotlowitz's first novel ("Sea Changes" is his third), won the National Jewish Book Award in 1972.

NOTE: "High Ground," a collection of stories by John McGahern, has been published by Viking ($15.95). Some of the stories originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

GENERAL

THE OXFORD COMPANION TO GARDENS, edited by Sir Geoffrey Jellicoe, Susan Jellicoe, Patrick Goode, and Michael Lancaster (Oxford; $49.95). "God Almighty first planted a garden," Francis Bacon reminded his readers in 1597; here it is located between "Ecology" and "Edinburgh," and also, tentatively, in Mesopotamia. Ever since Eden was closed to the public, gardens have served many functions, none of them purely practical. So does this invaluable encyclopedia, which —depending on one's moods and needs—might have been designed by Gertrude Jekyll, Frederick Law Olmsted, Capability Brown, or one Batty Langley (1696-1751), who riddled his gardens with paddocks, warrens, haystacks, woodpiles, ha-has, and statuary. One can head straight to "roof-garden," and ignore the "root house" it abuts; or one can ramble, by way of a system of footnotes and asterisks, from "bee bole" to "gazebo" by way of Packwood House. The book should be viewed as a map only by the armchair variety of traveller. Topkapi Saray's tulip garden is no longer illuminated at night by turtles carrying candles on their backs, and all too many of the European entries end like the note on Nonsuch Palace: "Nothing now remains of the . . . garden." With two hundred and fifty black-and-white illustrations and twenty-four pages of color plates.

TOUCHED BY FIRE: A PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAIT OF THE CIVIL WAR—VOLUME II, edited by William C. Davis, with William A. Frassanito as photographic consultant (Little, Brown; $50). This final installment of a project of the National Historical Society contains over five hundred photographs, many of them never before published, and textual comment by five well-known histo-

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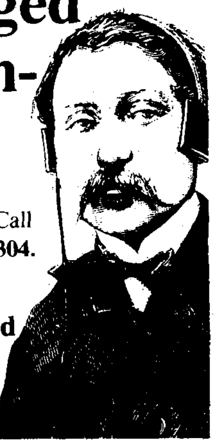

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rians who have specialized in the Civil War. There is a thoroughgoing pictorial exposition of a huge Yankee installation—Camp Nelson, in occupied Kentucky—which brings home to the reader the vastness and complexity of the military undertaking the federal government embarked on; there is a section on the role of blacks as soldiers in the war, and another on the role of women, more than two hundred of whom disguised themselves as soldiers and actually got into the field before they were discovered. (One woman who fought through the war wasn't unmasked until 1911.) The project is a more intimate portrayal of a melancholy time than the run of these collections, and the more poignant for that.

THE LITTLE VIRTUES, by Natalia Ginzburg, translated from the Italian by Dick Davis (Seaver/Holt; $13.95). Eleven autobiographical and introspective essays by an Italian novelist and critic. The author, who is now approaching old age, describes herself, unjustly, as "a small, a very small writer." But "however much a mosquito or a flea of a writer I may be," she says, "no one has ever been like me." In these pieces, written at different periods of a life that has been blighted by war and Fascism, she tells of a loved but misanthropic friend whose life ended in bitterness unrelieved by his fame as a poet; of a winter during the Second World War that she and her family spent in internal exile in the Abruzzi (shortly before her husband was murdered in prison by the Fascists); of poverty and sudden dispossession. In another mood, she writes about the intricacies of human relationships, about the proper things to teach children (one of them is the unimportance of money), and about the silence that seems to be settling over the world, and poisoning our time, because human beings have ceased to talk to each other. "Silence is a mortal illness," she says. "It withers the days of our youth and makes our bread bitter."

THE GREAT BOOK OF LINGERIE, by Cecil Saint-Laurent (Vendome; $50). A history, in which a flimsy text, by Jacques Laurent (here employing a pseudonym), who won the 1971 Goncourt Prize for his novel "Les Bêtises," serves as an excuse for lavish illustrations. M. Laurent states, aphoristically, that clothes are "the imagined requirements of

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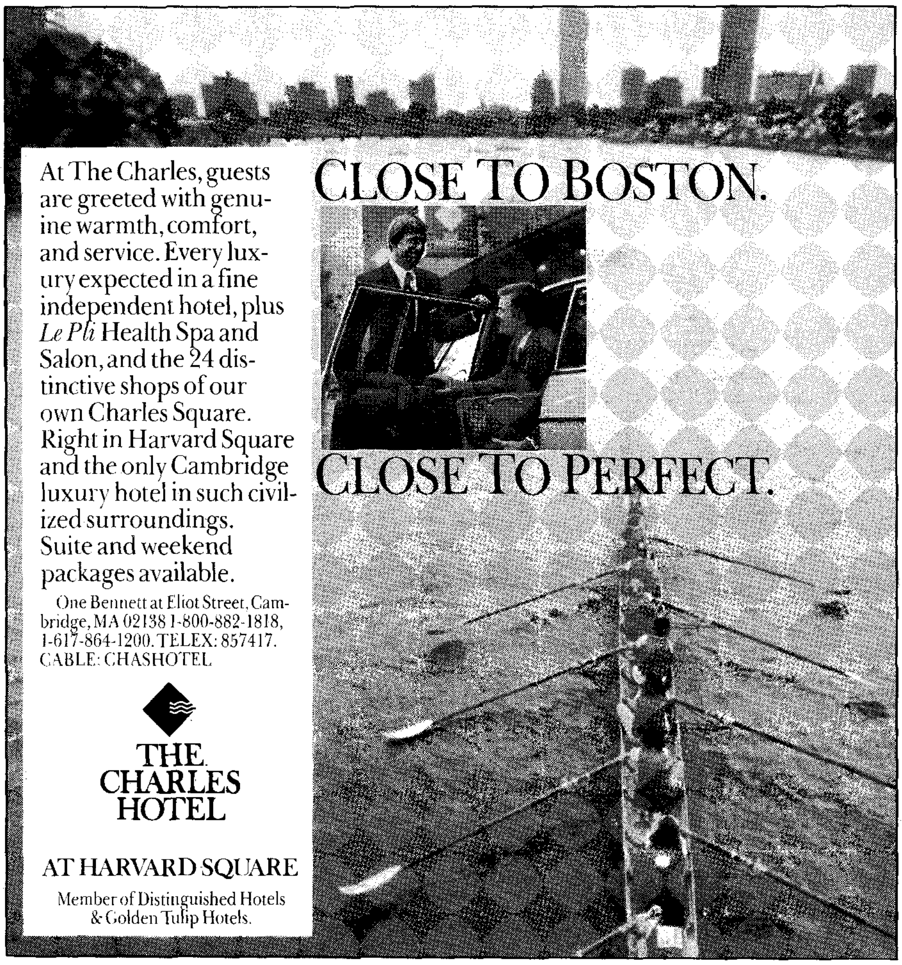

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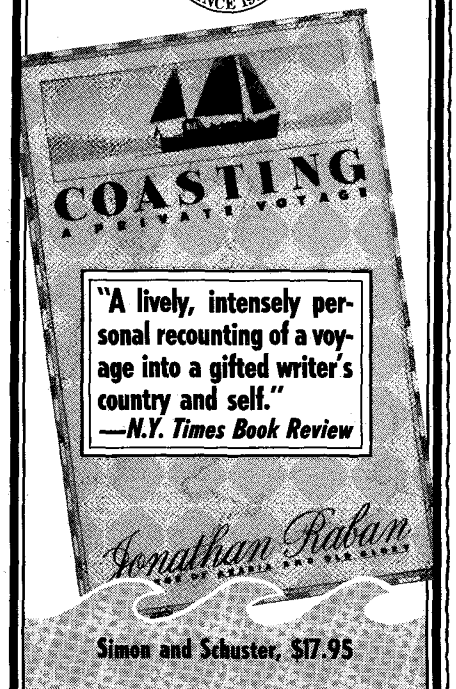

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the soul;" by the volume's close, it is clear that the imagination he is concerned with here is his own. The question of what women wearing the mandatory zona (a belt wound around a maiden's waist in Greece in the ninth century B.C.) or the farthingale (a sixteenth-century rigid, bell-shaped petticoat constructed of thick wire and wooden battens) might have felt about such garments is left unexplored. The seventeenth century, however, bespeaks itself: undergarments were nicknamed, variously, "musketeer," "tumble," "squeaky," and "touch here," and the unwieldy farthingale was eclipsed by a vogue for wearing three petticoats simultaneously—"the modest one," "the mischievous one," and "the secret one."

MYSTERY AND CRIME

WHISTLER IN THE DARK, by John Malcolm (Scribners; $14.95). Tim Simpson, the former Oxbridge rugby star turned art expert who tells this lively story, is one of several of his profession recently come to popularity as amateur detectives. His shoptalk is perhaps a bit less entertaining than that of his counterpart Lovejoy, but he is far cleaner, classier, and tougher. Simpson's nose for trouble has involved him in the past in scams centering on sculpture and furniture. Here the art is painting—a portrait and a landscape, along with some etchings, by James Abbott McNeill Whistler. A number of people are incited to often violent action by the rumored presence of these works in Whistler's old London neighborhood of Chelsea. There are some worthwhile moments contributed by Simpson's volatile and nagging and highly intelligent friend Sue Westerman.

•

Ms. Hoekelman said the purpose of the meeting is for the committee to ask questions and gather more information that wasn't provided in the impact statement.

"It's not to be used as a forum for opinions. This is just a little clog in the long wheel," she said.—*Canandaigua (N.Y.) Daily Messenger.*

To coin a phrase.

•

The Washington Park safety plan directs pedestrians and joggers to stay to the left and travel in a clockwise direction. Bicyclists stay to the right and ride counter-clockwise around the park.—*Photo caption in the Denver Post.*

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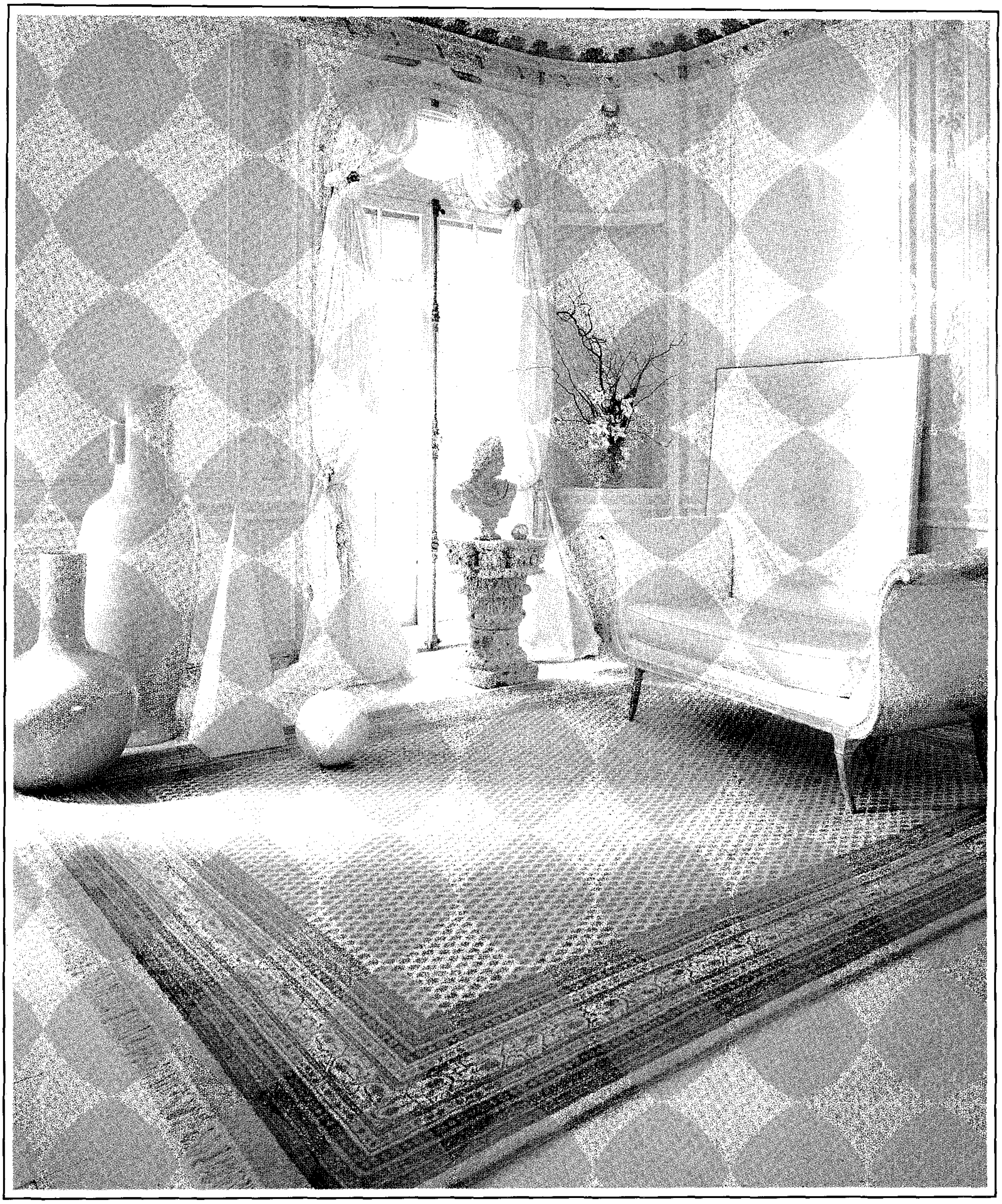

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